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THE NEW YORKER

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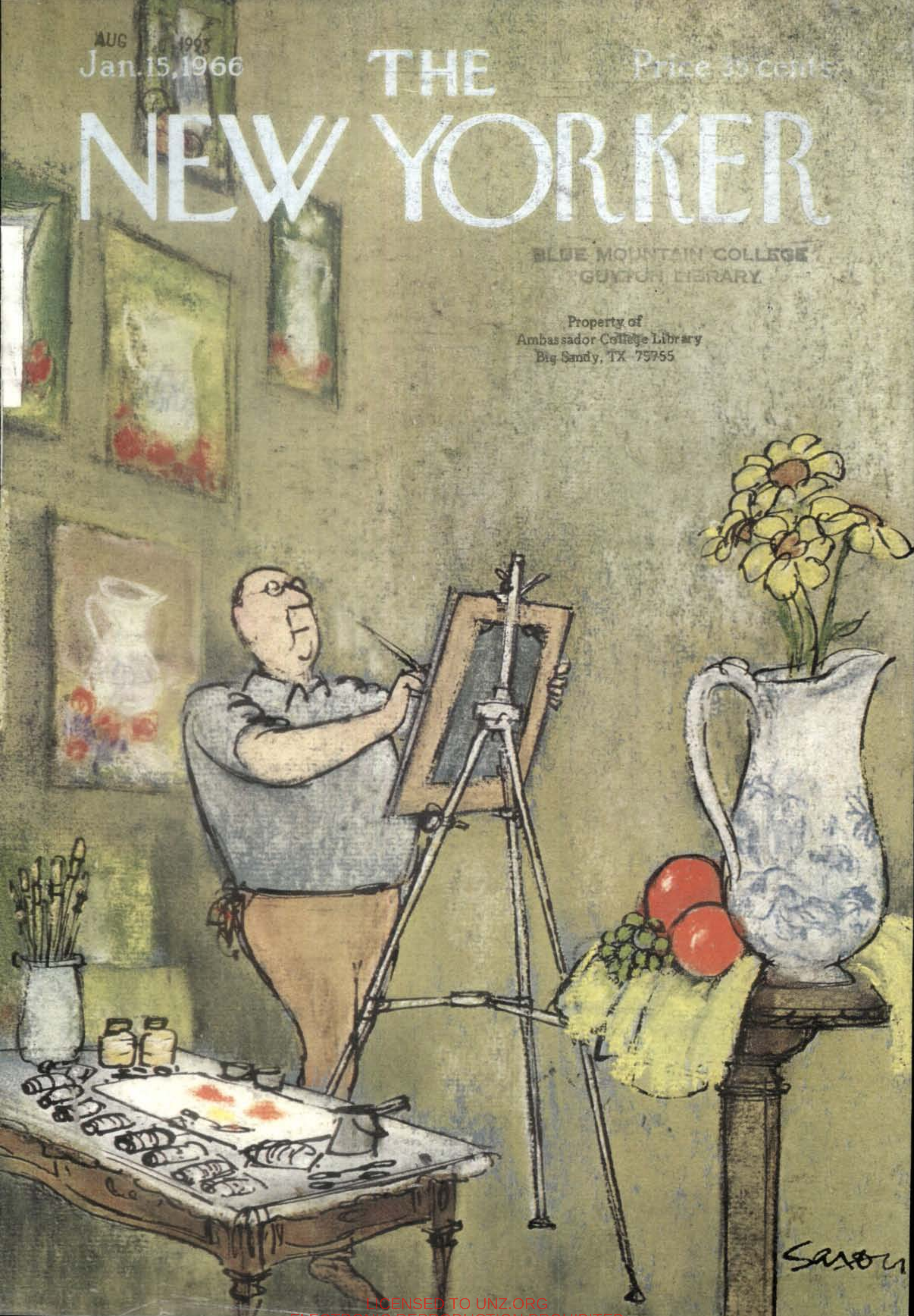

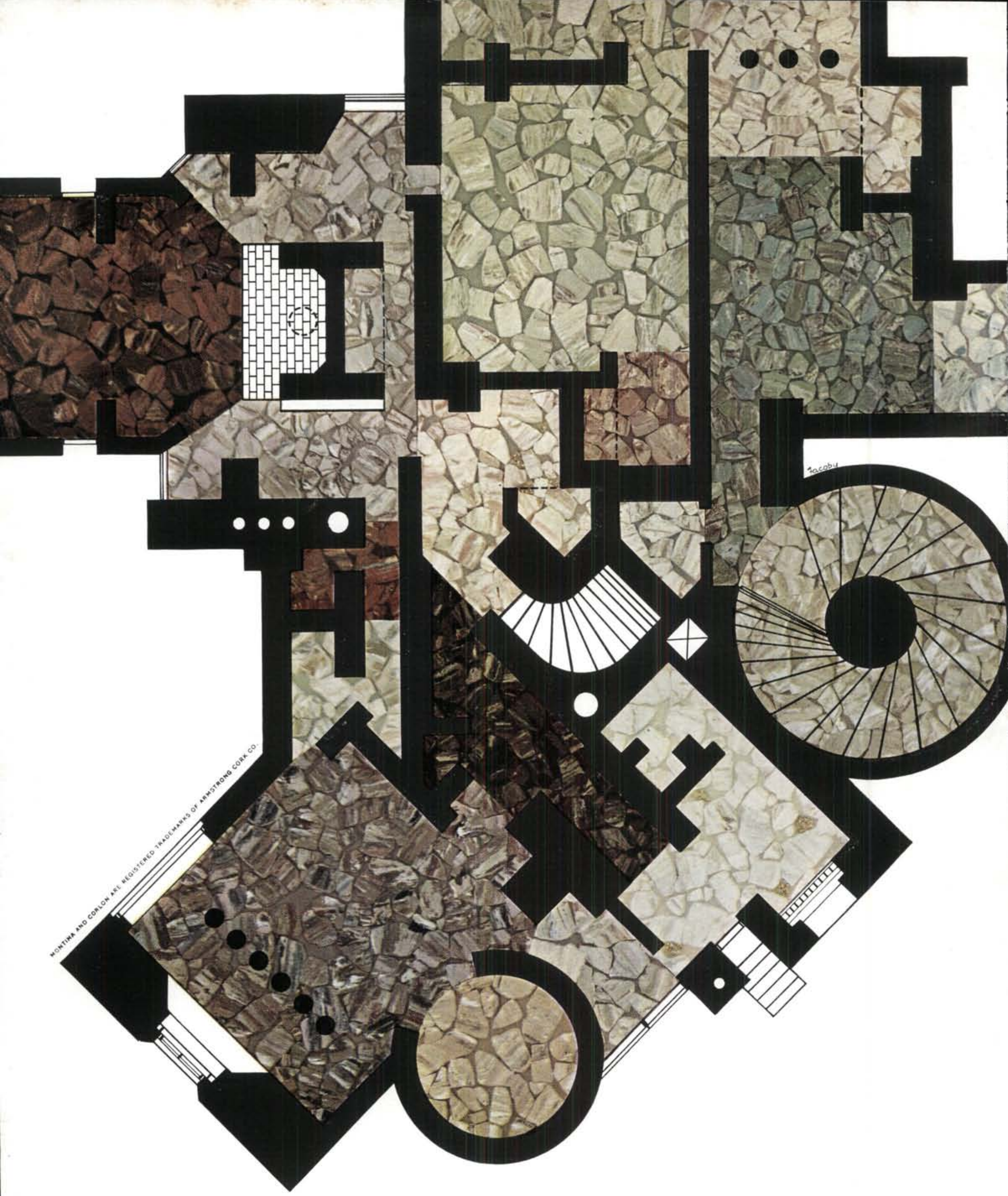

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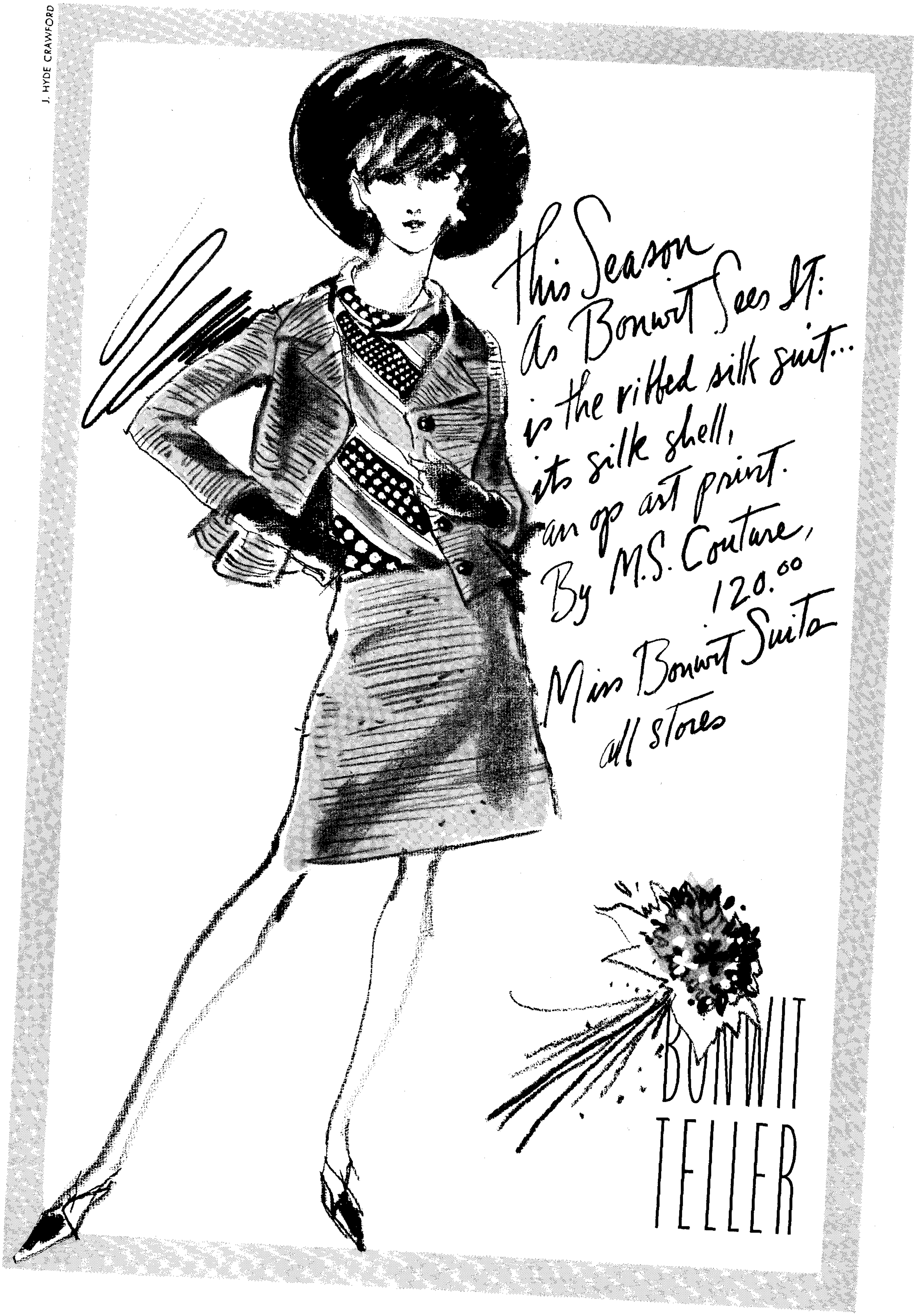
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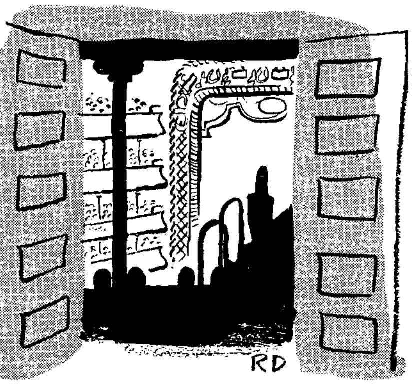

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. Ed McMahon will replace Mr. King for one week starting Monday, Jan. 17. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—John Osborne's attenuated and cheerless drama about the disintegration of an English lawyer. Nicol Williamson has the taxing central role, which involves delivering practically non-stop monologues. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company, busily directed by Peter Brook, in a drama that depicts the awful situation of the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum. Long and lugubrious. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—Concupiscent shenanigans in high political circles in Victorian London. This play, by Michael Dyne, is old-fashioned but well made, and Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, Sarah Badel, and the other players are capable in it. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer cannot be faulted as Pizarro, and David Carradine is a tower of strength as Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has superb settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik plays a Jewish grandfather who doesn't believe in apartheid on the loose in South Africa, and Louis Gossett plays a native who is his custodian and his pal. A rather fragile drama, which was written by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon and has incidental music and lyrics by Harold Rome. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Malcolm—Edward Albee's new play, based on the James Purdy novel of the same name, with Matthew Cowles and Ruth White. Directed by Alan Schneider. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to great advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which is excellent, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Mimi Hines has succeeded Barbra Streisand as Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **golden boy:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's drama about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Edgeworth Bess. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**antonio and the ballets de madrid:** Final performances by a company of seventy-five flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists, with an orchestra. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 13-14, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 15-16, at 2:30 and 8:30.... **hungarian national ballet and folk ensemble:** A company of a hundred and ten dancers and singers, plus an orchestra, appearing here for the first time, in a two-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Jan. 19 (preview Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8:30), and will run through Sunday, Jan. 30. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The company's second offering is William Wycherley's Restoration comedy **the country wife.** (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St.

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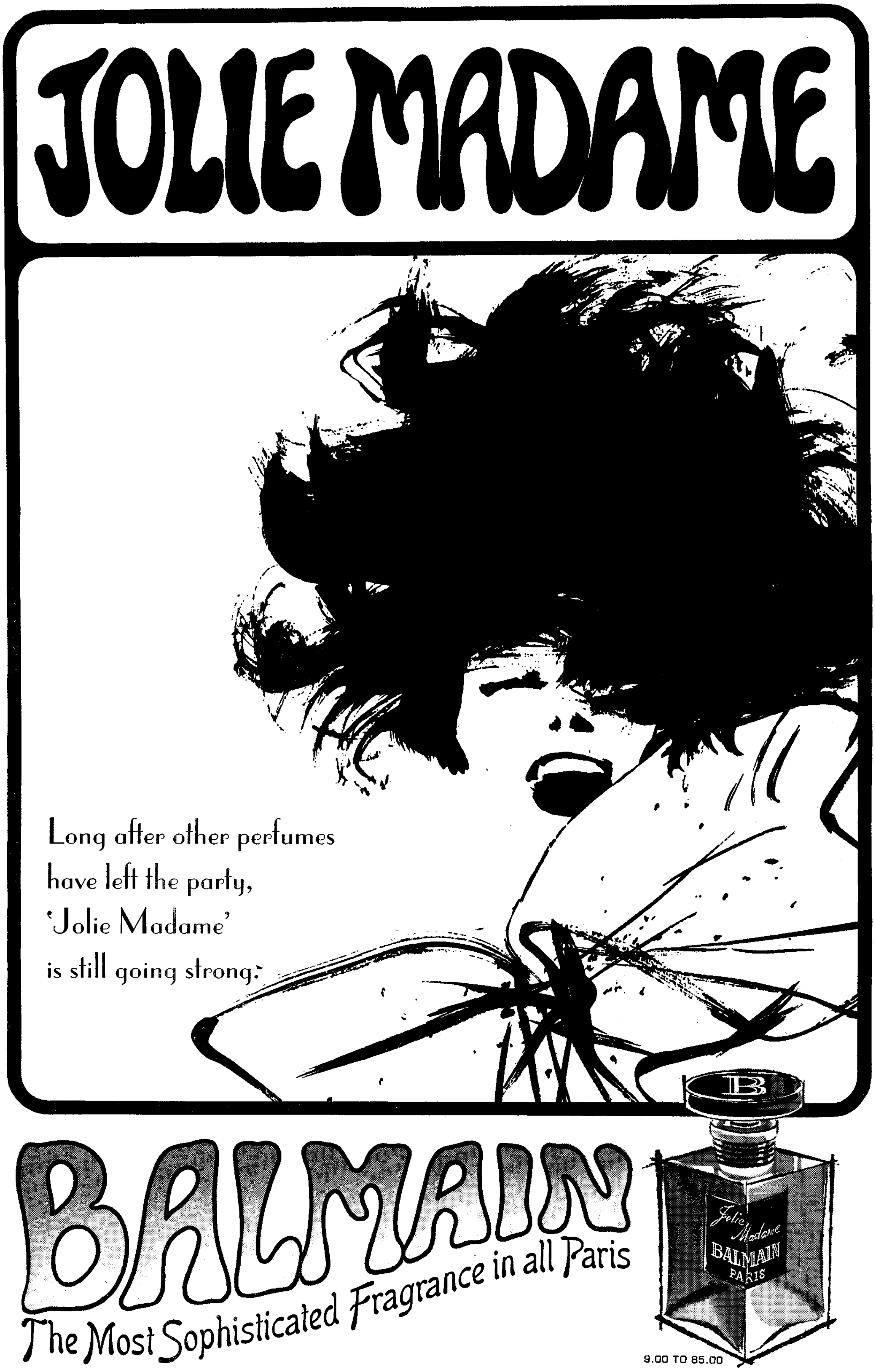
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **la bohème.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

Bugs and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening's Frost—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, does well by both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—A musical based on the magazine *Mad*, with a book by Larry Siegel and Stan Hart; lyrics by Marshall Barer, Mr. Siegel, and Steven Vinaver; and music by Mary Rodgers. The cast includes Linda Lavin, MacIntyre Dixon, Dick Libertini, Paul Sand, and Jo Anne Worley. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Final performances of a twenty-four-day engagement of **the nutcracker.** (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 13-14, at 5:15; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 12:15 and 5:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 13—Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 7:30: A new production of Act II of "Swan Lake," "Les Noces," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "The Wind in the Mountains," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:15: "Theme and Variations," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "La Sylphide" and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2:15: "Interplay" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:15: Act II of "Swan Lake," "The Wind in the Mountains," and "Etudes." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Bertram Ross—With his company, in the second of two programs of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1966." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 23.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The well-chosen and well-placed notes of the Lee Evans orchestra sound and bound through the vast sweep of the Royal Box, which is in operation every night but Sunday. The enterprise is likewise host, at dinner and supper, to Marlene, a canary who comes on like Sherman's march to the sea, and Jack Carter, a comedians' comedian, though not exactly everybody else's. On Monday, Jan. 17, a change of importance—the accession of Woody Allen, a wit who speaks not only for himself but for all the rest of us bewitched, bothered, and bewildered Americans. The carolling will be done by Jennie Smith, a brand-new burbler.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Seemly doings, seemly music in seemly surroundings—the ground-floor restaurant. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cuban bandsmen execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The ascension to the throne of John Mills has given this renowned boardroom a lot of body English, which is what a whole bunch of old-line colonists have always wanted; in the Champagne Room, people who prefer not to dance listen to a non-athletic trio. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun-and-games for all occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Yvette Souviron, the intermission canary, has a piano of her own. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week, but Mlle. S. is absent on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Polly Bergen, who has been on the air and on camera for quite a while, has come back to earth to sing for her supper, and her dinner, too, in the grand old Persian Room. The dance music issues from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The refectory, already high in the sky, is seventh heaven when Bobby Hackett's solid-silver horn takes the obbligatos for his quartet (Ross Tompkins on piano, Russell George on bass, Oliver Jackson on timpani). They operate from eight-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—This night boat steams backward into a *temps* practically *perdu*—of nobby ornamentation as well as of bing-bang music. The sound is at present the work of Lionel Hampton's big circus band. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is now a library as much as anything else—a library that stays open hours later than any other in town—but on-with-the-dance, not browsing, is still the principal purpose. The librarians—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley is at the keyboard in Peacock Alley, which resounds with his eclectic pianism from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome does dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday.

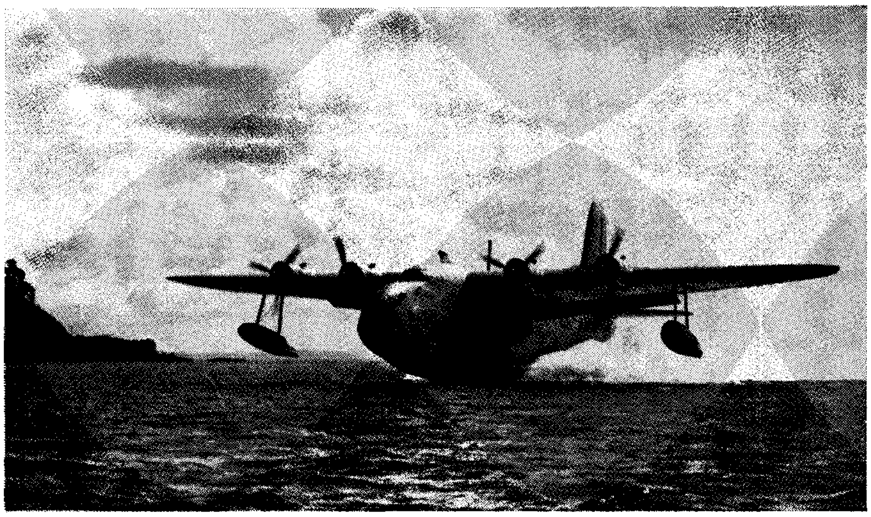
Note—At **roseland dance city**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), footing it featly is the only dance within the law; no fruggers or huggermuggers need apply. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill. Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A rallying point for Tom, Dick, and Mata

The South Pacific was our runway twenty-five years ago.



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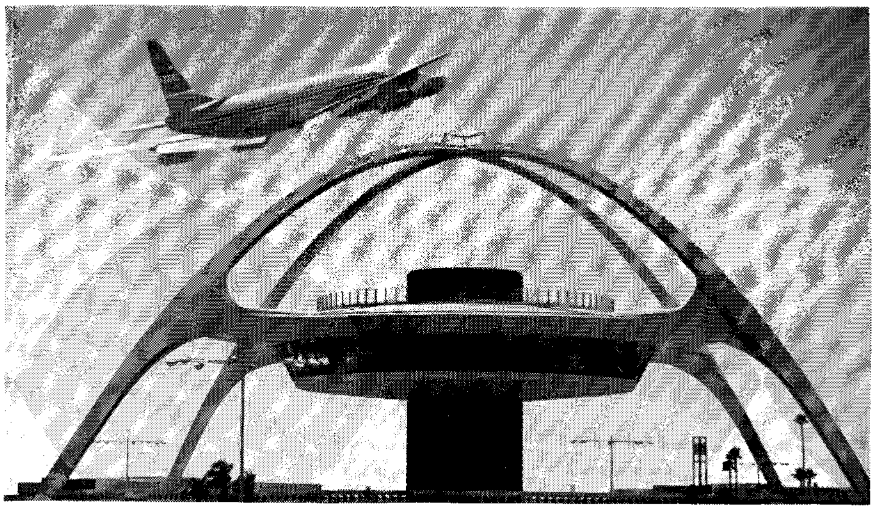

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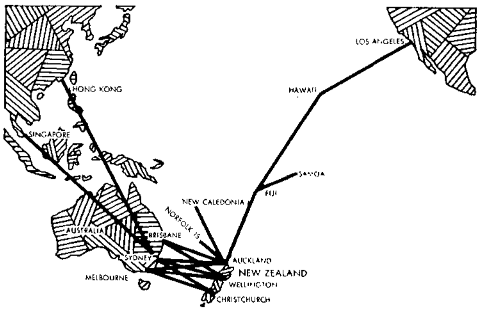
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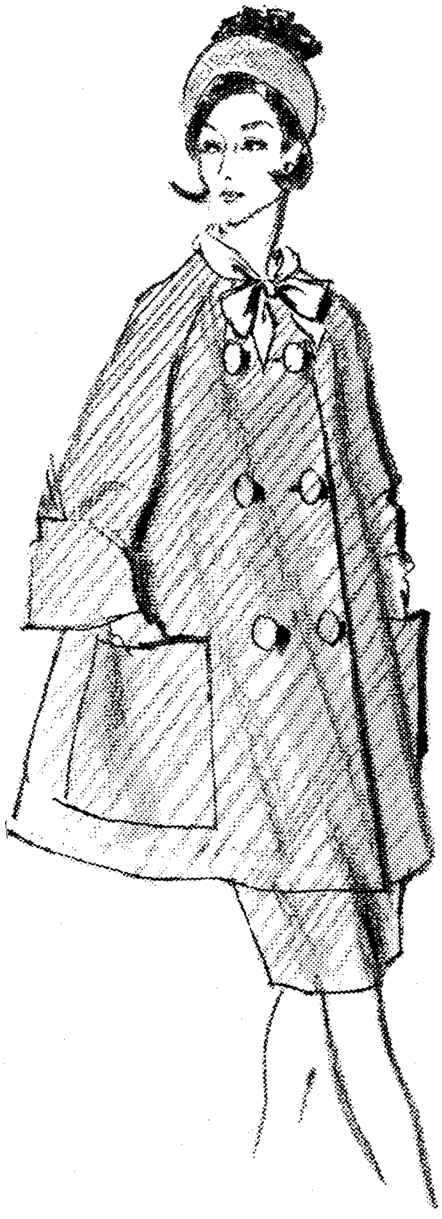

The news in ensembles
travels smartly through spring via this free-swinging 7/8 coat handsomely pearl-buttoned and pocketed, topping a slim skirt. Diagonal weave wool, with a sleeveless, bow-tied blouse in rich diagonal silk. White with pink blouse, navy with white or gray with white. By Monarch. Sizes 8 to 14. **145.**
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hari, not to mention other interesting young ladies, all talking at once. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **FREY'S**, 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain has set up his portmanteau piano in a corner of a picnic ground for the landed young gentry, their loved ones, and other town and gown characters. He runs well into the lobster shift. No piano Sundays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Youth calling unto youth, but from table to table, not on the phone, and in a manner that is certainly well bred. The counterpoint is the dum-dee-dum piano of Mr. Malkan, prop., who operates from seven until a very small hour, even on Sunday. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No overwhelming rush disturbs this residential quarter of Florence, but musicians steadily ply their trade, and they are augmented every so often by a tenor and a soprano intent on one of those set pieces by Puccini or other local characters. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): How to tell love from the less virulent maladies is one recurrent topic of Mabel Mercer's lyrics; the best thought on curative and preventive medicine is the other. Mme. Mercer, the dean of women singers, has Sam Hamilton's piano as her background. Ten-thirty, and thereafter, is her time of night. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Bohemia old-style has not been completely ousted from the Village. Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned it into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist does the honors. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is that noble seigneur Tibor Rakossy. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **TOWER EAST**, 1240 Third Ave., at 72nd St. (UN 1-1400): Charles De Forest, now bolstered by two sidemen, plays that driving piano and sings those insistent *chansons d'amour* from nine until four every single night. The setting is hardly sedate, but that's life nowadays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he must be in the prompter's box when his waiter happily sets down the veal *rollatini* and turns, *a cappella*, into Scarpia or Rodolfo. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a night-blooming phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. The music—seven-thirty to three or four during the week, Sundays until one—is insistent and glittery, since it is all freshly squeezed out of a tube. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Caged lions, some of them social, roaring along the dance floor at a pace that chills the enthusiasm of all but the hardiest participants. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): An undergraduate gymnasium. The hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), an inexhaustible Diana. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name. The campus of this nondenominational university is only utilitarian, but the athletic program (nine-thirty to three or four, except Mondays) is superb, and the *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers (by Linda Benter in particular) are original and amusing. The music, partly storage battery and partly real (the Rhondells), happens, too, at Saturday and Sunday one-to-six matinées. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, Steve Iles plays complicated and crescendo piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. The guitarist, Rogelio Reguera, once graced the entourage of the great Escudero, and it is easy to see why. He performs intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Grandeur, thy name is Spain. The guitar, plied by Harold Morris, whiles away the dinner and supper hours every evening but Sunday with arias not only Iberian but international. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61

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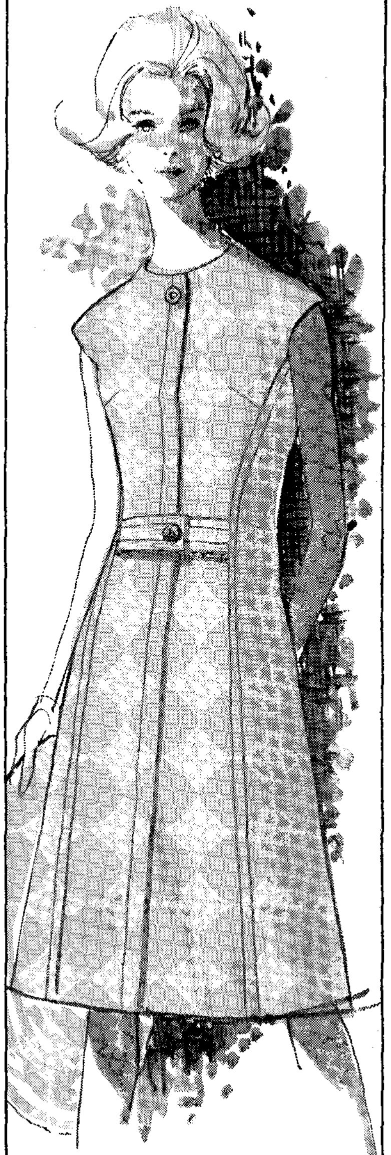

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E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the squadron of peregrinating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are on exhibit along this stretch of Bailey's Beach. Eight-thirty until about two is his speed. Closed Sundays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a dulcet dusk) in the Seven Hills, Mario Peralta plies an age-old bandonion from seven to nine, extracting from it any number of joyous sounds. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The mansion is Moorish, sort of, the menu is American, the mien is decorous, the piano (George Rudolph) is laudably venturesome. The music is audible from six until midnight except on Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Almost the smallest bar in town, and one of the neatest of the lot. Gustavo Lopez, his guitar, and the décor are cool, correct Iberian. The music goes from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays. No dining.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing"—this simple, informative title covers a number of things: a corps de ballet, apache dancers, acrobats, and a number of ample young ladies, notably Betty Jo Alvies, a tigress in no apparent state of captivity. In fact, it covers everything except Mickey Rooney, an infant prodigy turned vaudevillian, and just a so-so one. On Tuesday, Jan. 18, he will be replaced by Jayne Mansfield, famed for her portrayals of Portia, Amy, and Medea. Dancing for the diners, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): On Thursday, Jan. 13, a musical-comedy version of the World Series checks in, propelled by the song-and-dance men Maury Wills, now devoted to stealing bows rather than bases, and Mudcat Grant, pitching words instead of baseballs. Gene Baylos, a man-of-the-streets comedian, arrives the same evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sergio Franchi's tenor, one of Italy's greatest natural resources, is assigned not only to his native arias but to the best of the current American crop; Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman in the Broadway vernacular, is assigned to the proposition that originality, as well, is the soul of wit. On Thursday, Jan. 20, a change of venue: Tony Bennett, with his sunny disposition and his sunlit songs. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and nobody thinks to turn it off until four or so.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nothing is ever quite what it seems in "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, for every prank, every parable, every bit of poesy turns out to be a witty engine of destruction. Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, and Liz Sheridan are the avenging angels of the cast; Rex Robbins, John Keatts, and Bill Hinnant fill out a squadron of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles is putting his flamencan stamps of approval on the floor of the back room, and a threesome, Los Panchos, is declaiming pop tunes in a whole bunch of tongues; i.e., Latins at the work they love best. The performers turn up at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar can always bemuse and beguile, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Cole Porter, the only sociologist who ever combined rhyme and reason, is memorialized (and to perfection) in a small revue (words and music by C. P.) inhabited by Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan, those blithe spirits of mockery, and by Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff, their estimable aides. Nearly all of what goes on in this, the second edition, did not go on in the first edition, so fluent was the Porter pen. Things happen at eight-thirty every night but Monday, as well as at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the new revue here, never would be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. R. G. Brown is up to his usual knowing tricks, and he is given loyal aid by Fannie Flagg, Kelly Wood, and Richard Blair. Twice a night, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Don Cherry, once aide-de-camp to Ornette Coleman, and his foursome bow out on Thursday, Jan. 13; next evening, Miles Davis, whose intermittent horn is full of recessive and even primitive genes, brings his quintet back. They vacate the premises on Sunday, Jan. 16, but will return on Friday, Jan. 21. The music shop is closed, as usual on Monday, Jan. 17, and thereafter someone or other will fill in until the Davises reappear. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. The cheering and abundant Earl Hines plays just about The Greatest solo piano in the pavilion through Saturday, Jan. 15, and in the grotto the last two nights of his stay. Jaki Byard's piano operates on the same timetable, but he stays on past Jan. 15. (The dining pavilion is closed Mondays.) Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, Dick Gregory, man of action, speaks firmly to his constituency in the grotto. On Sunday, Jan. 16, the Philharmonia Woodwind Quintet, just to change the pace, recites at three in the afternoon in the grotto. Every Monday night, Symphony Sid and a Latin band occupy the grotto. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino*, in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses and the one most likely to amuse. The chanting is done by the Bitter End Singers and by Tim Rose (his last night is Wednesday, Jan. 19), all of whom look upon folk music as gospel. The Uncalled-For 3 are the humorists. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every sound is fraught. The quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is the reason for this. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 14-16, Jimmy Rushing and his giant, non-economy voice will be added. On Tuesday, Jan. 18, a new set of advanced thinkers moves in. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The sound and fury of Charles Mingus, who has extensive holdings of both commodities, is greatly in evidence. He and his Jazz Workshop are on hand every night but Monday, when another band is in charge, and Toshiko Mariano, whose solo piano is generally exploratory, holds to the same schedule. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Shoot the works, but never the Professor at the piano. The nights of yore are recalled in toto by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dill Jones, and Morey Feld. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though

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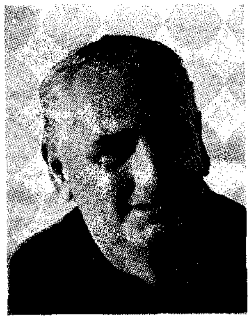

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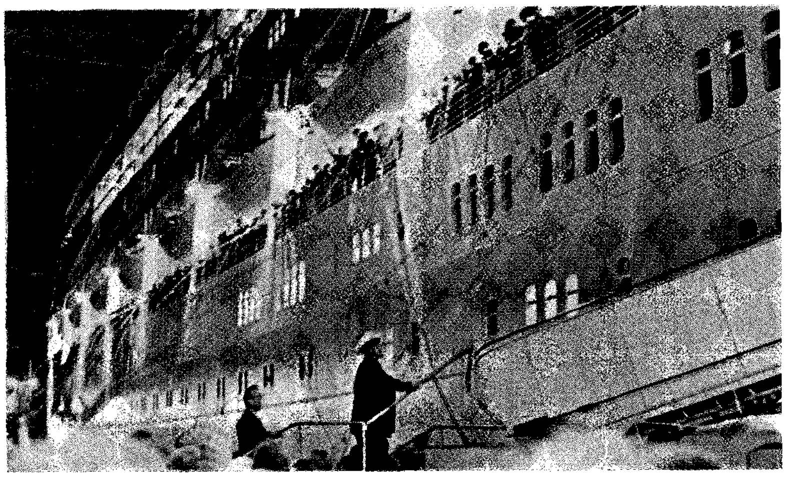

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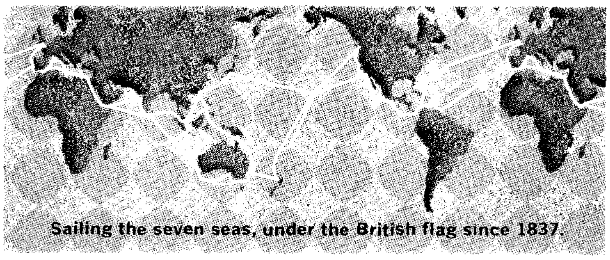

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often still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Zutty Singleton is the springboard; the other operatives are Red Allen, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Herman Autrey. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and such) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. The Dixieland by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HAROLD ALTMAN—Etchings done in Paris; through Jan. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

GIANFRANCO BARUCHELLO—Non-objective paintings; through Feb. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Geometric abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR CANDELL—Abstract paintings; through Jan. 27. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER—Semi-abstract watercolors of landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE DAVIS—Hard-edge paintings; through Jan. 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings; through Jan. 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDVIK DURCHANEK—Life-size figures in sheet bronze, nickel silver, and copper; through Jan. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Expressionistic paintings; through Friday, Jan. 14. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Paintings from the Greek islands; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract oils; through Jan. 29. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEF FOSHKO—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

PAUL GEORGES—Self-portraits, nudes, and landscapes; through Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

JASPER JOHNS—Four large paintings; through Feb. 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL KLEE—Paintings, drawings, and collages (1909-40); through Jan. 29. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronze reliefs for the door of St. Peter's, together with sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Jan. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

WALTER MURCH—Still-life oils and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDUARDO PAOLOZZI—Sculptures in chrome-plated steel and polished aluminum by this British artist; through Feb. 2. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD ROSENTHAL—Abstract bronzes; through Jan. 29. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGES SCHREIBER—Watercolors; through Jan. 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LADISLAS SEGY—Boxes; through Jan. 29. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN SLOAN—Paintings of places and people relating to his diaries of 1906 to 1913; through Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Paintings; through Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TANIA—Abstract construction-paintings; through Jan. 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Fifty-three new Op paintings; through Feb. 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF NEW YORK CITY FAMILIES—A benefit exhibition of fifty-eight group portraits depicting leading New York City families, among them the Astors, Vanderbilts, and Rockefellers, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, John Singer Sargent, and George Bellows; through Jan. 29. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Calder, César, and other American and European artists; through Jan. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

AFRICAN ART—Masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, bronze, and ivory), from Mali, Liberia, Nigeria, and so on; through Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Sculptures by George Baker, Joe Brainard, and Jack Squier, plus pictures by William Brice and James Gill; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, and Raimondo Puccinelli are three of the artists represented in the gallery's thirty-fourth-anniversary exhibition of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Joseph Stella, August Mosca, and Marsden Hartley; through Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Prints by (for instance) Anuszkiewicz, Oldenburg, and Dine; through Jan. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6; Friday and Saturday evenings, 9 to 11.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Archipenko, Raoul Dufy, and Miró; through Feb. 5. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of about forty paintings by Impressionist masters, including Cézanne, Monet, and Renoir, on loan from private New York City collections; through Jan. 29. . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Degas, Matisse, and Picasso are among the exhibitors in a showing of French drawings and watercolors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Afro, Max Beckmann, and Jan Cox; through Jan. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Early American Cities," a showing of aquatints of cities along the Eastern seacoast and rivers by early-nineteenth-century landscapists, from the collection of Harry W. Havemeyer; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March

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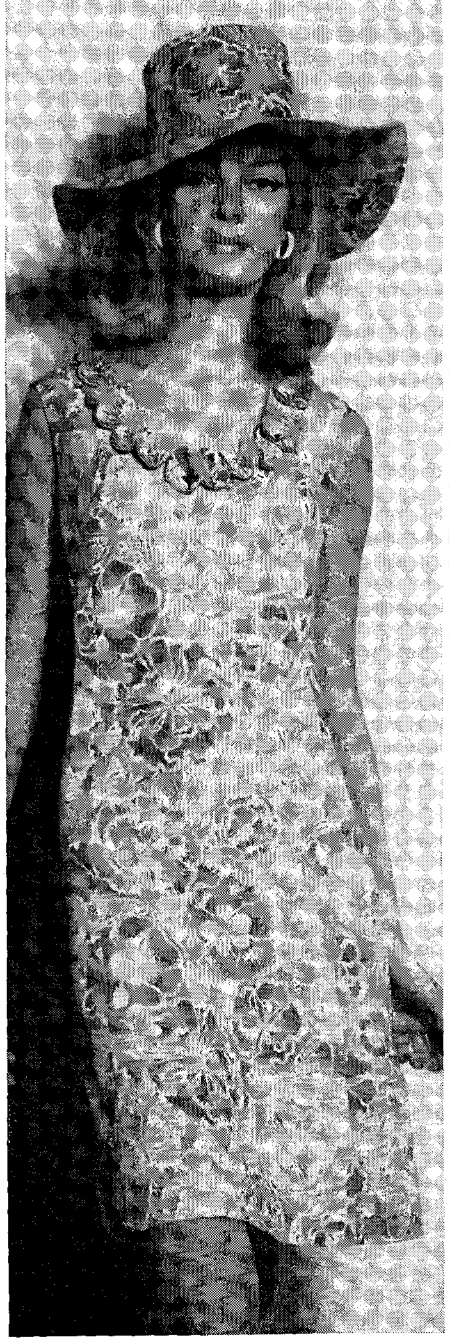

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ "The Photographic Image," an exhibition of paintings by Richard Artschwager, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, and four other artists, whose work involves elements or themes suggested by photographs; through Feb. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, consisting of a painting apiece by a hundred and thirty-eight artists, among them Hans Hofmann, I. Rice Pereira, and Edward Hopper; through Jan. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Ancient Art from Afghanistan: Treasures of the Kabul Museum;" through March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty-one paintings and drawings by Abstract Expressionist Philip Guston; through Feb. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dürer and His Time," a loan exhibition of drawings from the State Museum of West Berlin; through Wednesday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty American Indian artists, sixteen to twenty-three years old, representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Sunday, Jan. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinéee, Jan. 15: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Jean Madeira, James McCracken, Walter Cassel, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Sándor Kónya, Theodor Uppman, Robert Goodloe, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 17: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 18: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 19: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 21: "Samson et Dalila," with Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 22: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, James King, Geraint Evans, Otto Edelmann, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 22: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—A Beethoven-Verdi program on Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 14, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 17, at 7:30 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Collegiate Chorale); and a varied program on Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 21, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 24, at 7:30 (all with John Corigliano, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Colin Davis conducting an Elgar-Berlioz program. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Adele Addison, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Chester Watson, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 15-16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Benefit Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting the Marlboro Orchestra in a tribute to Artur Rubinstein, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 4:30.)

Clarion Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Reri Grist, soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting, with Michel Block, piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Frank Brieff conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Charles Castleman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Krakow Choir and Orchestra—Andrzej Markowski directing this group in its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Contemporary Music Society—The second in a series of four programs of new music, this one performed by William Masselos, piano, with John Brownlee, narrator. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Harold Kohon and Allen Weiss—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 5:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Malcolm Frager—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Concentus Musicus—An ensemble of eight performing on original instruments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:40.)

Sidney Harth—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Josh White and Anita Sheer—Folk singers, in a

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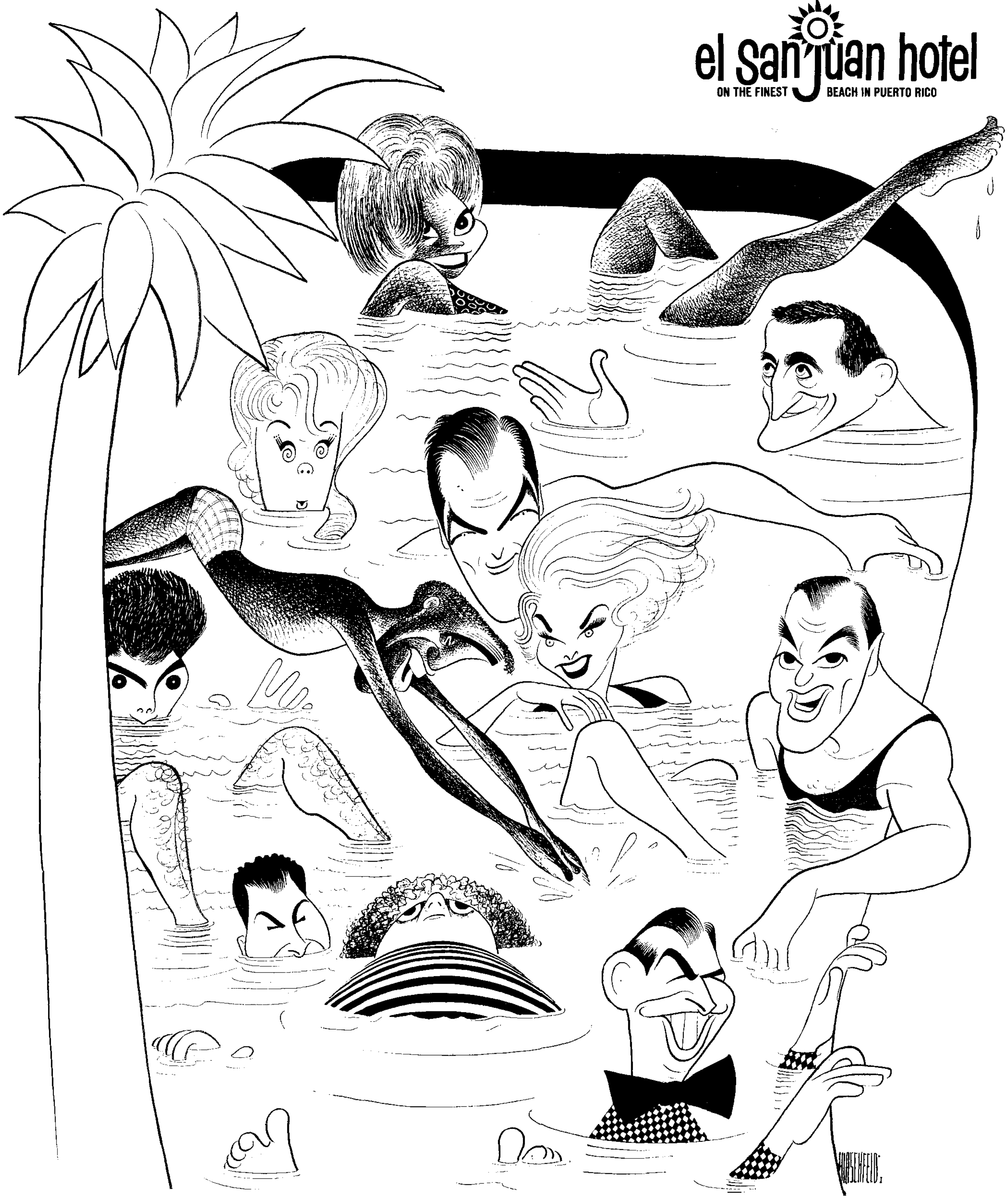

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

benefit recital. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—The first in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music, this one devoted to the music of Poland. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2:30.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Concentus Musicus. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 4:30.) . . . ¶ Lenox Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.) For information about tickets to both concerts, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The third in a series of six Haydn-Schubert-Bartók programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8:40.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last two in a series of concerto concerts, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program; and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Michel Block—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Note—Albert Fuller will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 17, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Archie Shepp, Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, and Dave Lambert. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ "Great Jazz Composers," with Frank Foster's orchestra, Roland Kirk, Howard McGhee, Billy Strayhorn, Billy Taylor, Bob Wilber, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 12.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 14, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2:30.)

Les Feux Follets—A Canadian company presenting dances and music of the Indians, Eskimos, French-Canadians, Acadians, Scots, and the West. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **Gingerbread Players & Jack**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Satur-

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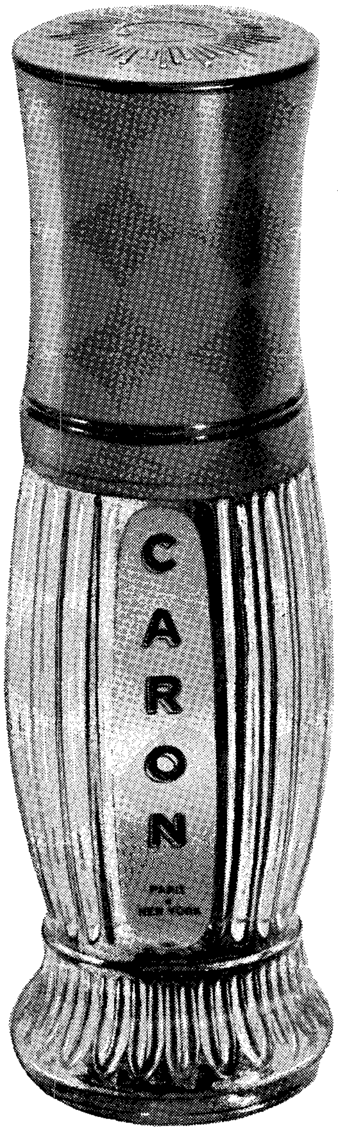

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days and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Magic Fiddle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)... **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "Hans Brinker." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Brightest Moon of All." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday, except Jan. 22, from 10 to 12. On Jan. 22 at 10:30, there will be an ice carnival, made up of skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that goes with an ice carnival.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Dan Jacobson and Harvey Swados reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)... ¶ Denise Levertov reading a cycle of poems she has put into English verse from the Bengali. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—The fifty-sixth midwinter regatta, featuring inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and assorted nautical trappings. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 15 and 22, from 10:30 to 10:30; Sundays, Jan. 16 and 23, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 17-21, from noon to 10:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 13, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculpture by such artists as Jean Dufy, Epstein, Buffet, and Pissarro; from several collectors. ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 1:45: English furniture and decorative objects, belonging to Mrs. Arthur E. Pew and others.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 1:45: American manuscripts and books, including two early publications of the Emancipation Proclamation, one of them signed by Lincoln; the original holograph manuscript of Charles Sheldon's novel "In His Steps;" and autograph letters by Jefferson, Monroe, and Dolly Madison. The property of Colonel George A. Spiegelberg and others.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 19.)

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Jan. 19.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk in a preposterous automobile race around the world. Funny and then not so funny. Blake Edwards directed. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 18.)

Help!—The Beatles again, and who can resist them? (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 18.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Well directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Jan. 16.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Jan. 19.)

The Leather Boys—An immaculately executed study of a pair of post-adolescent newlyweds. Shot in and about London and starring Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton. Sidney J. Furie was the director. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 18.)

Life at the Top—Money isn't everything, at least not in Yorkshire. A stern, able English film, with Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Donald Wolfit, and Honor Blackman. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

The Loved One—An overstuffed nightmare, expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Moment of Truth—There are several different truths to be found in this extraordinary film by Francesco Rosi; one is that bullfighting is an abominable activity and another is that it's very beautiful. The hero is played by an authentic matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 19.)

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—Seventy-eight years of a truly exemplary life, covered in astonishing detail and with a good narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Jan. 17.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 19.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—A strong, old-fashioned, no-nonsense melodrama, with an intricate plot and excellent acting by Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director was Martin Ritt. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The 10th Victim—A very witty Italian movie about the twenty-first century, when murder has become a form of useful play. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress, and directed with zest by Elio Petri. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Thunderball—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course, and directed by Terence Young. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, 563-4350; Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Jan. 19.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 19.)

Cartouche (1964)—A French takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 14-16.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 18.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 14.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Jan. 16-18.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 18.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 17-18.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 18.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 13.)

Monkey in Winter (1963)—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo in a French picture about drink, loneliness, Channel weather, and dreams. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 14-16.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Jan. 19.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 13.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Jan. 15.)

La Notte (1962)—A portrait of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 14-17.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 13.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 19.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 19.)

The Wave (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 14-17.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Through Jan. 15: A program of Anna Pavlova dance films. . . . ¶ Jan. 16-18: "Jesse James" (1939), with Tyrone Power. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 19: "Secret Agent" (1936), with Madeleine Carroll and John Gielgud. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.). . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Jan. 13: "Gold Diggers of 1937," with Joan Blondell and Victor Moore. . . . ¶ Jan. 14-16: "The Singing Marine" (1937), with Dick Powell. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 18: "Gold Diggers of Paris" (1938), with Rudy Vallée. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Jan. 19: "That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
THUNDERBALL.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 18: **THE KNACK.**
From Jan. 19: "The Hill," Sean Connery.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 18: **DARLING.**
From Jan. 19: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 18: **THE HUSTLER**, revival; and "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.
From Jan. 19 (tentative): "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens; and "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Jan. 18: "Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.
From Jan. 19: **DARLING.**

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THUNDERBALL.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Jan. 15: "How NOT to Rob a Department Store" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Marie Laforêt.
From Jan. 16: "Sandra" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Jan. 16: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**
From Jan. 17: "Male Companion" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THUNDERBALL.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE LOVED ONE.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Jan. 18: To be announced.
From Jan. 19: **THE KNACK**; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 18: **THE GREAT RACE.**
From Jan. 19: **DARLING.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 18: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.
Jan. 19-20 at 2, 4, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through the afternoon of Jan. 18: To be announced.
Jan. 18 at 8 and 10: "Madame Du Barry," revival, Dolores Del Rio.
Jan. 19-20 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 18: "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens; and "The Man Who Could Cheat Death," revival, Anton Diffring.
From Jan. 19: "Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis; and "Apache Uprising," Rory Calhoun.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 13: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; "On the Bowery," revival, a semi-documentary film; and "Come Back, Africa," revival, another semi-documentary film.
From Jan. 14: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Jan. 15: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**, revival; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day," revival, a documentary on the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials.
Jan. 16-18: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revival; and "The Inspector General," revival, Danny Kaye.
From Jan. 19: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 18: **DARLING.**
From Jan. 19: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 18: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Jan. 19: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 18: "Do Not Disturb," Doris Day, Rod Taylor; and "The Cavern," John Saxon.
Jan. 19-20 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 18: **THE LEATHER BOYS.**
From Jan. 19: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Jan. 18: "Love Without End" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.
From Jan. 19: "The Mermaid" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 17: **THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.**
From Jan. 18: "King and Country," Dirk Bogarde, Tom Courtenay.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

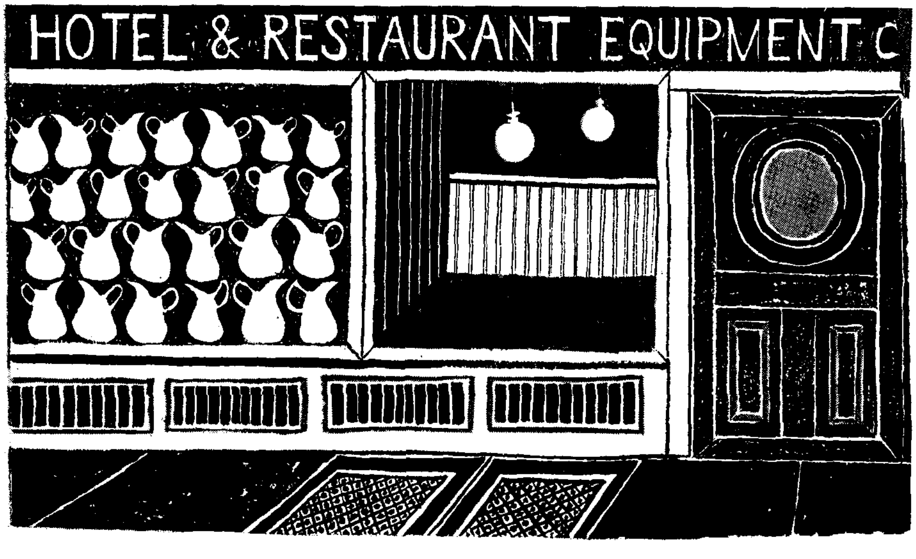
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
LIFE AT THE TOP.

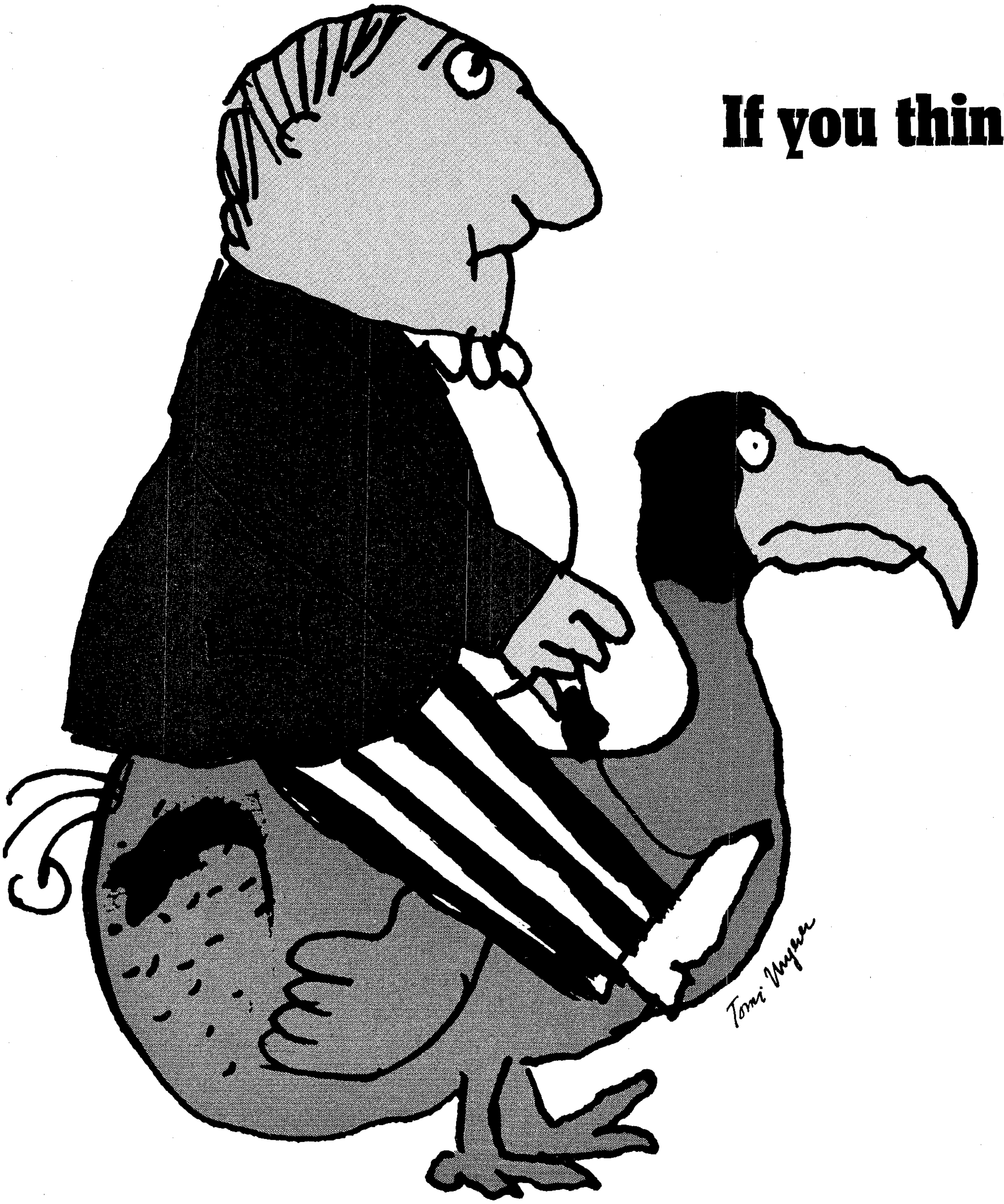
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 13: "La Viaccia" (in Italian), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale; and "Backfire" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.
Jan. 14-16: **CARTOUCHE** and **MONKEY IN WINTER** (both in French and both revivals).
Jan. 17-18: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "White Heat," revival, James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.
From Jan. 19: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
DARLING; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 13: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali), revival; and **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival.
Jan. 14-17: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival.
From Jan. 18: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 18: "Kwaidan" (in Japanese).
From Jan. 19: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.




Tomi Ungerer

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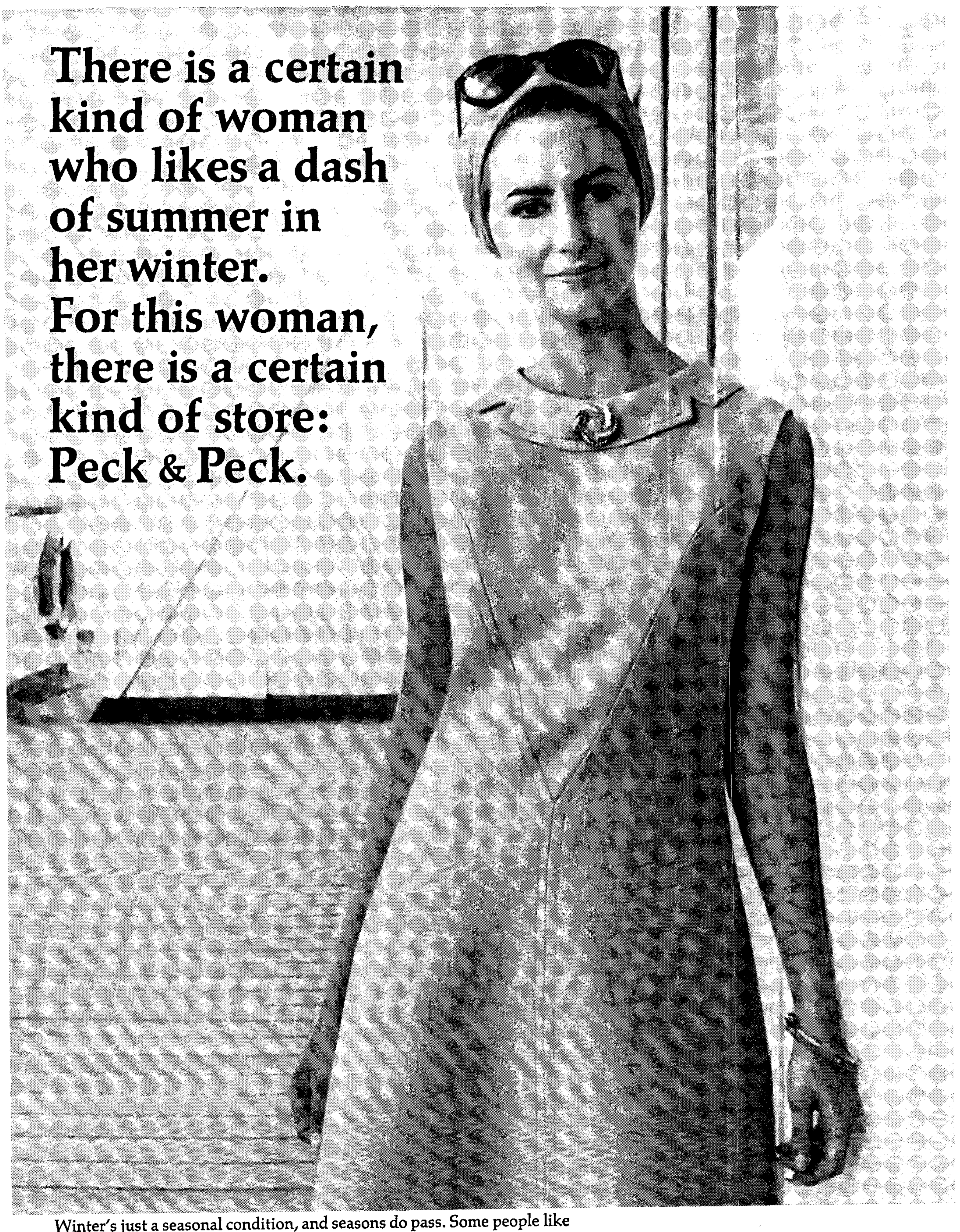

There is a certain kind of woman who likes a dash of summer in her winter. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Winter's just a seasonal condition, and seasons do pass. Some people like to ignore winter by sailing the South Seas. Some begin to build a summer wardrobe. An ideal candidate for either group is this Dacron® polyester/rayon skimmer from our Haberdasher collection. Red, green or blue. 6 to 16, 30.00

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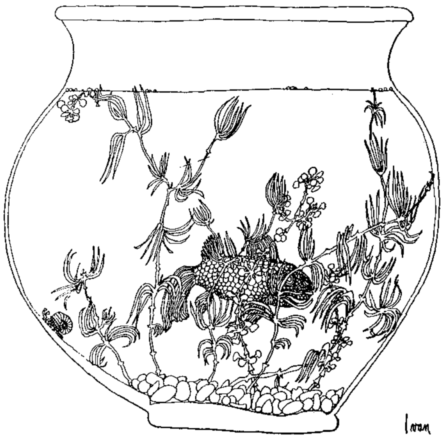
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT the beginning of the transit strike, Mayor Lindsay urged nonessential workers to refrain from driving their cars into the city, but as the strike wore on, and we walked to work each morning, it became abundantly clear that thousands upon thousands of people who had heeded the Mayor's plea on Monday had subsequently decided that essentiality was an elastic concept. On Tuesday, when the traffic was incredibly snarled and noisy, we found ourself wondering if the occupants of the vehicles stalled along the avenues as far as the eye could see were not simply trying to *prove* their essentiality. But on Wednesday—a balmy day, pleasant for hiking—two things happened that made us realize how complex the question really is. The first occurred at the intersection of Seventy-second Street and Madison Avenue, where we saw a radio newsman jump out of a car that was hopelessly blocked in traffic, hurry into a nearby telephone booth, and dial a number. "Traffic is at an absolute standstill!" we heard him shout into the mouthpiece, in a voice that fairly trembled with dramatic import. "The entire city is caught in a gigantic stranglehold!" Then, as he continued talking, he signalled frantically to a colleague in his car, who began to honk its horn, thus adding to a din that already amounted to an assault on the nerves and senses. When the newsman came out of the booth, we asked him why on earth he had done this, and he replied that he had been talking into a tape machine for later broadcast, and that the sound of horn-honking was essential for "reality augmentation." At this point, seeking reality reduction, in the form of peace and quiet, we headed west, entered Central Park at Sixty-fifth Street, and, after a short stroll, came upon the octagonal brick building that houses the Michael Friedsam Memorial Carrousel. There were two cars parked next to the building, and inside it two men were sanding and painting some of the horses on the merry-go-round platform. When we asked one of the men how they had managed to get to work, he told us that he had driven in from Flushing and that his partner had driven down from the Pelham Bay section of the Bronx. "We had an awful time getting here, of course, but we had to come," he went on. "You see, there's just one time of year we can fix up the carrousel. That's in January and February, when we're open only on weekends, and since paint and varnish don't take good hold on the wood if the weather's cold, we have to use every warm day that comes along. Otherwise we'd never get things ready for our big spring opening. I mean, just look at all the colors we're using here. Why, there's practically every color in the rainbow on these horses, and there are fifty-seven horses in all." As we watched the men dabbing away at the hoofs, bridles, and saddles of the magnificent chargers, which were hand-carved from applewood by Swiss craftsmen around 1900 and have been the delight of generations of children, we decided that any man's idea of the importance of his work is, in the end, eminently stretchable, and that to augment the reality of a carrousel for children is, especially in these unreal times, essential.



THE workings of high finance, considered as a spectator sport, fail to entertain us. The fluctuations of the stock market are lacking in drama, and the fluctuations of financiers are scarcely more interesting. Invited to survey the economic scene, one fiscal savant will avouch that "the rise in interest rates combined with present tax rates will lead to a drastic fall in the rate of new corporate investment in 1966," while another will riposte that present circumstances do not "preclude sufficient monetary expansion to maintain the upward momentum of the economy." At times, it is difficult to understand how so many brokers are able to await some disastrous financial reverse before strolling off their window ledges. Just recently, however, the vast, dull surface of commerce has been enlivened by a few strong touches of nature. We refer to the splendid mystery of a vanishing Wall Street employee named Max Donovan, whose outward respectability as a salaried assistant, taxpayer, and book-club member was seriously compromised by the discovery that he is a schnauzer. Donovan's putative owner, a real-estate speculator named John De Lyra, who is under federal indictment for fraud, has testified that the dog's surname is news to him. "I only knew him as Max," he told the court. This testimony tempts one to believe that De Lyra is no more than a cat's-paw, as it were, for Donovan's canine machinations. After all, De Lyra is under legal constraint, whereas the elusive schnauzer, when last seen, was departing for California in a sports car, in the company of a young lady who models lingerie. As yet, no testimony has shed light upon the curious purchase by the schnauzer, for $10.85, of a world atlas. The matter invites speculation. Our guess is that Max Donovan, having made a thorough scrutiny of the atlas and a comprehensive study of the laws of extradition and animal quarantine, has fled to Brazil with a suitcaseful of illicit cash, and is even now disporting himself upon the beach at Rio de Janeiro—bounding into the surf, perhaps, to retrieve sticks thrown for his exclusive pleasure by other absconding American fiscal wizards.

The Elvish Mode

WE walked over to Brooklyn the other day to attend a meeting of the Tolkien Society of America, a group dedicated to the discussion and promulgation of the works of J. R. R. Tolkien, the Oxford don whose adult fairy tale "The Lord of the Rings" shows signs of becoming a modern classic. The meeting was held at the home of Richard Plotz, a senior at Erasmus Hall High School, who founded the Society last May, and it was attended by some fifty members, including several college professors, a large number of high-school students, W. H. Auden, who is a longtime friend and admirer of Tolkien, and Richard Plotz's two younger brothers—Tommy, twelve and a half, and Bobby, ten. The members gathered in the large and comfortable living room of the Plotz home, at 159 Marlborough Road, and after a few drinks (of non-alcoholic eggnog and soft apple cider) and a light snack (featuring fresh mushrooms, which are a favorite food of Tolkien's favorite creatures, the Hobbits) the meeting was called to order. The main topic of conversation was, of course, "The Lord of the Rings," a trilogy that tells of the perilous quest of Frodo the Hobbit, Gandalf the Wizard, and a company of Elves, Dwarves, and Men, who attempt to destroy the power of the Dark Lord before he can plunge the world into a fate worse than destruction. But before the assembled Tolkienians could launch a discussion of this epic conflict, they felt obliged to touch on a related conflict that was not so epic—a legal skirmish between the authorized American publishers of the tale (Houghton Mifflin and Ballantine Books) and a paperback firm called Ace Books over the fact that Ace, having discovered a flaw in the American copyright, last year brought out an unauthorized but highly profitable edition, from which the author has yet to receive a penny. Contenting themselves with a general expression of outrage at this state of affairs, the members turned to more congenial matters, such as the correct method of writing in "the Elvish mode," and the construction of an accurate cosmological model of Middle-earth, the vast setting for Tolkien's personal mythology. Stephen Shectman, a senior at Jericho High School, argued persuasively that Middle-earth could be considered "essentially spherical, if one ignores all the minor technical difficulties arising in the text," while Dr. Peter H. Salus, assistant professor of Germanic languages and linguistics at Queens College, maintained that, by analogy with the Icelandic Eddas, Middle-earth was undoubtedly saucer-shaped. Chairman Plotz then announced that W. H. Auden had consented to give a brief talk on "Tolkien as a Man."

Auden, who had been following the debate with intense concentration, got to his feet and glanced around the room at his fellow-members; most of them were sprawled out on the custard-yellow carpet. "Well, Tolkien is a man of average height, rather thin," he began. "He lives in a hideous house—I can't tell you how awful it is—with hideous pictures on the walls. I first encountered him in 1926, at a lecture at Oxford. He read a passage from 'Beowulf' so beautifully that I decided Anglo-Saxon must be interesting, and that has had a great influence on my life." Auden went on to say that Tolkien himself, when he was an Oxford undergraduate, had fallen in love with the Finnish language, "because it has fifteen or sixteen cases."

From the floor a high-pitched voice exclaimed, "Fifteen!"

Auden said, "Yes, fifteen cases. I suppose most of you know that the Elvish language in the trilogy has affinities with Finnish."

Several voices from the floor made it clear that they did indeed know.

Auden then said that Tolkien, by his own admission, had had no idea where the book was going when he started it; in fact, when one of the major characters, the mysterious figure of Strider, appeared for the first time, he hadn't the faintest notion who Strider was. "Tolkien is fascinated with the whole Northern thing," Auden said. "People seem to divide—they're attracted by either the Northern thing or the Southern thing, by Scandinavia or the Mediterranean—and for Tolkien north is a sacred direction."

In answer to a question from the floor, Auden said that Tolkien was born in South Africa but had spent almost his entire life in England, to which his family had moved shortly after his birth. "He has been to Wales, of course," Auden said in conclusion.

Although Auden had asked to be excused after his talk, he stood at the door for twenty minutes debating various fine points of Tolkien scholarship with a handful of fellow-fans. His monumentally wrinkled face creased even further by a broad smile, he looked remarkably like some Tolkienish wizard surrounded by a crowd of young and eager Hobbits.

The remainder of the evening was given over to small discussion groups that formed of their own accord in the corners of the room. Shectman, who said that he hopes to go to Yale next fall and has thoughts of majoring in astronomy, recalled that he had first heard about Tolkien a few years ago from a younger brother, whose teacher had read one of the books aloud to a third-grade class. "But I wasn't ready to read Tolkien then," Shectman said. "I was in the ninth grade, and so, naturally, I was too sophisticated for fairy tales."

Audrey Weinstein, who is a senior at the Bronx High School of Science, agreed. "It takes a great deal of maturity to be able to read things like Tolkien," she said. "You have to be the kind of person who doesn't care what other people might think."

"Quite the contrary," said Irwin Rubin, a classmate of Richard Plotz's. "At Erasmus, anyone who wants to be sophisticated or snobbish feels he has to read 'The Lord of the Rings.' "

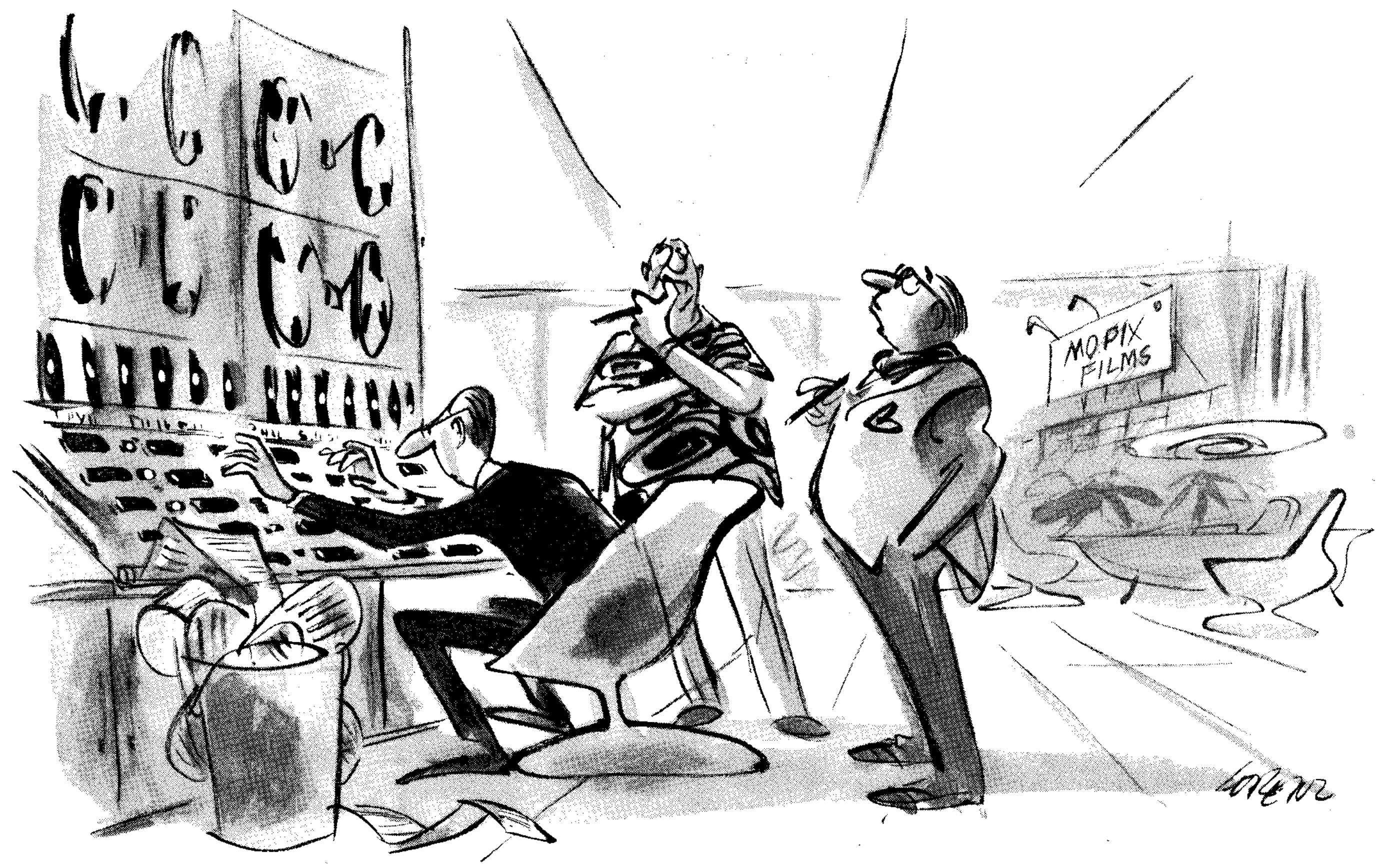
"Once you've read it, you have something in common with other people who've read it," Shectman said.

Audrey Weinstein again agreed. "An English teacher in my school wants to read it because she wants to be able to communicate with her class," she said.

Rubin said, "*I* started reading it when a group of people at school started writing phrases like 'Frodo lives' all over the walls. I just wanted to find out what they were talking about, and then, once I got started, I was filled with awe."

"I know, I know," Audrey Weinstein said. "I was *living* in 'The Lord of the Rings' all last year. It was my world. I wrote my notes in Elvish. Even now, I doodle in Elvish. It's my means of expression."

All around the room there were young people in deep conversation. On a couch, a boy in a dark-blue sweatshirt and black chino pants was sitting next to a barefooted girl in blue jeans and a white sweater. There was a piece of paper on the coffee table in front of them. The girl held a pen in her right



"Now, suppose he has the flat tire and she stops to fix it. Feed that in, Harry, and see what we get."

• •

hand, the boy's right hand was clasped over the girl's right hand, and, to judge from the expressions on their faces, they were practicing some strange and beautiful Elvish calligraphy together.

•

THE Victorian Sandwich Shop, on West Forty-fifth Street, advertises "overstuffed sandwiches."

Mementos

COME May, the Metropolitan Opera will officially abandon its sooty quarters at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street for the palely glimmering glory of Lincoln Center. If you have any sentimental feeling for the old building, which, hideous as it is on the outside, is of an indubitable rosy splendor within, and if you would like some such substantial souvenir of it as an orchestra seat, a pair of wooden swinging doors, or even a fifty-nine-foot-long mahogany bar, you could do worse than drop a note to Mr. Gordon M. Hill, who, as a member of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera Association and its assistant treasurer, has accepted the post of chairman of the Disposition of the Furnishings Committee. Mr. Hill, white-haired, charming, and a born committee chairman, told us recently that he has no illusions about the difficulty of the task his committee faces. "Everything of value in the way of works of art, office equipment, and portable furniture will go to the new house," he said. "The remainder is disposable within the limits of practicality. We'd like to be able to offer a memento to everybody who asks for one, but it's an intractable old building and won't lend itself readily to being parcelled out. The most popular item is sure to be our famous gold curtain, which will undoubtedly be cut up and made available to the maximum number of people."

Mr. Hill showed us a gold brocade spectacle case that had been made from a piece of the curtain that was cut up in 1940, and remarked that the Opera Guild at that time had realized over eleven thousand dollars from the sale of such trinkets. "This time, we wouldn't think of putting a price on things," Mr. Hill said. "Still, we can invite anyone who wishes a souvenir to make a contribution that will cover the cost of removing it. Expense will limit most people to portable items, because to salvage an object attached structurally to a building always runs into money. For example, we've already received requests for several of the ceramic drinking fountains, but a plumber would no doubt charge hundreds of dollars to disconnect them and free them from the walls in which they're set. The carvings on our walls and ceilings are still under study. Curiously, nobody has yet been able to tell the committee whether the carvings are of plaster or of wood. Plaster crumbles and is hard to salvage; wood can be salvaged with relative ease."

Mr. Hill went on to say that the committee will be working against a rather complex legal background. The Metropolitan has the right to dispose of sentimental and historical mementos, but the new lessees of the building have the right of commercial salvage. If an opera subscriber were to request a couple of orchestra seats that he'd held for twenty years, he would probably be given them; if a dealer in theatre seats came along and wanted to buy a whole row, he would probably be refused. The long mahogany bar might be given to a small opera company that was in need of such equipment, but it wouldn't be given to someone who wanted to use it for commercial purposes unrelated to opera. "We recognize that genuine sentiment is going to be hard to distinguish from cupidity in some cases," Mr. Hill said. "As for how to distribute our furnishings, the likelihood is that we'll simply honor requests in the order of their receipt. People have been writing in to us ever since 1959, when word got around that the building was definitely coming down. The surprising thing is how many letters are from out of town."

Mr. Hill leafed through a file and fetched up a handful of letters to prove his point: a woman in upstate New York wished to have two Family Circle seats that had been in her family for fifty years ("As a child, whenever I dreamed of falling, I was always falling out of the Family Circle," she wrote); a man in Los Angeles wanted the conductor's podium; a man in Ohio wanted the knob off the door leading to Caruso's old dressing room; and a professor in Alabama wanted to buy, for ten dollars, a single crystal prism off a chandelier. ("As you know, these ornaments are being periodically stolen by unprincipled persons," he wrote. "Whatever may be said of my unusual request, it is, at least, motivated by sincerity and honesty.") Mr. Hill noted that many of the correspondents were under a misapprehension as to the age of the auditorium. Although the original house was built in 1883, the present stage and auditorium were installed ten years later, after a fire had gutted the interior. The only items of interior decoration that survive from that initial restoration are the boxes of the Diamond Horseshoe and the elevator cages in the Fortieth Street lobby. The gold proscenium arch was put up in 1903, the ceiling was redecorated in 1908, and the present Grand Tier was installed in 1940. There have been four curtains over the years—one blue, one red, and two gold—and the seats in the auditorium have been replaced at least four times. "Caruso's doorknob may still be in place, because little has been done to the dressing rooms since '93," Mr. Hill said. "But the stage has been rebuilt so often that I'm afraid we can't pretend that the present boards were ever trodden by Flagstad and Melchior, much less by Caruso and Farrar. What the committee will really be giving away next spring won't be plaster and wood and glass but nearly eighty years of memories."

Number, Please

ACTING on impulse, a man we know who wanted to phone a friend in Los Angeles (Area Code 213) dialled the long-distance operator, took a deep breath, and said firmly, "I want two billion a hundred and thirty-three million eight hundred and twenty-four thousand six hundred and ninety-nine." Call went right through.

Walking

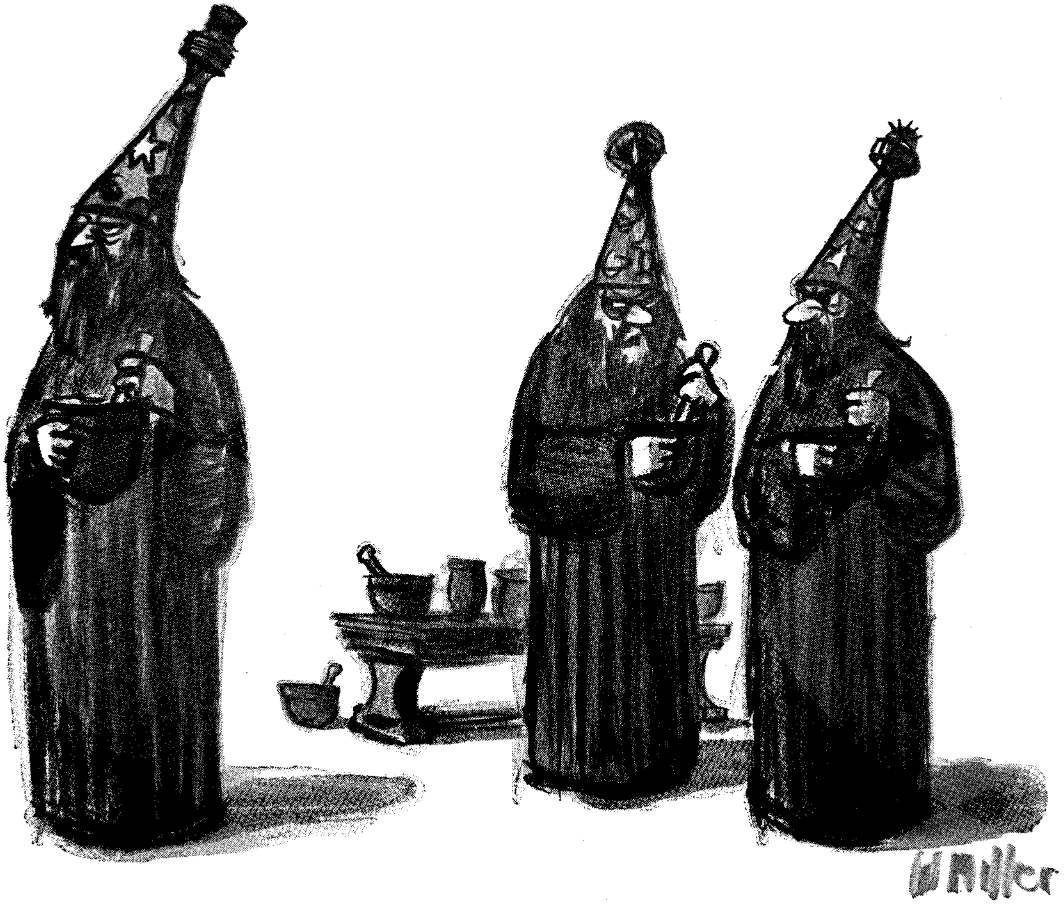
AT the precise instant that the clock in the lobby of the Hotel Roosevelt said six-forty-five last Tuesday morning, an elevator door slid open and Mayor John Lindsay dashed out, strode across the lobby, jogged down the stairs, sliced through a crowd of reporters, charged into—and out of—the glare of some TV lights on Forty-fifth Street, and swung down Madison Avenue for his third-day-in-a-row non-stop, record-breaking march to City Hall, sixty blocks away. Sugar Ray Robinson, wearing a black hat and a short leather coat, joined the Mayor and took his arm, and together they set a lively pace—at least five miles per hour—while a dozen reporters rushed along behind and station wagons with TV cameras and TV lights mounted on platforms on their roofs cruised just ahead. The Mayor, looking grim, moved with the precision and relentlessness of a drill sergeant; he acknowledged greetings from some passersby and ignored greetings from others. Sugar Ray's step had a lot more bounce. Sid Davidoff, a former Lindsay campaign manager, took up a position on the Mayor's right; Davidoff's walking style featured a generally rolling gait. The reporters, trailing out behind and dashing around trash baskets and parking meters, used a variety of styles, including the jog trot, the giant step, and—for those who fell behind while making notes or retying a shoelace—the out-and-out gallop.

"Hey, Mr. Lindsay!" the driver of a meat truck at Forty-first Street yelled. "The public is with you!"

"Why don't you try roller skates?" a taxi-driver asked loudly.

A smartly dressed man in front of the Morgan Library called out, "Mr. Mayor, my best to you, sir!"

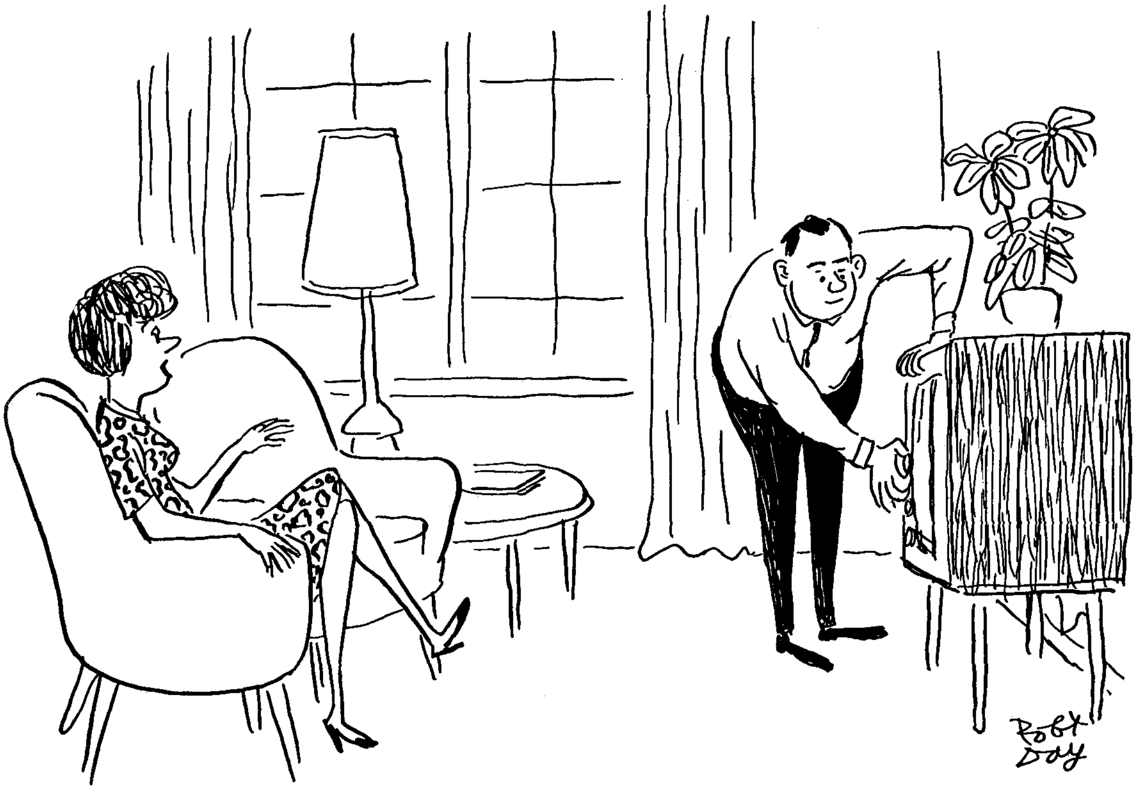
Suddenly, the Mayor broke into a run, trying to cross a street before the sign changed to "DONT WALK." A reporter yelled over his shoulder "Double time!" and everybody charged across at full tilt. Dawn—a dull yellow-orange with fuzzy horizon-



"What gets me is that damn more-arcane-than-thou attitude of his."

tal stripes of pale purple—could be glimpsed for a moment at the eastern end of Thirty-second Street, beyond a red neon sign that said "HOTEL TRANSIENTS PERMANENTS." A television man cried hoarsely to one of the cruising station wagons, "Bobby! The next corner, I'll hop on!" He was hauled aboard.

The group entered Madison Square—twenty blocks below the Roosevelt—at exactly 7 A.M., and lost two reporters while crossing it. The men drifted away from the rear ranks, panting quietly, and slunk off. Seven reporters, including a cheerful, barelegged girl in white sneakers, continued to follow the Mayor as he pounded on down Broadway.



"Well, that was better of Brinkley, but now Huntley's flesh tone is off."

Seven minutes later, Union Square. A girl in a black ski outfit passed by on a bicycle, pedalling uptown. A woman climbed out of a crowded automobile at the curb and discussed home-going arrangements through the window with what appeared to be her car pool. "Don't worry!" she called as the car moved off. "I'll meet you there!" The sky was brightening now, and George Washington, astride his horse, with his right hand upraised to Mays department store, across Fourteenth Street, was silhouetted against lavender blue.

The Mayor's solemnity dropped away around Tenth Street, and he started laughing with Sugar Ray. At Waverly Place, a policeman nodded hello respectfully, and then, as the Mayor passed, gave him a serious, once-over appraisal. The parking lots north of Third Street were beginning to fill up with cars. A reporter called forlornly to some men in a WNEW radio car "Got any room back there?" and they gave him a ride. In a doorway, a bum was sleeping, curled up, dirty and gray.

All the walkers were puffing small clouds of steam now as they panted along.

"How are you doing, Ray?" someone asked.

Sugar Ray made an alarmed face. "I don't *know!*" he exclaimed, and everybody laughed.

"Hi, Mayor!" a man near Houston Street called. "How many more days are you going to walk?"

A block later, the Mayor halted abruptly for a red light, and most of the reporters, unable to stop soon enough, surged past him across the street. "First time I've ever been ahead of him!" one of them exclaimed. Lindsay stood solemnly and patiently on the uptown corner, waiting for the light, and a couple of traffic cops watched him approvingly.

The clock in front of A. Fleisig Sons, Creative Packaging, near Grand Street, said seven-twenty-five when—to the horror of all concerned—the Mayor suddenly quickened the pace. "Keep fightin' there, boy!" an old man called as Lindsay sailed past. At Canal Street, a cop snapped out a stylish salute. "Good morning, Mr. Mayor!" he said. A counterman inside Lori's Luncheonette rapped on the steamy glass and then waved as Lindsay went by. Lindsay waved back. "Atta boy, Lindsay!" a man across the street yelled.

Two girls—one of them wearing white boots—suddenly joined the parade, grinning exuberantly.

"Where were you headed before you decided to come along?" one of the girls was asked.

"Seventy-ninth Street," she replied, giggling happily.

The Mayor gave a fast handshake, in passing, to a construction worker in a white helmet, and then, as he approached City Hall, he declared, "I think we're a little ahead of yesterday."

"*I* think we could go a little slower," said Sugar Ray.

Everybody laughed again, and an instant later Lindsay was charging up the broad steps of City Hall, striding through a small crowd of spectators, and entering the marble lobby.

"Forty-eight minutes!" an aide croaked, looking at his watch and wiping his face. The Mayor dashed down the hallway to his office, past portraits of various New York mayors, including William Russell Grace, Caleb Smith Woodhull, Jacob Aaron Westervelt, and Ambrose Kingsland. Every one of them was sitting in a comfortable chair, looking rested, thoughtful, and serene.

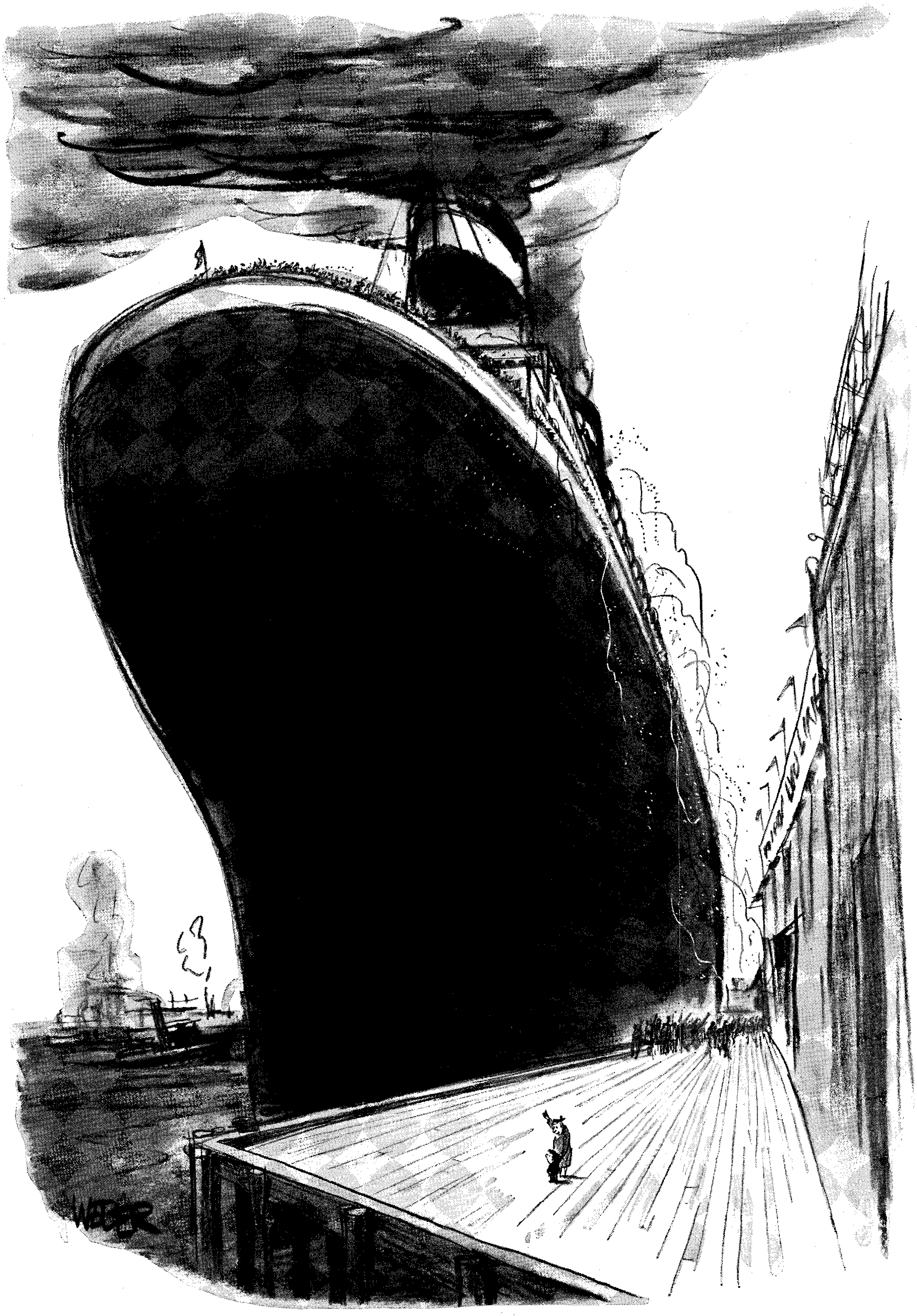
Howard

WE were idly stirring our *espresso* the other night at a coffeehouse in the Village. Two girls at a rickety metal table next to us wore white lipstick and tawny manes. For the better part of a half hour they had sat motionless, staring silently into space. Suddenly, one of them showed signs of being alive. She wiggled the big toe of her sandalled left foot.

"You never told me that Howard was a Rosicrucian," she said.

"You never asked me," said the other one.

Silence.



“Say bye-bye.”

WHAT DO OUR HEARTS TREASURE?

UP until a couple of years ago, the Christmases I have known have been in lands of the fir tree and pine. The same is true of my wife, who is a New Englander and whose Christmases have been observed in a cold setting, Bostonian in design. But times change, circumstances alter, health glides slowly downhill, and there is, of course, Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine—which is what we were up against last month. Our Christmas, 1965, was spent in a rented house on the edge of a canal in Florida, locally called a bayou.

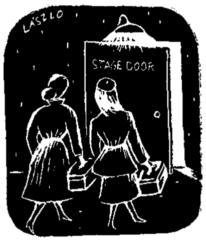
I knew there would have to be certain adjustments, emotional and physical, to this shift in ceremony, but I guess I was not quite prepared for them and had not really figured them out. It was obvious to both of us that we were not looking forward to being away from home at Christmas, but I busied myself with road maps and thermos arrangements and kept my mind off the Nativity. We arrived in Florida tired from the long motor journey but essentially cheerful and ready for anything.

The house we walked into had been engaged sight unseen, and this is always fun and full of jolts, like a ride at an amusement park. Our pleasure palace was built of cinder blocks and was painted Shocking pink. The principal tree on the place was a tall power pole sprouting transformers; it stood a few feet from the canal and threw a pleasant shade across the drive. The house itself, we soon discovered, was wonderfully supplied with modern labor-saving appliances and almost completely bare of any other sort of furnishing. We found an automatic washing machine, a dryer, an automatic dishwasher, a reverse-cycle heating-and-air-conditioning unit that had just burned out its compressor and was lying in disarray behind a board fence outside, a disposal device that would grind up a grapefruit rind if you cut the rind into slices, a big refrigerator, an electric wall oven, an electric stove, an electric warming oven, and so on. All this was pretty good except that there was no ice bucket, no water pitcher, no rugs on the terrazzo floors, no pictures on the pastel walls, no bookshelves, no books, and no garbage pail. There were bathrooms everywhere you turned, but I saw no sign that anybody had ever done anything in the house except take baths and adjust the controls on the machinery.

When we were rested from our trip, we started buying things for the house, mostly from a large department store in town. This store fell into the habit of delivering most of our purchases not to us but to a house next door, whose owners were away. We got on the phone and stayed there for most of the daylight hours.

Several days before Christmas, I began to notice that my wife was suffering from crying spells, all of them of short duration. I would find her weeping quietly in what seemed like elegant, if uncomfortable, surroundings. "It's Vietnam that is making me feel this way," she said. But I did not believe it was Vietnam. I knew her well enough, in her December phase, to know that something far deeper than Southeast Asia was at work.

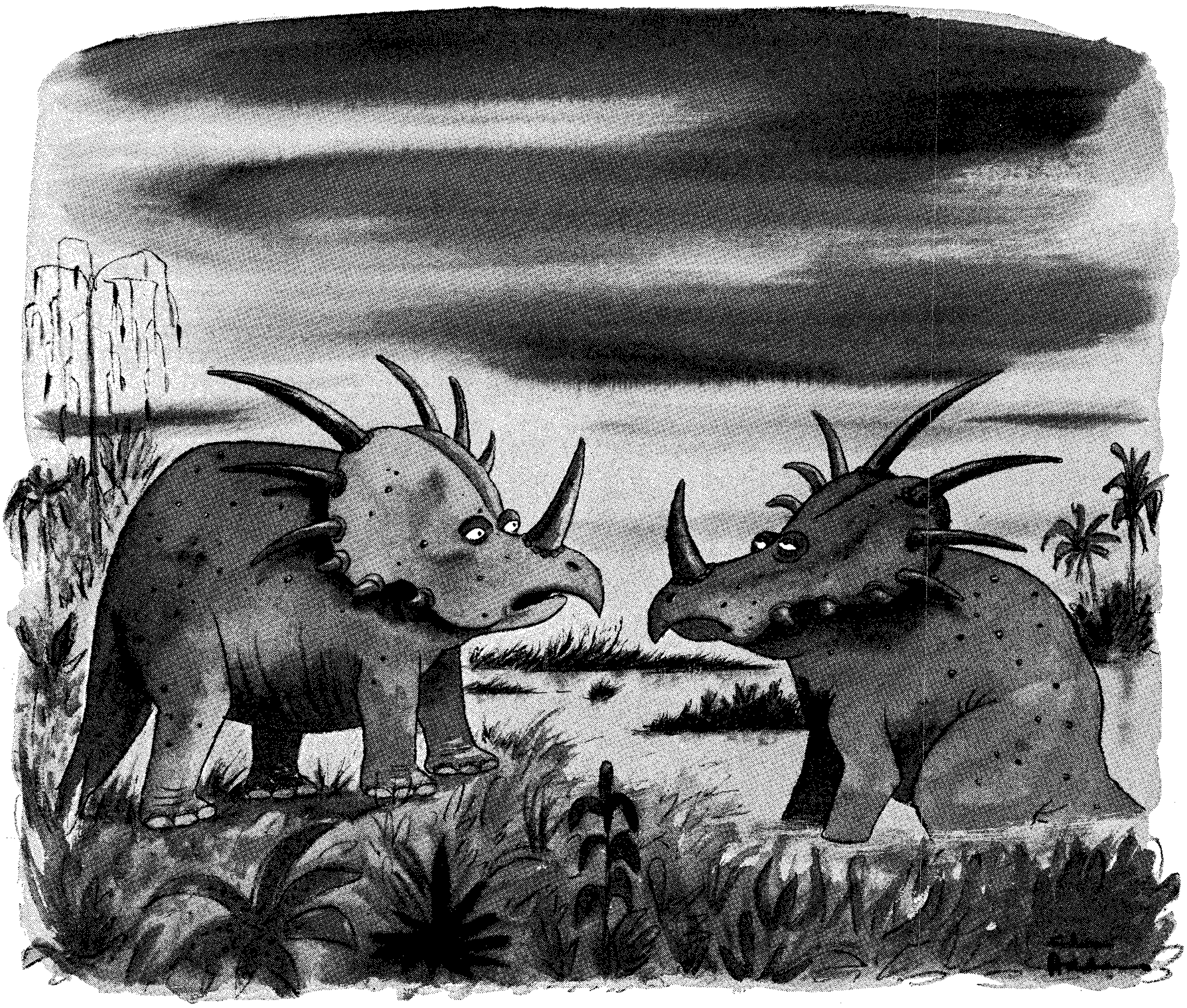
I was too busy to cry. There was a man that came each day to work on the collapsed heating system. He was from a firm called "Air Comfort" and was a fine, brave, taciturn man. I would find him in a kneeling position, as though he were a figure in a crèche, gazing at the tangle of tubes and wires left by the removal of the burned-out compressor. He, too, seemed melancholy, but did not weep. He kept his own counsel and did what he could, hour after hour, to remedy an almost impossible situation. I felt that if I hung around him long enough, I might catch the drift of the reverse-cycle system and pick up a crumb or two of knowledge that would stand me in good stead later on. On the west side of the building I found a pile of fatwood logs, and when the living room became chilly I would light a fire. The logs left no ash; it was as though you were burning clear kerosene. The weather held good, and we were not really cold. The sunsets were spectacular. But the sun always sank behind the Australian pines and the palms on the opposite shore across the Pass, and I knew that my wife and I were, unconsciously, watching it descend in its more familiar rim behind the birches, the black spruces, the firs, the hackmatacks across the road from our house in Maine. Like everything else in Florida, the birds seemed inappropriate. I happen to admire the Mourning Dove, but by no stretch of the eardrum can its lament be called Christmassy. I like to see the Turkey Buzzard wheeling in the sky, but he is not a merry bird, like the Chickadee; his vigil is for the dying. There arrived in the mail a program of the Christmas ceremony in the school at home, reporting that our youngest grandson had appeared in a pageant called "Goodbye to Last Year's Toys," and that our granddaughter had recited something called "What Do Our Hearts Treasure?"



There was very little traffic in the canal. Once in a while a pint whiskey bottle would float slowly by on the outgoing tide. A small powerboat named Digitalis made an occasional sortie, and two boys in a homemade bateau paddled through. Sometimes, toward the end of the day, a little green heron showed up and fished from a mangrove that overhung the water. The scene was idyllic. Christmas was in the air, yet the air seemed too soft to sustain it. In the vast shopping centers that ringed the city, Santa, in jumbo size, dominated the parking lots. In the commanding noonday sun, with the temperature in the seventies, he seemed vastly overdressed in his red suit with the ermine trimming—a saint who perspired under the arms. Through the arcades in front of the shops sauntered an endless procession of Senior Citizens, with their sad faces, their painful joints, their last-minute errands.

I went on an errand of my own. I visited a nursery and bought a poinsettia plant, hoping to introduce a spot of the correct color into our house. In the North, this errand would have enjoyed a certain stature, but in Florida the thing seemed faintly ridiculous. Driving away from the nursery with my prize, I passed a great forest of poinsettias blooming naturally in somebody's front yard. It seemed to take the point out of my purchase. A lot of things are red in Florida—the powder-puff bush, the red hibiscus, the red bougainvillaea, the cannas—all these blooms make a monkey out of a husband carrying home a small red potted plant.

We talked over the matter of the tree and decided that the traditional Christmas tree would be silly under these circumstances. We would get, we said, a tropical thing of some sort, that would look good all winter in a corner of our stylish living room, next to the glass wall through which we watched the tropical sunsets. The nursery came up with something very fine indeed—a cluster of three little palm-like trees called *Dracaena marginata* (the man called it *imaginata*, which I liked better). The pot was handsome, and the trees looked like a miniature version of the classic oasis scene in the



"Speak for yourself. Maybe you've had your day."

• •

desert. When the plant was delivered, a small chameleon arrived with it and soon made the living room his own. He liked the curtain on the south wall, and would poke his evil little head out and join us for cocktails. I named him Beppo. Everyone admired our plant. The crying spells ceased, but it was plain that there was still something the matter; it wasn't Vietnam, it wasn't the reverse-cycle system, it was some kind of unreality that pervaded our lives.

ON the twenty-second, a large package arrived from the North and I noted the familiar handwriting of our daughter-in-law. I carried the package into the living room, dumped it on the sofa, slit its throat with my jackknife, and left it for my wife to dissect. (She is methodical at Christmas and keeps a record of gifts and donors.) Soon I heard a sharp cry. "Come here! Look!" I found her standing on the hearth with her nose buried in a branch from a balsam fir, which she had hung over the fireplace. With it hung a harness strap of sleigh bells. The branch had unquestionably been whacked from a tree in the woods behind our son's house in Maine and had made the long trip South. It wore the look and carried the smell of authenticity. "There!" said my wife, as though she had just delivered a baby.

The package also disgorged a tiny red drum and two tiny drumsticks, made from bright red wrapping paper by a grandchild. And the package contained school photographs, which we eagerly studied. Our youngest grandson had done something odd with his mouth, in a manly attempt to defeat the photographer, and looked just like Jimmy Hoffa. "How marvellous!" said my wife.

We placed the toy drum at the base of *Dracaena marginata*. (What do our hearts treasure?) Not to be outdone, I constructed one small cornucopia out of the same bright red paper and hung it on a spiky frond of the tree. I fashioned a five-pointed silver star, strung it on a length of monofilament from my tackle box, and suspended it from the ceiling above the tree with a piece of Magic Tape. The star revolved slowly, catching the light at intervals—a holy mobile. The tree now seemed Biblical and just right. We were in business at last. I gazed out across the Pass to where the soft and feathery Australian pines were outlined against the bright sky. They had hardened up momentarily for this hour of splendor. They were spruce! They were birch! They were fir! Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

—E. B. WHITE

IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

ALTHOUGH after a few months there the idea of India was still exciting to Richard, the place itself and especially his daily life in it had become dull. He had rented an expensive, up-to-date flat in an area full of other such flats and of people (mostly non-Indians) very much like himself in status, income, and way of living. Even when he went visiting away from his part of the town, it was only to go to similar places with similar flats and similar parties and similar people giving them. Life for Western man, it seemed, ran very much to a pattern in India, and so did Western man himself. Richard, however, did not think of himself as being identical with other people, and he certainly did not find much point of contact with his colleagues at the High Commission, or with those others who made up the circles in which he was expected to move. They all seemed to him very much in the tradition of the white man in the colonies, and the fact that the tradition had been broken did not make any difference in their personalities. Nowadays, they were expected to pay tribute to Indian culture in art, architecture, dance, and so forth, to have some carefully selected Indian friends, and occasionally to serve Indian curries at their parties, but once these requirements were fulfilled they were free to follow their natural inclinations and speak negatively of the weather, the servants, and (after the Indian friends had gone home) of the Indian character.

The only apparent alternative to this, Richard discovered, was to go eccentric. One avoided the social round and concentrated, Indian style, on developing the soul, or the self, or whatever it was that clamored for deliverance. This was the way taken mostly by unattached lady secretaries at the High Commission or librarians of the British Council, who took to wearing a sari and travelling round the country in third-class railway carriages. Most of them went very eccentric indeed and were not a pleasure to know, but there were exceptions, and one such was Mary, with whom Richard became friendly. She was not the sort of girl he would have chosen if the range had been wider. Himself slender, lively, and good-looking, he had a leaning toward very decorative girls, and decorative Mary decidedly was not. She was heavily built, with big hips and legs, and the clothes she wore did not minimize this defect. She had nice eyes, though—clear and of an honest blue—and an easy manner that won her many Indian friends. She was good-humored about letting eager Indian youths get into conversation with her in public places, and she would invite them home to her flat. They brought their friends, and she played the gramophone and mixed drinks for them and let them read T. S. Eliot aloud to her.

She and Richard had a pleasant friendship. They had the same sort of liberal mind and agreed on basic attitudes, which made them automatically allies in the colonial-style English society in which they found themselves. They spent much of their free time together, and they always found something amusing to talk about, even if it was only the antics of their fellow-Britons. They also liked to talk about India and swap their impressions of the country. It was an agreeable relationship, though in many ways dissatisfying to Richard, especially when he stopped to think how many hours he spent having amusing conversation with Mary at her place or in his own smart flat, with the up-to-date décor and the air-conditioner going, when outside lay what he had grown up to think of as the most passionate, beautiful, and mysterious country in the world.

When he met Ruchira, he was more than ready for her. She was beautiful, mysterious to him, and, he was sure—it could not be otherwise—passionate. He courted her assiduously and was well received. Fortunately, she came from a family that prided itself on being modern and forward-looking, so that no difficulties were put in the way of his seeing her. On the contrary, he was encouraged to visit the house frequently, and whenever he did he was first held in conversation by Ruchira's father, who had been at Oxford and liked to talk about those halcyon days. The house was large and beautifully kept by many unobtrusive servants—full of flowers and chandeliers and, here and there, tiny glittering golden gods that were kept apparently for decoration rather than devotion. The family was an exceptionally good-looking one, with several handsome brothers running up and down the stairs with tennis rackets or driving away at top speed in sports cars. The mother was elegant and faded, with an air of melancholy because she was an aging beauty and an air of distinction because she came from a royal house and was called Princess. These graceful people and the graceful house in which they lived were, for Richard, a most pleasing setting for the jewel that was the object of his attentions. Here Ruchira's charms

"Litterbug!"

were seen to their full advantage. What better place for her laughter to echo in than these tall airy rooms, her slender young figure to move in than that garden of velvet green lawns and old trees? It was all an ideal he might have dreamed of in his undergraduate days, or before that, when he was a schoolboy and wrote poetry.

Ruchira, however, thought her home dull and old-fashioned, and longed for those worlds of Western sophistication to which she hoped Richard would introduce her. He did, in fact, introduce her quite soon to Mary, and this was a great success with Ruchira. She loved Mary's flat and all those books; she sat on the floor and had a gimlet and a cigarette and said how much at home she felt. Actually, though, she did not look very much at home; she was too glamorous for the place. In silver earrings and a very soft silk sari of white and silver, her long wide eyes brilliant with excitement, she sparkled like a crystal chandelier fit for some raja's palace but not for Mary's modern-intellectual apartment. The gimlet took quick effect and she talked rather more and more freely than she might have done without it. She spoke of her love for literature and her longing for—she couldn't quite express it, but something different from what she had hitherto experienced: for a life of books, thought, emotion, and, above all, of interesting people. She wanted to meet many interesting people—artists and writers and such, famous tennis players, film directors, anyone, indeed, who had ever done anything memorable. She asked eager questions about Paris, which had always been her ideal (the painters, the sidewalk cafés) and to which her father had promised to send her as soon as the foreign-exchange situation eased a little. She would study something there, she wasn't yet quite sure what. Of course, painting would be the most logical choice, but art had never been her best subject. What else was there? Literature? Leatherwork? Perhaps Richard and Mary could suggest something? She looked up at them eagerly, radiant, and Richard was grateful to Mary for being charmed by her and for answering her quite seriously, weighing possibilities with her.

Afterward, when Richard drove her home, they were both of them intoxicated—he with her, and she with three gimlets and the exciting evening she had spent. She said she liked and admired Mary very, very much. She asked a lot of questions about her. She said she had always wanted to meet someone like that—intellectual, well-read; there were not many such people in the world Ruchira's family inhabited. Her brothers and their friends, she said, didn't care for the intellectual life at all; only sports and dancing and a good time, that was all they wanted. And her mother—well, he knew what Mummy was like: never opened a book in her life, and when she saw Ruchira reading would tell her she was spoiling her eyes. So to meet someone like Mary was a revelation, and such a nice person, too, and she wasn't really bad-looking. Her eyes were good, and perhaps if she dressed a bit better . . . But

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THE MAKERS

"Discipline is not bad. . . . It is at least a beginning."—*From "Monsieur Teste," by Paul Valéry.*

"What could I make," Socrates might have asked,
"And remain myself?" The master of dialectic
Would have groaned, knowing all works are tasked—
And all creators—to become the eclectic,
Ever-changing things observers observe;
Yet he, whose self, in utter consciousness,
Composed itself of others', had he the nerve,
Might have remarked the granite, immortal mess
Ideas become, stopped by the speaker's death,
And used the body, of which he highly spoke,
To build as well, breath by exquisite breath,
A granite heap, and called the joke a joke.

Cheops, who ordered built that master tomb,
His fixed idea, knowing the lightest craft
Must shortly float him into a vaster gloom,
Well may have wept, more probably have laughed,
To see his design dwarfed by a cruder one
Whereby frail flesh moved mountainous blocks from the Nile,
And learned that from each master plan is spun
Something quite different. Yet, there is that trial—
To show the tenacity of some designs—
Which Medici set for Michelangelo,
Who carved in snow who knows what perfect lines,
Which chilled their patron as they began to flow.

Loving the finished work, yet knowing well
How it excludes other aims of the mind,
Reb Löw married within his creative hell
Ideal to the Absurd, and what strode blind,
Obeying, often as not, the rabbi's leaning,
Wrought not much more either of good or evil
Than clay that reasons, twisting the Tablets' meaning.
Da Vinci's diverse modes betrayed upheaval
(By facile perfections, too professional sketches)
Of one lost among forms. "All . . . in each score!"—
Beethoven, too, among those divine wretches
The Wind of Being sucked to spew once more.

"Thou resemblest nothing, yet do not lack a shape."
Yeats might have nodded, laid low by early fame,
Disowning himself, his works, readers—his rape
Of Reason birthing an audience none can name,
Heroic, moral, which he then emulated
To compose verses deserving of its applause;
By this deception his best poems were created.
Valéry's mind each dawn danced through its laws
Of Pure Becoming, whereby a ship was scaled
From one's knowing the sea—its every part
Fashioned by waves perhaps—though this entailed
Replacing the sea. He made that craft his art.

—David Galler

"How do you decline an invitation to the White House when you haven't been invited?"

• •

of course a person like Mary could never be bothered to think about clothes; that was too silly and frivolous. Ruchira, too, had no time to spare for people who thought of nothing but what to wear. Richard, driving his car, glanced sideways at her and said, "That's a marvellous sari you've got on," and she looked down at it and smoothed it over her lap with an involuntary little smile. He stopped the car and regarded her with the frankest admiration.

"Are we home?" she said, peering out of the window.

"Nearly," he said. He got out of the car and went round to the other side and opened the door for her. "Would you care for a walk?"

She was first astonished, then delighted. "*Cra-zy*!" she exclaimed as she got out of the car. They were outside a park that was locked, but it was easy to climb over the barrier. He leaped over first, then turned to help her get across more carefully, so as not to rip her sari. Her hand lay lightly in his, but she hardly noticed; she was busy looking down at herself to make sure nothing happened to her sari. When she had got safely over, she exclaimed, "*Cra-zy*!" again and, with a laugh, ran ahead of him down the path in a spirit of adventure.

The deserted park had a sixteenth-century mausoleum in it, and was flooded with moonlight. Ruchira, a slim shape glittering in white and silver, ran swiftly over the grass and up the steps of the mausoleum, but she didn't go in. It was dark inside, and the stone tombs could just be made out as three long, eerie shapes by the moonlight that filtered in through the latticed walls. She stood in the entrance and gave a little shudder. He said, "Awful to be dead, isn't it?" Bats squeaked high up in the vaulted dome.

"There is an Urdu couplet," she said. "It goes, '*Jin ke mahalon men hazaron rang ke*' something, something. . . . Very beautiful. I'm so fond of poetry, but I have a terrible memory. These are very old tombs. Hundreds of years. How old is Mary?"

"Hundreds of years."

"Stupid." She gave him a chaste little push. "Doesn't she want to get married? Will she always stay single, you think?" And before he had time to say anything, she added, "Does she believe in free love?" She looked at him eagerly.

He wasn't very old—about twenty-five—but it was many years since anybody had seriously asked him anything like this. He looked back at her in loving amusement and countered her question with "Do you?"

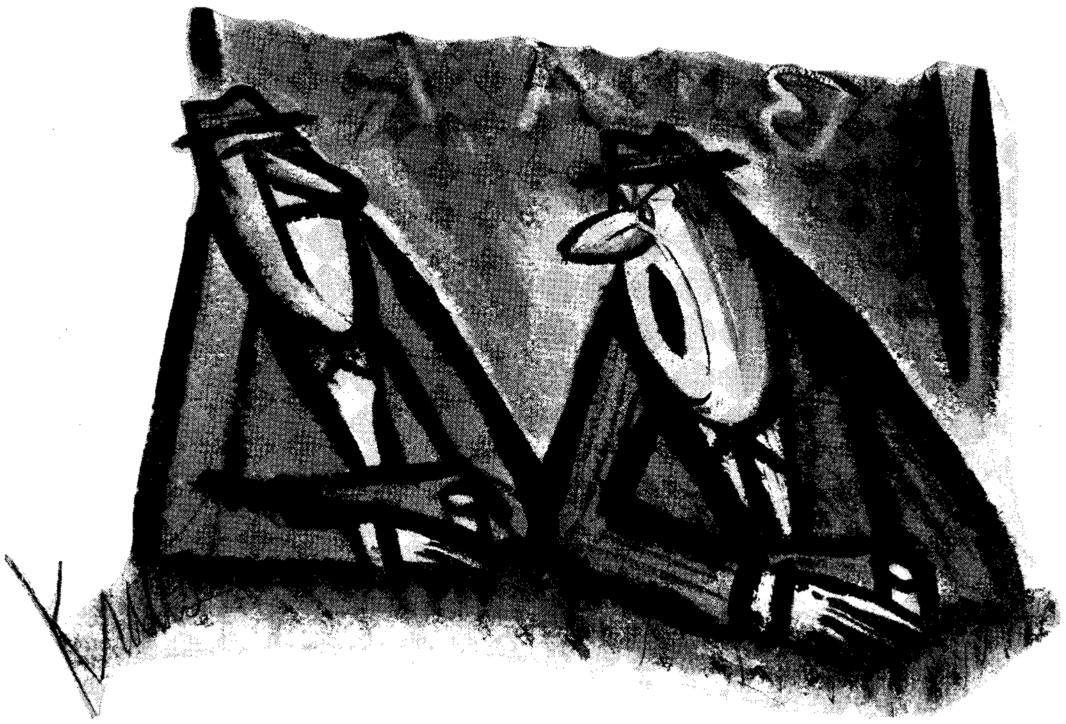
He saw her expression change. A moment's doubt or fright, mixed with excitement, flitted across it. Then she laughed and ran away from him down the steps of the mausoleum. He followed and sat down on the lowest step. "Well, do you?" he said.

She stood in front of him, and, looking up at her, he saw her head flung back, her throat in a curve of defiance. "I hate our system of arranged marriage," she said. "I don't want that. I want to be free like Mary, and I want to love also and to be loved."

"Sit down," he said, and she recklessly did. Now they were so close together that he could feel her warm body breathing. She was very excited, but brave, too. She looked straight into his face and dared him to do his worst.

He kissed her. Her body was tense and her lips dry, but she kept quite still. She had a superb smell, which was not only perfume but something else, more mysterious and feminine than anything he had before encountered. Her soft, dusky skin also felt different. Perhaps it was because she was Indian, perhaps because she was more beautiful than anyone else he had ever kissed. He took his lips from hers and buried his face in her hair.

But she had had enough. She pushed him away, which was easy, he was so weak with love, and got up. "Mummy'll wonder what's happened. She always waits up for me. I've told her hundreds of times don't, but she's



"What the hell does the Supreme Court know?"

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so— Be careful, there is a ditch here. That would be funny if you fell in, wouldn't it?" All the way home, she was in a much better mood than he was. In fact, she seemed distinctly pleased with herself, and excited and full of wonder and admiration at what she had allowed him to do.

Richard liked to think of himself as a cool sort of person, and he was. True, he had always been fond of girls and had a flair for affairs—he was rarely uninvolved in one—but he had always known how to measure himself out, how much to give and how much to keep back, so that these liaisons, although never short on emotion, did not consume a larger slice of his life than he meant them to. With Ruchira, for the first time, he lost control. His response to her was more abundant than anything he had known before, and flowed, moreover, beyond the girl herself, into the country that was hers. He no longer knew where it was Ruchira he loved and where India. Suddenly, after months of lying quiet, his feeling for the place took fire. He listened to Indian music, not evaluating it coolly, as he had done before, but with a leap of the heart, feeling Ruchira herself or his rich feelings for her in each strange, throbbing note. He visited museums and looked at frescoes and sculptures, and although Ruchira herself was slim, even willowy, he identified her with those heavy-breasted, wide-hipped Hindu beauties, and revelled in their sensuousness because he thought it was hers. But it wasn't only in art and museums that he sought and found her; it was everywhere—in the streets, the sky, the air, in flowers and water and trees. Sometimes, mad with longing, he would get up in the middle of the night and go out into the streets to savor the silence, and the sky and moon overhead, and a ruined mosque with a jasmine bush growing in its compound. He read Indian legends and became acquainted with many gods and tried to understand about the silver and the shell, the serpent and the rope. The smell of incense filled him with desires.

Mary, however, talked about Ruchira just as if she were any other girl. She even compared her to all those youths who came and read poetry in her flat and listened to records. "Not," said Mary, "because they're all that keen on literature and music but because they think these things stand for a glamorous, cosmopolitan life." Like Ruchira, she said, what they really enjoyed were the gimlets and the cigarettes and the doing something different from everybody else. Richard argued that that wasn't unlike adolescents everywhere, but Mary said that what made it strange was the certainty of what they would go back to when this phase was over for them. "Religion, caste, joint family—the lot. They'll be as staunch supporters as everybody else."

"And Ruchira?" he asked. He loved talking about her and hearing her talked about, no matter what was said.

"Oh, that's easy," said Mary. "She'll marry someone rich and buy a lot of beautiful saris."

Richard laughed. He could not claim that this was unfair or that it left out of account Ruchira's spiritual riches. He didn't believe in those spiritual riches—didn't, in fact, want them for her; she was enough as she was. And he liked the idea of her buying a lot of beautiful saris. He could see her doing it, in some expensive shop, surrounded by silks and obsequious salesmen, with a deep look of satisfaction in her eyes.

He always enjoyed visiting Ruchira in her house. The whole atmosphere of the house pleased him—that sense of leisure, money, and unquestioned status which had disappeared in England before Richard was born but which Ruchira's family still enjoyed as an unshakable birthright. Ruchira's father poured Scotch whiskey for Richard and talked to him of the Oxford he had known in the thirties, of his wine merchant there and his tailor and his dear old bedmaker, Mr. Norris. And Ruchira's mother, the Princess, who was to be found at any hour of the day in her drawing room drinking cups of tea from a dainty tray and wearing long diamond earrings, would invite him to join her. Conversation with her was strange but not disagreeable. She would ask him his views on compulsory birth control or some such topic of current interest, and in between her questions there would be long silences while she stirred her tea and sighed and looked out of the window. What Richard liked best was to sit with Ruchira on one of the verandas overlooking the garden, on a swinging sofa, heaped with cushions, that was large and broad enough to sleep on. They would drink iced limewater and look at the huge leather-bound family albums—at photographs of Ruchira's paternal grandfather in a high stiff collar and a pince-nez, or her maternal grandfather smothered in gold brocade and a turban that came down almost over his eyes, sitting cross-legged under a canopy and having a fly whisk waved over him.

But Ruchira quickly grew tired of staying home doing nothing, and demanded to be taken out. At first, she was satisfied for the two of them to go on solitary strolls in romantic ruins. She picked flowers and wound them in her hair and urged him to recite English poetry to her. But after about half a dozen such strolls—during each of which she allowed one kiss, none of them ever leading to anything further and each one of exactly the same quality and duration as the first—she asked for something more exciting. What she wanted most was to be introduced to interesting people. She was forever questioning him not only about Mary but about all his colleagues and their wives and anyone else he might know from other embassies. But he did not want to introduce her to any of these. They were too dull, pompous, conventional, and not worthy of her, and he steadfastly refused to let her accompany him to any of the dreary cocktail parties and receptions that he had to attend. The only party that he ever took her to was an "unconventional," nondiplomatic one given by Mary, and this did not turn out to be enjoyable for Ruchira.

What had she expected? Certainly, it appeared, something very different from what she found. The party was to have been very informal—gay, if possible—and with this end in view cushions were strewn on the floor and the latest hit records played on the record-player. Nevertheless, the atmosphere remained formal and the guests seemed unable to relax. They were mostly the young men who so often came to visit Mary—students, clerks, airmen, who normally made themselves very much at home in the place. But today they felt constrained because it was a party. They knew that at a party one had to behave in a certain manner, and they hoped to pick up the knack as they went along. None of them seemed to have realized how informal the affair was meant to be, and had come in what were rather obviously their best suits; this made it difficult for them to relax on the floor as they usually did, and though they tried their best to look easy against the casual cushions strewn all over, the creases in their trousers kept them stiff as cardboard. All of Mary's social tact and easy manners failed to get the party going. Every now and again her determined efforts induced a little spurt of animation, but it always died down very quickly and left the guests eying each other suspiciously or staring into space with a constipated expression. Even those who were usually very friendly together were today like people who didn't want to trust each other and didn't want to be caught out—wary tourists trapped in unfamiliar territory.

Ruchira did not sit on the floor but remained stiffly in a chair. Like the other guests, she was dressed too elaborately for the occasion, in a pale-rose brocade sari and rather a lot of expensive jewelry. Her eyes were lowered, and she did not make any attempts at conversation. When Richard tried to talk to her, she would only answer in monosyllables. He was no more successful with the other guests, among whom he tried to mingle, and when his eyes occasionally met Mary's they both shrugged and looked at each other in amused consternation. At one stage, Ruchira disappeared from the room and Richard found her in Mary's bedroom. She was sitting on the edge of Mary's bed, her hands in her lap, staring sulkily at the wall. She didn't stir when he came in. "What's the matter?" he said.

She gave, so lightly as to be almost imperceptible, that upward toss of the head and downward twist of the mouth with which Indian women express displeasure and contempt.

"You want a drink or something?"

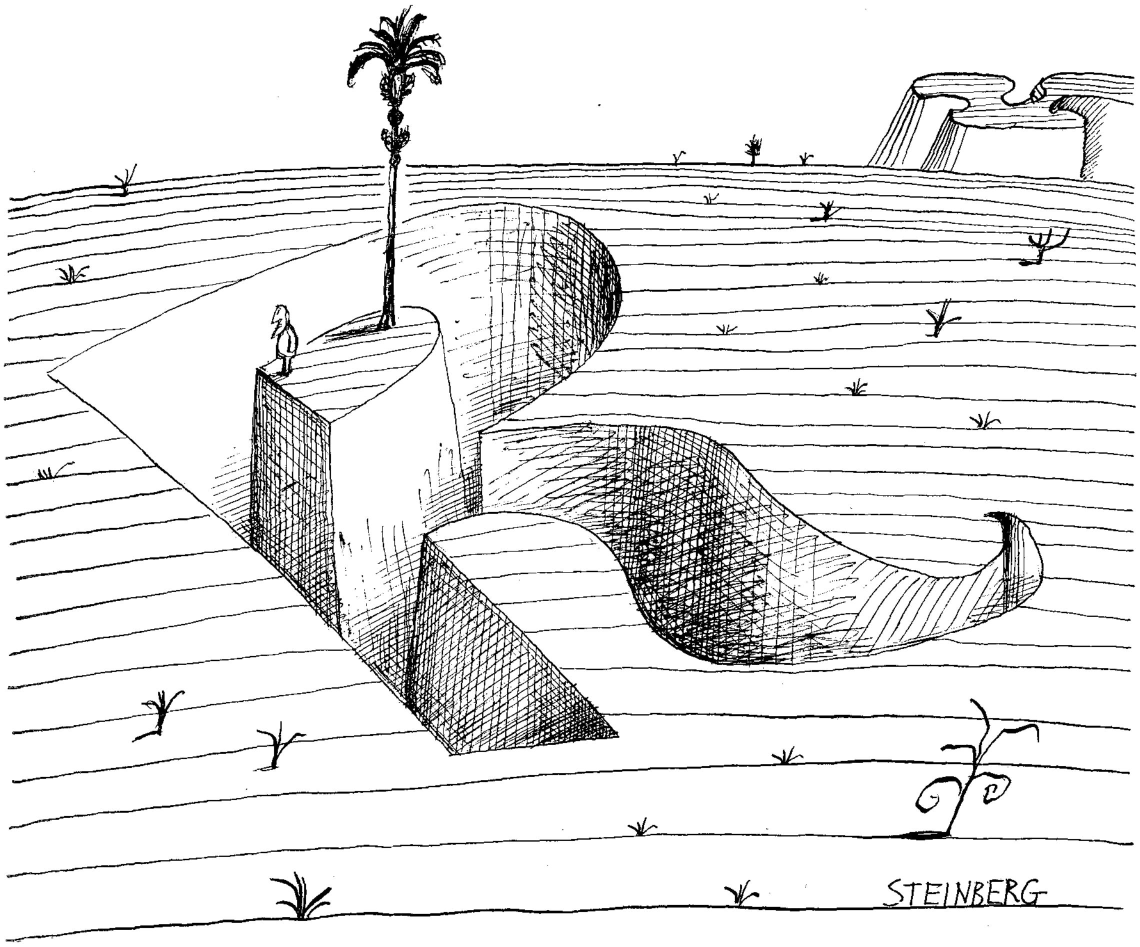
"When you have finished enjoying your friend's party," she said, "I'm ready to go home."

"Now, what's this?" he said, and sat down beside her and laid his arm round her shoulders. At once, she jerked forward, saying fiercely, "Don't touch me!"

"You're being absolutely silly." He succeeded in sounding English and cool, but he didn't feel that way. Her perfume pervaded Mary's bookish bedroom; her gold necklace, set with rubies and pearls, sparkled round her neck. He had to check a desire to get down on the floor and bury his face in her pale-rose lap.

"All right, so I'm silly, but please take me home."

He looked at her quizzically, one eyebrow raised, the way he had looked at other, earlier girl friends when he had been displeased with them. This made her drop her haughty manner



and say, "It's such a horrible party. Why did you bring me here? I'm bored, there's no one to speak with—"

"I'm here. Mary's here."

"Mary!"

"You said you liked her."

"Why should I like her? She's only an old maid. And all those awful people she has asked to her party—no one like that would ever be invited to *our* house, and if Mummy knew you made me meet such people—" He took her hands, but she snatched them away and cried, "I suppose she thinks I'm not good enough for her English friends!"

He was appalled. There was such a large-scale misunderstanding here that he didn't know where to start clearing it up. He tried not only that evening but for several days afterward, but never with the slightest success. Ruchira was not interested in listening to explanations; she didn't want to be reasoned with. She would listen only to the promptings of her own heart, and these were too strong to be affected by anything he might have to say. She was immensely proud, immensely intolerant, utterly unfair. And he loved her all the more for it, for being so strong and unreasonable, like some force of nature—a monsoon storm or a tiger in a jungle. How insipid by comparison were the pleasures to be derived from talking with Mary, even though they did agree on so many things and had the same sense of humor. Ruchira had no sense of humor at all—or, rather, a very simple one; she thought it funny when people fell down or bumped their heads—but it didn't matter to him. When they were together, he laughed differently, not with her but always at her, out of a deep delight with the way she was.

He saw less and less of Mary—indeed, of everyone he had known hitherto—and was not as meticulous in the performance of his duties as he ought to have been. All he wanted was to be with Ruchira, and when he couldn't be with her he preferred to be alone to think about her, to read, study, listen to Indian music on records. He became quite knowledgeable about certain aspects of India—could, for instance, talk intelligently on the various exponents of Bharata Natyam or the differences between Shankaracharya's and Ramanuja's commentaries on the Vedanta Sutras—and he liked to spread all this new information before Ruchira, who seemed impressed and nodded at everything he said and contributed, "Yes, we have a very ancient culture. Many foreigners like Max Müller have come to study our philosophy." Then he laughed and tried to kiss her, whereupon she pushed him away and jumped up. The time for being serious was over, and she cried, "Come on, let's go!" and ran to sit in his car. Often, nowadays, she made him take her out dancing; she had been taught by her brothers and danced supremely well, but he couldn't do much more than walk her stiffly round the floor. She had a lot of fun laughing at him and trying to teach him, and she loved being there with him in a crowded restaurant. He liked it, too, although the food was dreadful, and so was the interior decoration, and the band was very loud and not always in tune. But the floor was packed with gay young Indians, all of them superb dancers, their supple bodies twisting and shaking, and the girls all kicked off their shoes and were lightly dancing on slim brown feet.

Sometimes, when they were at her house for too long and he didn't take her out anywhere, Ruchira became very melancholy. She would sit on the swinging sofa, holding on to one of its ropes and leaning her head against her arm and pushing herself with her feet into gentle, lazy motion. She would look out into the garden, at the prize chrysanthemums, the rose creepers, the pigeons, and the butterflies, but without taking pleasure in anything she saw. At such times, she didn't care for him to share the swing with her, so he would sit on the top step of the veranda, looking up at her and waiting for her to become more responsive. From time to time, Ruchira's mother would call some question out of the drawing room, where she was drinking her unending cups of tea, and sometimes her face, framed in long swinging diamond earrings, would peer out at them through the French windows, looking worried, and Ruchira would say irritably, "We're all *right*." The Princess would withdraw, and Ruchira's feet would give an angry push to the swing, which made it go to and fro in irritable jerks.

On one such occasion, when her mother had disappeared, Ruchira burst out, "I'm so tired of it, why can't she leave me *alone!*" and hid her face against the arm holding the rope of the swing. Richard didn't say anything but continued sitting on the step of the veranda in a sympathetic attitude.

"I thought when I left college everything would be different. I'd been so looking forward to this time, and now it's the same, the same, the same every day!" She was wearing a garland of jasmine blossoms in her hair, and, impatient to be fiddling with something, she took it off and tried to tie it round her wrist instead. "I thought I was going to do such a lot," she said as she tied. "I was going to visit so many places, different countries, and meet people—"

"Ruchi?" called the Princess from inside.

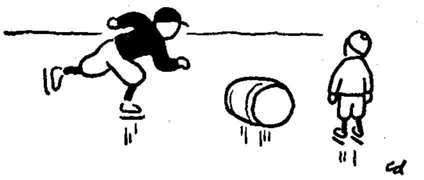
"Yes, yes, yes!"

"All right," the Princess said mildly, and probably poured herself another cup of tea.

Richard said, "Why don't you marry me, and then you can go to all sorts of places with me."

After a short pause, she said, "You're only saying it because you feel sorry for me."

"No," he said. "As a matter of fact, I've been thinking of it for ages."



THE HERDS

Climbing northward
At dusk when the horizon rose like a hand I would turn aside
Before dark I would stop by the stream falling through black ice
And once more celebrate our distance from men

As I lay among stones high in the starless night
Out of the many hoof tracks the sounds of herds
Would begin to reach me again
Above them their ancient sun skating far off

Sleeping by the glass mountain
I would watch the flocks of light grazing
And the water preparing its descent
To the first dead

—W. S. Merwin

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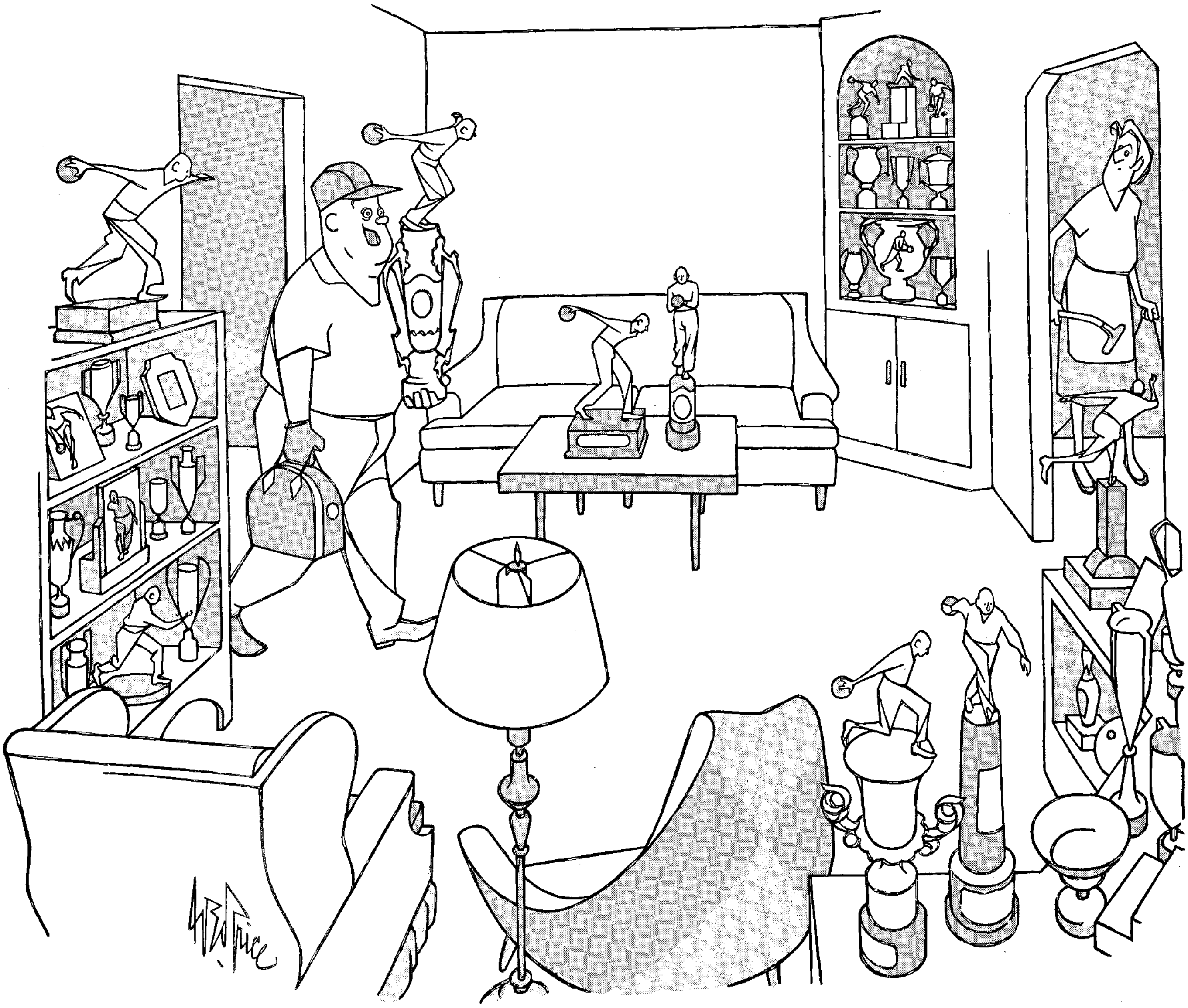

"Hey, Martha! Guess what!"

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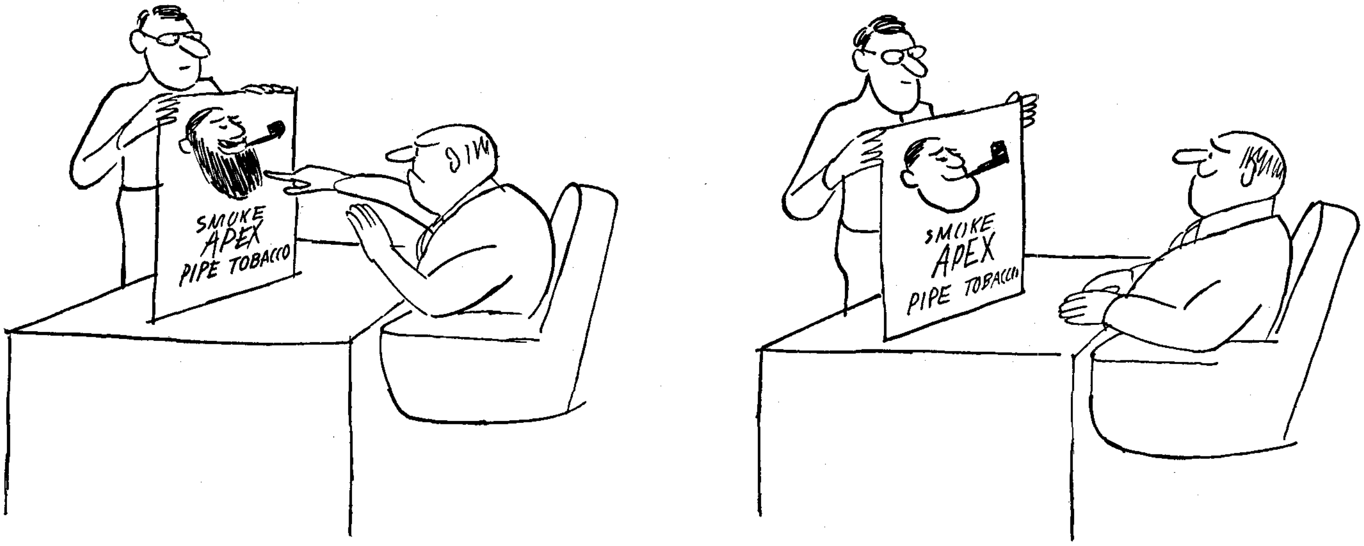
This was not strictly true. He had not thought of himself as getting married. He enjoyed being by himself and had intended to stay single for some years to come. His feelings for Ruchira were, he thought, too *different* to be mixed up with thoughts of marriage, and although he had sometimes wondered how he would be able to part from her when the time came for him to be posted to some other country, to think of taking her away with him seemed no more realistic than to think of taking away India itself. She belonged here. Nowhere else was good enough for her—no other country; indeed, no other city but this one of ruins and gardens and fantastic moonlit nights. He would not have dared remove her from her setting.

He ought to have known there was nothing she wanted more. Although she did not commit herself on that first day when he asked her, nor on subsequent occasions when they returned to the subject—and she often returned to it—she was certainly very interested in all he might have to offer her. The idea of being a foreign diplomat's wife pleased her, and she had many questions to ask, such as where he might expect to be posted next, and whether one had to give and go to very many parties, and how long it would be before he expected to be a full ambassador. Her questions made him laugh, and she herself made him laugh, too—the way she did not in the least pretend to care for him but only for what he could offer her. He teased her about it, became mock plaintive, and asked, "And me?"

"Oh, you," she said, and tossed her head. "Who cares about you?" But then she put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his face with deep, promising eyes, so that he felt that afterward—after he had satisfied all her conditions and she had allowed him to marry her—she would love him. The thought of that excited him so much that he felt he must do everything she wanted, for now he had forgotten about not intending to get married and was only afraid that he would lose her. And for fear of that he dared not admit to her what had been becoming more and more clear to him for the past year—that he was not cut out to be a diplomat and would never do well. Before he and Ruchira had started talking about the future together, he had, in fact, already half decided to leave the service and had toyed with all sorts of other delightful possibilities. He would return to Cambridge and study anthropology, or take a teaching job in America, or live cheaply in Spain. Now he could no longer think about these things but, for her sake, had to pretend to himself that he liked it where he was and that one day he would become an ambassador and she—how distinguished



a figure she would make!—an ambassadress.

He began to take her to those cocktail parties and receptions that were to him an unpleasant duty but to her a promised land. And at once, from the very first one he took her to, he realized that she had been right and he wrong. This was all the more strange because the first party was what, left to himself, he would have regarded as a particularly dreary one. It was given by one of the trade commissioners, a red-faced man with a red-faced wife, both of whom Richard and Mary had always considered exceptionally dull and colonial. Their house was furnished in conventional English style, but with those few Indian touches (carved Kashmiri tables, and papier-mâché cigarette boxes decorated with Mogul horsemen in turbans) that were nowadays obligatory as part of the new policy of cultural contact. The guests were most of them very much like the hosts, which was not surprising, since they did the same kind of job, lived in the same way, had had the same education, and talked with the same accent about the same things (transfers and postings, house-rent allowance, children's schooling). Everyone looked rather alike—even the women, who all wore ill-fitting dresses made of shimmering Indian silks that had been meant for better things.

Ruchira, however, was enchanted—by the place, the people, the party, everything. She wore a brocade sari, and its myriad-colored threads were caught in the light now as pink and now as gold. Her eyes sparkled, and she smiled so expectantly that her fellow-guests, who were not usually attentive to strangers, smiled back at her, showing their bad English teeth, and talked to her about the weather and the merits of various hill stations. She met them more than halfway, holding conversation on any subject presented to her and exchanging platitude for platitude, but her face was so full of vivacity and happiness that while her lips moved and spoke one thing, what she was actually saying was something quite different: "*O brave new world that has such people in it!*" And so impressed was she by the manner in which everyone spoke that her voice began to change, and to the best of her ability she, too, spoke flat phrases in flat English accents. She mentioned to several people how much her father had enjoyed his years at Oxford. She ate salami, olives, dainty canapés; she drank sherry. Once, when no one was looking, she squeezed Richard's hand and then burst out laughing, while her eyes roved impatiently round the room to see who next would come up and make conversation with her.

THE only parties she refused to go to were farewells for Mary, who was posted back to England just about this time. Nor did she want Richard to go to them, which meant that he saw nothing of Mary until about two days before her departure, when he managed to get to her flat. Most of her furniture had already gone, and she was in the process of packing up the rest of her belongings, helped by several of her young men, who were eagerly scrabbling among packing cases and little heaps of discarded goods. Mary was busy—she seemed to be the only one seriously packing—but she found time to sit with Richard for a moment in a corner of the room. Out of habit, he looked round to see whether there were any interesting new books he could borrow from her, but of course there weren't; everything had gone, the shelves were empty.

She didn't reproach him, not even jokingly, for having dropped her so abruptly, but she did ask him quite soon why she had never been allowed to see Ruchira again. Richard looked a bit embarrassed, and she said, "It was that awful party, wasn't it?," and without waiting for him to confirm this went on, "I never seem to be able to do anything right here, you know? There's always some misunderstanding."

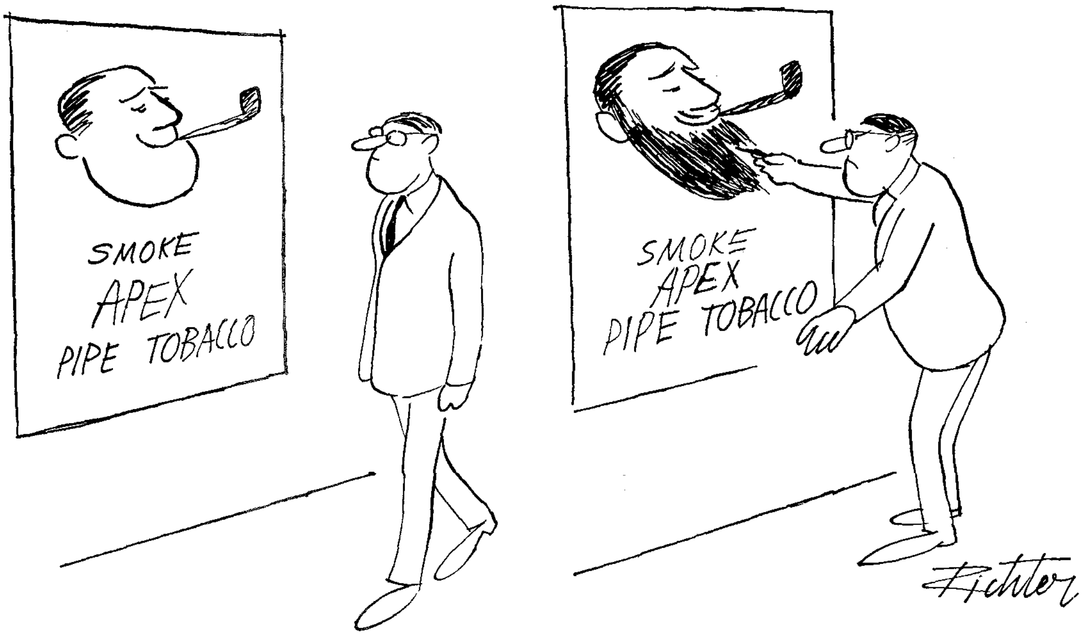
One of the young men showed her a corkscrew, broken but with a decorative wooden head to it, and, eyes modestly lowered, asked her what to do with it.

"Oh, just chuck it away," she said absently, and turned back to Richard. "In some ways, I'm actually glad I'm going."

"It is to be thrown away?" the young man asked her. Suddenly he lifted his bashfully lowered eyes, radiant with hope as they looked at her. "Can I take it away?"

"But it's *broken*, Rajee." Nevertheless, he bore it off, gazing at it in love and triumph, and for the rest of Richard's visit young men came up bearing useless objects that they asked for permission to take away.

"It isn't that I didn't like it here," Mary said. "But it's been so ridiculous. I mean, here was I doing my absolute utmost not to be the English lady from the High Commission, only to find that that's precisely why I'm made friends



with—not because I'm Mary, with lots of liberal ideas and unconventional attitudes, but because I've got duty-free liquor and the latest records."

"So what?" Richard said.

"So nothing, but it's humiliating to be loved only for what one values least—one's broken corkscrews."

"What's it matter what you're loved for, as long as you *are*?" Richard said. And, intercepting a surprised look from Mary, he went on, quite harshly, "Why the hell should anyone love us for ourselves? We're not all that bloody marvellous, are we?"

She didn't answer. In fact, she suddenly remembered that she was in the middle of her packing. She got up and attempted to close a suitcase, and all the young men sat on it to help her. They laughed and kicked their legs in the air and had a lot of fun and jokes.

AFTER he left Mary, Richard drove straight to Ruchira's house. They were due to go to the Flag Day celebration at the Swedish Embassy. Ruchira wasn't quite ready yet—it always took her hours to get ready for these parties—so he sat in the garden to wait for her. It was very still in the garden, and warm and full of scents; the moon was bright silver. Once, Ruchira leaned out of her lighted upstairs window and called down to him, "Won't be a sec!" She was brushing her hair and wearing her white-and-silver sari, which he thought of as her moonlight sari. He wished they didn't have to go but could sit here in white wicker armchairs and play cards and perhaps listen to music. Some of the trees in the garden were squat and round, others tall and pointed, but all were black and absolutely still, as if they weren't trees at all but something painted or cut out against the sky, which shone like silver paper. Richard thought of a miniature he had once seen—a lady and her lover reclining on cushions; it was night, but fountains sparkled, flowers bloomed, girl musicians played on viols, and far and shadowy in the distance a city slept, amid dark hills and trees. The lady's breasts were uncovered and hung about with pearls that gleamed in the moonlight. Richard shut his eyes and didn't know whether the too sweet scent of night flowers that assailed him came from the garden or from his memory of the miniature.

Ruchira, shimmering in her white and silver, moved lightly across the lawn, full of energy and impatient to be off. He held out his hand to her and, when she failed to take it, touched her wrist. "Don't you know you're supposed to stand up for a lady?" she said. "Anyway, stop lounging, it's late."

"Sit with me for a minute," he pleaded in a lazy voice.

"It's late," she repeated, but she sat down—not so much, it turned out, to oblige him as to be able to readjust the bracelet on her wrist. "I hate to be late," she said as she did this. "I mean, half an hour is all right, you're supposed to be late by half an hour, but not more. That's rude, *and* you miss all the fun— There's something wrong with the catch." She imperiously held out her arm to him, and he began to fiddle with the bracelet. "Carol Bennett is going to be there. I have to see her and fix up about Thursday morning at the pool. I like Carol, she's nice— Oh, I suppose you think only your Mary is nice, with her fat legs and all those books she has. Everybody likes reading and books and all that, but, good heavens, what's the use of making a fetish out of it the way she does? I mean, first you have to live. How can you know about anything unless you've actually lived? Haven't you finished with that yet? You *are* slow."

"I think there's a screw missing."

"I think you have a screw missing." She laughed at her joke, throwing back her head; her teeth gleamed, her laughter was high, girlish, and clear. "Oh, leave it. Never mind." She took the bracelet off and stuffed it into his pocket. "And don't forget to give it back," she said, and slapped him playfully on the cheek. "Ready? Well, you look *almost* all right. Mummy, we're going!" When there was no answer, she said, "I suppose she's in her bath. When she is not drinking tea, then she is having a bath—that's my poor mother. Give me the keys, I'll drive. No, I want to, you drive so slowly. Let's get some zip into her. I can't understand why you have that car, anyway. Why don't you have one of those snappy sports models like that Italian's, what's-his-name? By the way, did I tell you he has asked me to play tennis with him? Shall I?" She looked at him teasingly. "Shall I, Richard? Well, what am I to do, when you can't play tennis properly or dance or anything? Naturally, I have to find other people who can do these things, when you're such an awful dud."

In spite of these derogatory words, she put out her hand and tousled his hair. Encouraged, he tried to hold her, but she slipped away from him and ran to the car and started it before he could catch up with her. In fact, she drove it off for a little way down the road and then stopped and watched him running after her. She leaned out of the window and laughed at him in her high-spirited way.

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA

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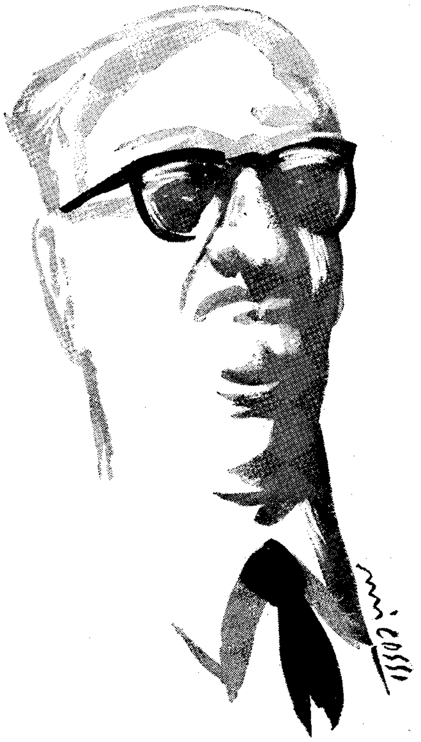
The fire, discovered at about 2.30 P.M., was extinguished by building employees before the firemen arrived, with damage limited to a blackened wall, a wet hallway and lingerie smoke.—*The Times*.

That's the worst kind.

PROFILES

THE TERRIBLE JOYS

THE Ferrari automobile is regarded as something special even among people who customarily buy luxury cars. Its passenger versions are not quite as expensive as comparable Rolls-Royces, and are a bit more expensive than Lincoln Continentals and Cadillacs, but in all cases the Ferrari differs radically from these others. There is nothing about its elegantly leather-lined interior that suggests conservative wealth or middle-class comfort. One does not hire a chauffeur to drive it; one drives it oneself. Its exterior—designed, like the interior, by the famous firm of Pininfarina, in Turin—is as racy-looking as a greyhound. Its whole physiognomy subtly implies speed and risk of life. It is not a family car; it is a car for loners. It gives a sense of immense power to the young, and a second, if purely mechanical, youth to the aging. It has a stick gearshift with five forward speeds—no decadent automatic transmission here. Its speedometer records up to a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Its twelve cylinders purr softly or growl angrily, depending on its rate of acceleration. Its luggage compartment is small, seeming to imply that he who travels fast carries little, and that he who speeds to death carries nothing. It is, of course, possible to speed to death in a Ford, a Chevrolet, or a Volkswagen—but not as elegantly. And since Ferrari owners are apt to be more prominent than ordinary motorists, their accidents are apt to produce more headlines. Such accidents do not discourage Ferrari buffs. They are fascinated by speed and power, and the loss of one of their number merely heightens the excitement of the gamble. Moreover, they know that every Ferrari is built for accurate driving at high speeds and is therefore safer than most other cars at high speeds. Of course, there are sober, methodical, cautious Ferrari drivers here and there who do not fit this pattern. But they are exceptions. There is something about the car's enormous reserves of power, its easy and precise handling, and its very shape that invites bravado. Only one of its several models—the 330-GT, a four-passenger affair—is capable of hauling a family or a group of friends, and this one model, which is not the most popular in the line, is probably a concession to American taste. Among the other models, there has just appeared a Ferrari that is special even by Ferrari standards. It is called the Superfast, and it has a five-litre engine (the next-biggest Ferrari engine is four litres) and a price of nearly thirty thousand dollars, and it offers the exclusivity that comes from owning a car only twelve of which will be made each year.

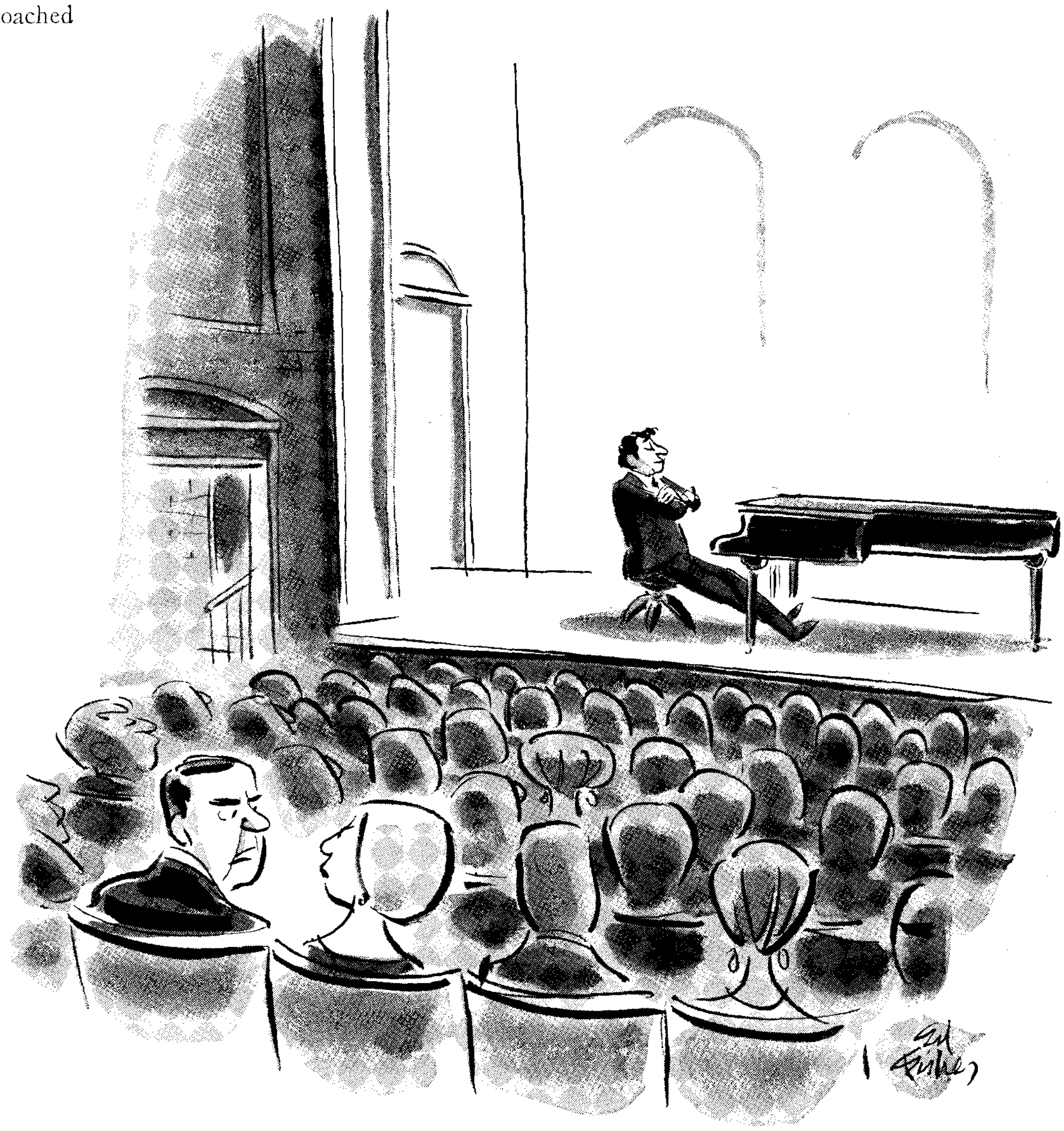


Enzo Ferrari

In its way, the Ferrari is a masterpiece of automotive engineering, and, like all masterpieces, it bespeaks the character of its creator, Enzo Ferrari, of Modena, Italy. Signor Ferrari is apt to give the impression that the commercial Ferrari—masterpiece or not—is merely a sideline, a means of making money to lavish on an obsession: the construction of Ferrari racing cars. To followers of auto racing, of course, the name Ferrari has been famous for a generation, and the GTs (standing for Gran Turismo and meaning, in effect, two-seater sports cars with proper fenders) and more skeletal formula cars (single-seater unadulterated racing machines built to specifications set up by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile) have been in the sports headlines for about twenty years. During this time, they have probably won more international motor races than the cars of any other maker. Himself a onetime racing driver (as was Gian Battista Farina, who later condensed his name and his talents into Pininfarina), Ferrari is as dedicated to winning races as a confirmed gambler is to winning at the gaming tables. He has made some rather contemptuous remarks about people who own commercial Ferraris, dismissing them as predominantly fifty-year-olds and exhibitionists (although he does concede the presence of a few sportsmen owners, who at least like to *think* they are racing drivers). His heart is on the track, in the most dangerous of sports, backing his drivers (or "*piloti*," as they are called in Italy, to distinguish them from "*conduttori*," who are mere chauffeurs or civilian drivers) and, over the years, stoically accepting the death of many of them. Outwardly, at least, Ferrari is a very tough man. He was once denounced by the Vatican as being a "Saturn"—a devourer of his own children. He has a reputation throughout Italy for towering tempers, authoritarian methods, implacable stubbornness, and unexampled dourness of mind. He has even subscribed to his own myth of *terribilità* by writing an autobiography entitled "Le Mie Gioie Terribili," or "My Terrible Joys," which was translated into English as, more prosaically, "The Enzo Ferrari Story" (Macmillan, 1964).

All this has made Ferrari something of a diabolical symbol. He admires women only when they are racing drivers, and since women racing drivers are few, his field of admiration is correspondingly limited. He scoffs at religion, which in Italy is a rather serious matter. Most of the time he broods, concocting ideas that will win the next race for Ferrari. His temperament is unusual among Italians, and from time to time he has attempted to counter his reputation by smiling for photographers or being nice to his dog—a potentially ferocious German shepherd that stands guard at the entrance to his factory. But these attempts are halfhearted. Simply by nature, Ferrari is a forbidding man. He is brawnily built and stands about six feet three. He has slicked-back white hair and a broad face, with a prominent, Roman-senator nose. His blue eyes are almost invariably covered by sunglasses. He suggests a gloomy Vulcan. He greets visitors to his factory at Maranello, about seven miles outside Modena, in a large, dark, bare office containing only the huge bare desk at which he sits, a bare conference table, a few uncomfortable chairs, a calendar, and—the one note of sentiment—a framed photograph of his only son, Dino, a handsome young man who died of nephritis in his early twenties, some ten years ago. The photograph is on the wall opposite Ferrari's desk chair, and in its austere surroundings it resembles the focal point of a shrine. Just how much time the great racing-car builder spends in this office is problematical. There are no papers or files about, and one gets the impression that it is primarily a place of ceremony.

If Ferrari approves of the visitor who encounters him scowling behind his desk, he is capable of smiling and of a considerable amount of hospitality. The height of this hospitality is an invitation to visit his factory, which is off limits to most visitors, and particularly to journalists, who have a habit of ferreting out his latest secrets. Only those who know nothing about machinery are welcome, but even to them the place is fascinating. Covering about ten acres, it is approached through a large sliding gate, where a guard—and the dog—are very much in evidence. As automobile factories go, it is very small, and it has the neatness of the atelier of a fastidious sculptor. Its smallness is, according to Ferrari, a great advantage. "I am not an industrialist," he explains. "I am a *costruttore*—a constructor. In my little factory, I can make immediate changes in design which would require months of overhaul in a large, mass-production plant. I do not have the temperament for mass production. I am interested in innovation." The factory employs about six hundred highly qualified workers and turns out about seven hundred and fifty cars a year, half a dozen of them formula racing machines. In all these cars, Ferrari is concerned only with the chassis and the engines. The bodies are not only designed but stamped and welded at the Pininfarina factory in Turin and are shipped to Maranello, where Ferrari fits the moving parts, the framework, and the suspension into them. Certain other parts, too, are made elsewhere, including pistons, glass for the windows, cast-magnesium wheels, and carburetors, the last coming from the large Weber carburetor works, in nearby Bologna. There is a sort of assembly line at Maranello, but it moves very slowly. Crankshafts are sculpted by hand from cylindrical matrices of solid steel (with the help of machine tools, of course), each one requiring eighty-six hours of work by a highly skilled craftsman. Cylinder blocks, gearboxes, and such are cast from an aluminum alloy produced in a foundry on the premises, and to watch two men, holding a sort of pitcher on a long pole between them, pour the metal into the molds recalls the casting of Renaissance statuary. Beautiful silvery engines lie about, some of them V-12s and others W-12s, with four rows of three cylinders. Ferrari looks at them with pride and occasionally pats them as another man might pat the head of a small boy. In the testing rooms where these engines are examined, one can see them running at terrific speeds, their exhaust pipes red-hot, while various dials record their reactions under different conditions. This is done in order to forecast their performance on race tracks that differ greatly in temperature and altitude, since Ferraris are raced on tracks from Belgium to North Africa to Cape Town, and from Florida to the heights of Mexico City. There is a small wind tunnel capable of generating an air flow of a hundred and fifty-five miles per hour, in which two-foot-long models of various body types are tested. There is a production department, in which engines and chassis are fitted to bodies, and there is also a department of design, in which engineers are busy with pencils and graphs. The whole process is intimately connected, occupying what amounts to one enormous room with a few partitions screening off such special areas as the foundry, the wind tunnel, and the testing rooms. Thus, the great *costruttore* can keep an eye on everything that is going on merely by walking a few yards. There is an air of austerity about



"Just because they sneered at Stravinsky doesn't mean I can't sneer at fifteen minutes of straight silence labelled 'Profound Interlude No. 2.'"

the place, and also an air of feverish dedication, both of which reflect the boss's temperament. Any racing car that is two years old is considered a veteran. Most racing cars wear out in a matter of months, and the Ferrari factory is continuously concerned with replacements—generally of improved design and performance. As to the commercial Ferraris, they emerge right alongside the racing cars, at a rate of not quite two a day. When one compares this output, and the care that goes into it, with the four thousand cars a day turned out by Italy's giant Fiat works in Turin, or with the much larger output of most American firms, it is obvious that a Ferrari is the product of a sort of automotive watchmaker.

On the practical plane, there is a close connection between Ferrari and Fiat. He is a close friend of Professore Vittorio Valletta, Fiat's eighty-three-year-old president. Valletta, despite his age, is one of the most forward-looking industrialists in Italy, and has established housing, hospitals, old people's homes, and cradle-to-grave security for Fiat's employees in Turin—a move generally admired in Italy as an answer to the threat of the nation's large Communist Party. Ferrari, with his smaller operation, cannot afford the stability of what he affectionately calls his "Goliath" friend. He is, of course, a man of considerable wealth, but creating racing cars is an expensive business, and, for all his sales in the commercial field, he has sometimes found himself short of funds. On one such occasion not long ago, he borrowed a large sum from Fiat. Fiat was willing enough to lend him the money; in return, it got the manufacturing rights to a new Ferrari model, which Ferrari had decided to name the Dino Ferrari, after his son. Fiat's Dino Ferrari, which is already in production in Turin, will be the first mass-produced Ferrari ever to appear, and will give middle-class and proletarian drivers their first opportunity to own a car with the Ferrari name attached to it. Perhaps Ferrari regards this one concession to mass production as a memorial, since it will make his son's name known throughout Italy, and possibly throughout the world.

Ferrari rules like a dictator over his fastidious and meticulous plant. He is intolerant of disagreement, and from time to time he has caused the resignation and departure of skilled workmen, and even of chief designers. But along with his intolerance go a perfectionism and an amount of personal dedication that are more apt to be found among artists than among industrial executives. According to a statement attested to by others, Ferrari has never taken a vacation in his life. A reporter recently found him hard at work in the month of August, when virtually all Italian industry shuts down, and when Modena and Maranello are as hot as tropical deserts. "When one espouses an idea, it becomes very beautiful," he remarked in explanation, adding, unnecessarily but characteristically, "*Not* like a woman." Elsewhere, he has given a gloomier account of his devotion to work, maintaining in his autobiography that "one must keep working continuously; otherwise one thinks of death."

Rowland B. Wilson

"I can remember when this was all craters."

FERRARI was born in Modena sixty-seven years ago, and he lived there with his

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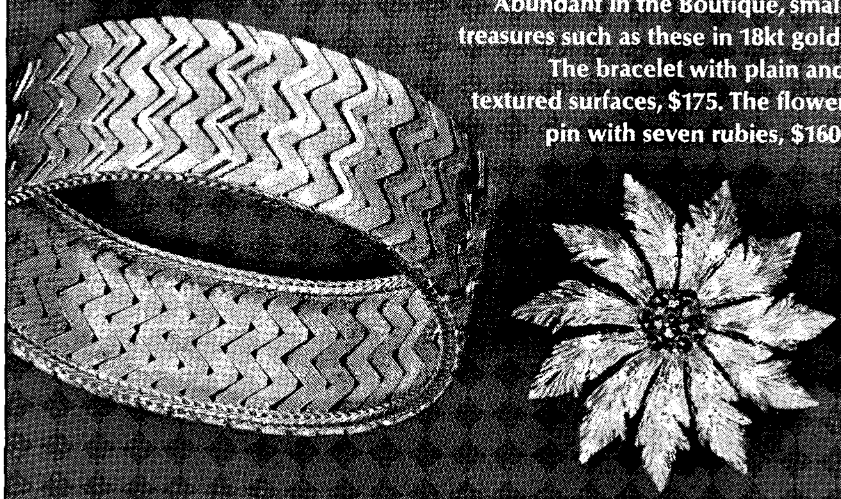
mother until her death a month or so ago, at the age of ninety-three. He also has a house in Maranello, near the factory, where he stays during particularly heavy schedules of work. He has rarely left the vicinity since his early days as a racing driver. He once made a brief visit to Switzerland, but otherwise has never travelled outside Italy. Although most other Modenese are cheerful Communists, he is a capitalist who foresees and dreads a Communist takeover in Italy. Modena is seldom visited by tourists, though it has one of the finest Romanesque cathedrals in Italy and is one of the very few Italian towns where turtledoves are omnipresent and Italy's ubiquitous pigeons almost nonexistent. It is a very old-fashioned, rather provincial town, where women are kept more or less in seclusion and are never seen unescorted on the street at night. The city thus has a rather masculine air. Every evening, men sit by the hundred in its cafés discussing news and politics. They are mostly tough, muscular farmers or industrial workers, and though, like all Italians, they are courteous to visitors, they keep pretty much to themselves and seldom venture far from the city. This preference for one's birthplace is almost universal in Italy, but with the Modenese it seems exaggerated, especially in view of the fact that Modena is not a center of anything much but farming and small industry. Ferrari is characteristically Modenese in his toughness, his pride, his temper, his faithfulness to the city, and his total lack of interest in visiting the world outside it, even though his cars are sold in this world's most cosmopolitan centers. He is proud of his city. He drinks in moderation the local Lambrusco red wine for which it is reasonably famous. And though it might be more convenient for him to carry on his work near some such highly industrialized center as Milan or Turin, or even nearby Bologna, he prefers to conduct his affairs in or near the town of his birth.

Ferrari comes from a family traditionally employed in the working of metal, and, like many Italian craftsmen, he has inherited an almost intuitive feeling for the possibilities of his material, along with an appreciation of the atmosphere—including noise—in which it is manipulated. At the time he was born, his father owned a small ironworks on the edge of Modena that made sheds and gangways for the state railways and employed from fifteen to thirty workmen, according to need. He acted as his own designer, chief mechanic, and salesman. The family



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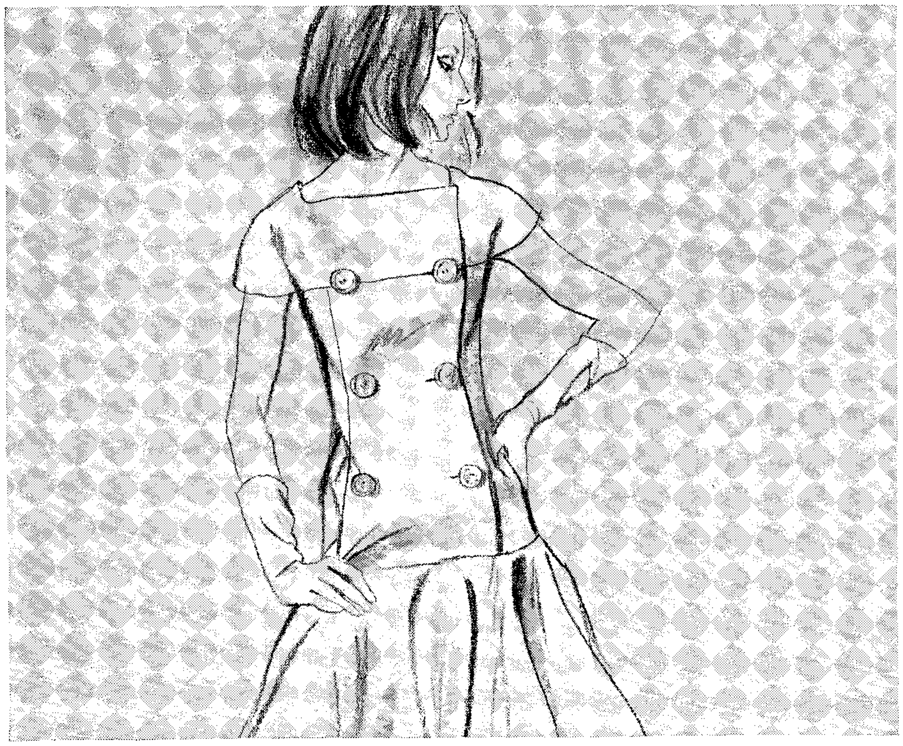

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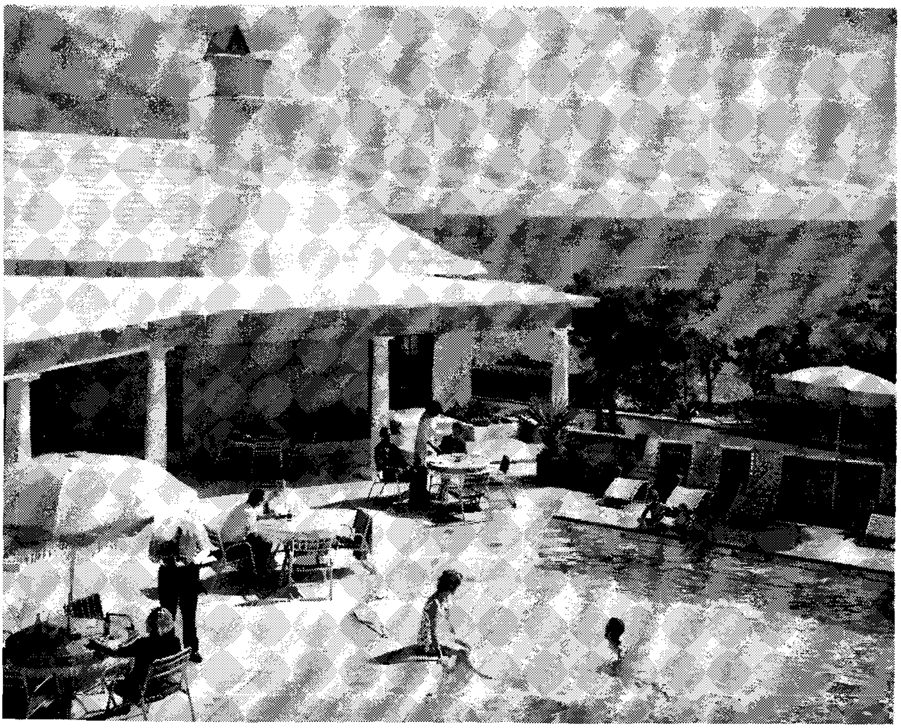
lived right next door to the shop, and the clanging of metal is among Ferrari's earliest childhood memories. There was an older brother, but both he and his father died in 1916, when Enzo was only eighteen. This sudden double loss created a feeling of loneliness and isolation that has pursued Ferrari throughout his career. Moreover, the career itself has been conducive to loneliness. Friends have kept getting killed on race tracks, and the gloominess of Ferrari's temperament is not difficult to understand if one takes this fact—as well as his feelings of sorrow, guilt, or at least responsibility—into consideration. Ferrari's father took him to see his first automobile race at the age of ten. It was, he remembers, an affair run on the Via Emilia at Bologna, and it was won by the *pilota* Felice Nazzaro in a Fiat at an average speed of nearly seventy-four miles per hour, which was pretty impressive for 1908.

In 1917, shortly after the double family tragedy, Ferrari was called up by the Italian Army and, in view of his experience with ironwork, was given a job shoeing mules for the mountain artillery. For all his size, however, Ferrari's health has never been particularly robust, and he fell ill, had to undergo an operation, and was discharged from military service. There followed several hit-or-miss jobs in the automobile industry, to which he felt naturally drawn. He tried to join the Fiat organization—the General Motors of Italy—but was turned down. Then he drifted into a postwar venture that was typically Italian in its ingenuity—assembling miscellaneous automotive spare parts into what looked like elegant and powerful motorcars at a time when cars of any sort were hard to come by. First, he worked for a certain Giovanni—a Bolognese—who specialized in stripping secondhand light trucks and sending their chassis (including engines) to a Milan coachbuilding firm, from which they would reappear as flashy torpedo-bodied cars. Among Ferrari's duties was delivering the stripped chassis to Milan, and in that city he fell in with a test driver named Ugo Sivocci, who got him a similar but somewhat more congenial job putting Isotta-Fraschini engines into new bodies. Obviously, Ferrari was learning a lot about automobiles, and soon he became, along with Sivocci, a test driver for Costruzioni Meccaniche Nazionali, a firm that later moved to Pontedera and originated the Vespa scooter. The Italian automobile industry in the early nineteen-twenties



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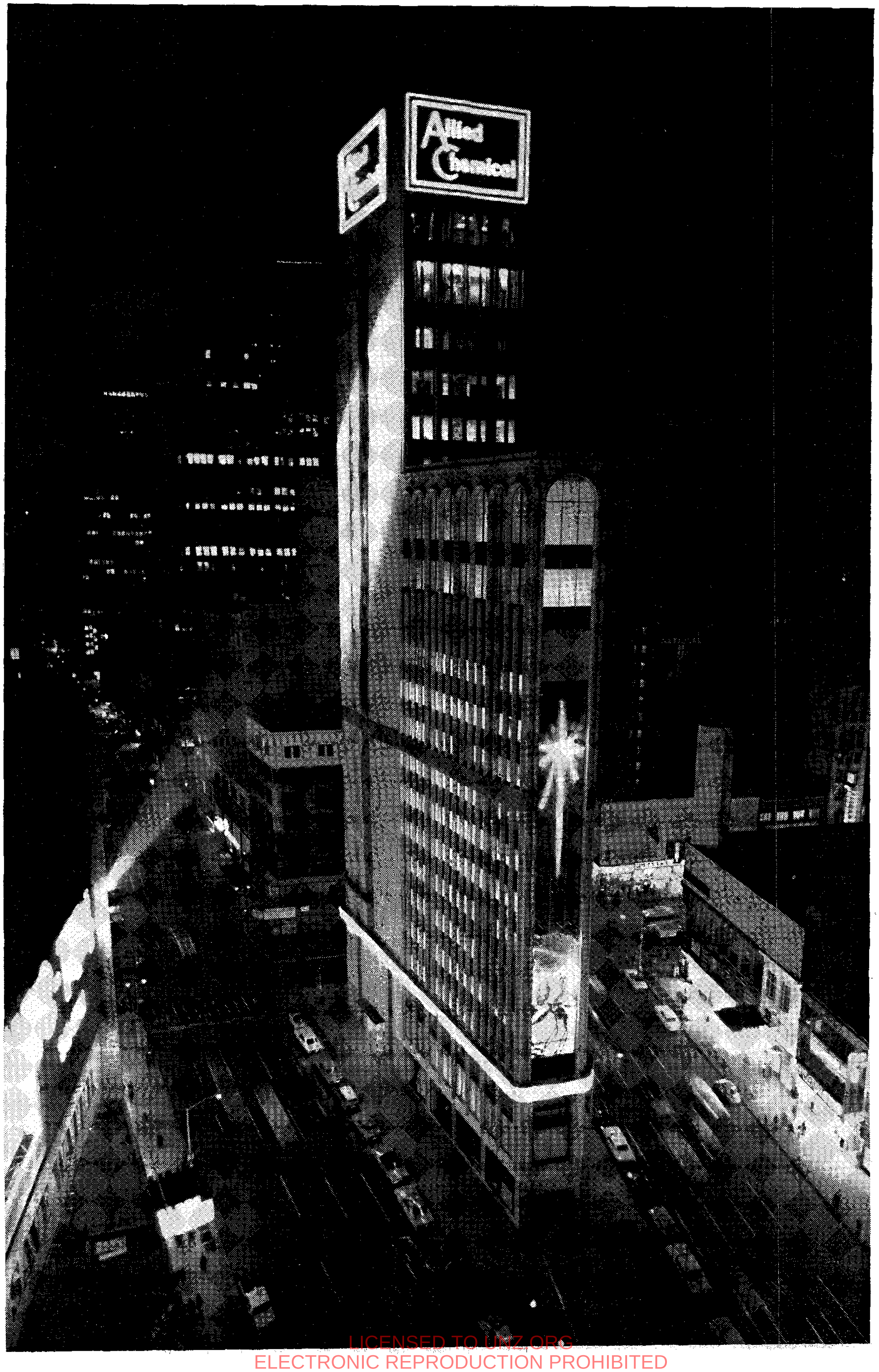
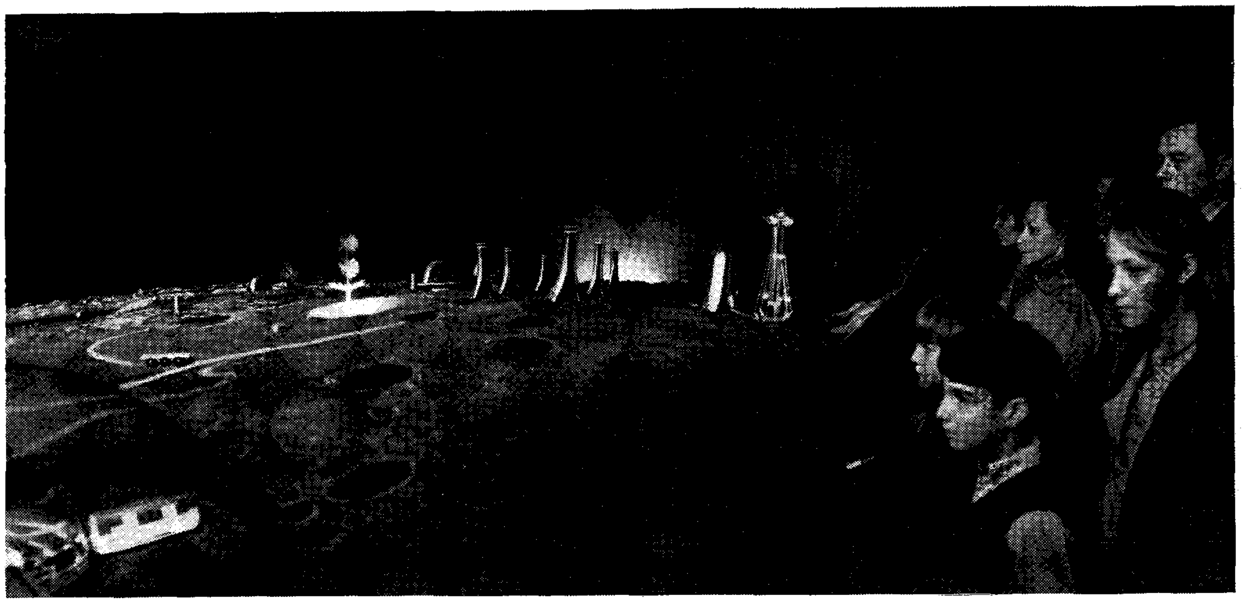
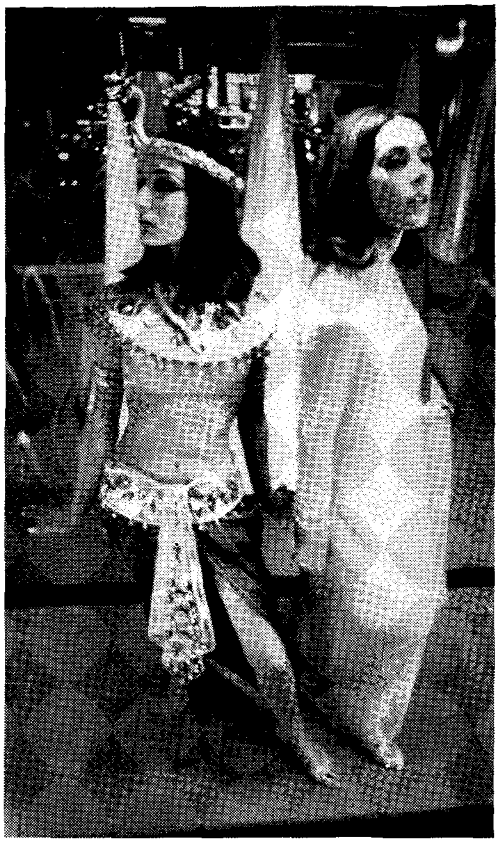


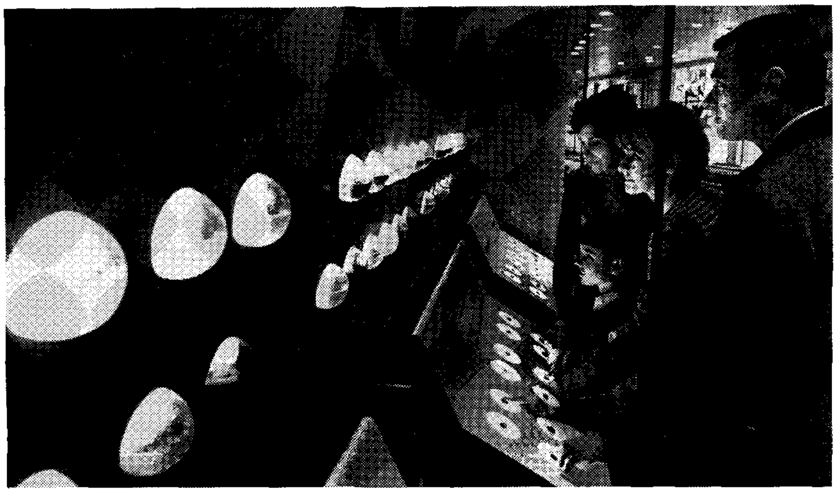
Here's what's inside:



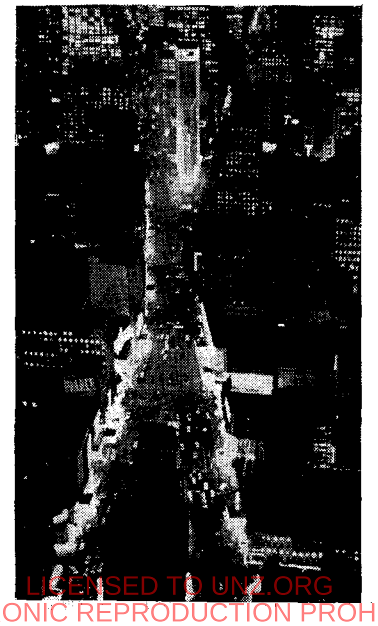
Moonstruck in Manhattan. Spellbound visitors at the new Allied Chemical Tower watch a slice of life on the moon in the year 2000 A.D. The exhibit, an actual model of Copernicus, typical lunar city, shows what life will be like when there are men on the moon.



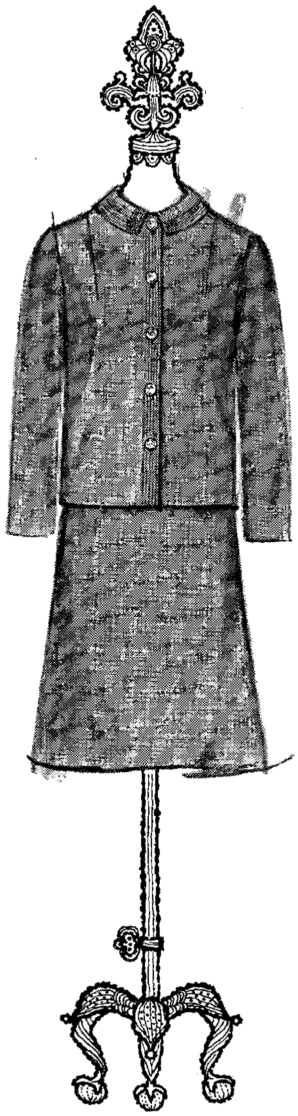
Cleopatra comes to Times Square. So do Pocahontas, Scarlett O'Hara, Mata Hari, and other famous ladies of history. Here, two of the fifteen beautiful girls in the Third Floor Fashion Show at the Allied Chemical Tower model Cleopatra's dress—as it looked then, and as one leading fashion designer sees it today.



Playing games with colors. Visitors test their color sense in a fascinating color-match game exhibit at the Allied Chemical Tower. The trick is to find the right combination of hues on the mixing panel and come up with an exact match of the color sample shown on the screen.



You're invited to the Allied Chemical Tower at #1 Times Square. Open Tuesday through Saturday—11:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. Three floors of exciting exhibits featuring new horizons in space, science, fashion. Colorful fashion shows 3 times a day. Admission is free.



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Very quiet. You could hear a pin drop, or the rustle of water as a boat moves through green ripples. Nothing but the straight skirt, the straight jacket, unadorned but for stitching down the front, around the round collar. Cotton and acetate hopsacking, in Coral, Sky Blue, Buttercup, Fern Green, Shell Pink, Suntan. Sizes 6 to 16.

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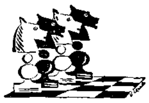
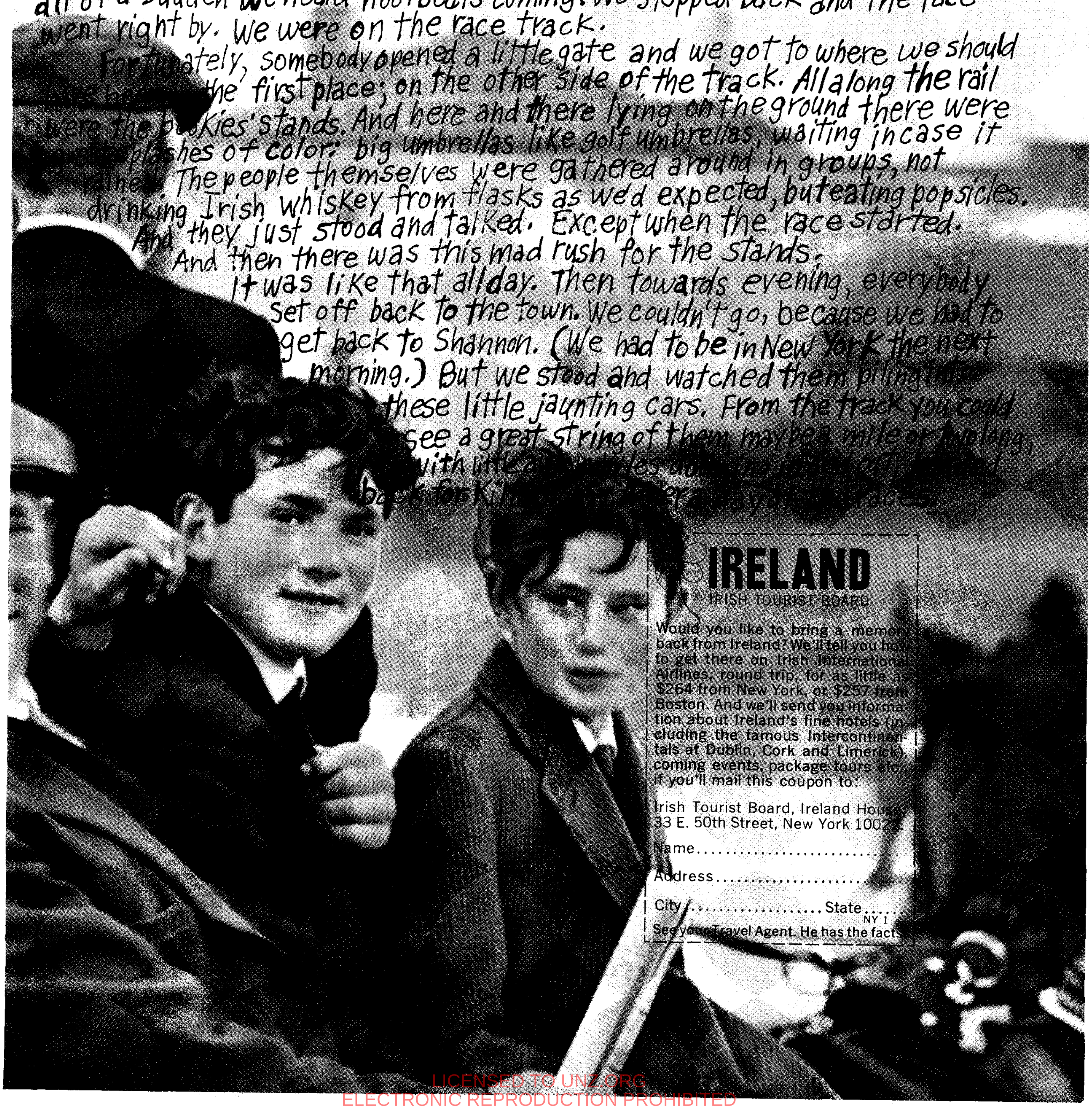
was undergoing a rapid and wholesale conversion from the wartime production of military vehicles into the catch-as-catch-can manufacture or rebuilding of civilian cars, and in this sort of work the smaller plants had certain advantages in elasticity, which Ferrari was not to forget. For a time, he was a racing driver for C.M.N., and in 1920 he took on the same job for the more glamorous firm of Alfa Romeo, which was already the holder of many track records. His friend Sivocci followed him to Alfa Romeo and was killed shortly afterward in a practice race at Monza. (The accident occurred at precisely the spot where the celebrated Alberto Ascari, in a Ferrari, met his death some thirty years later. And Alberto himself was the son of the equally celebrated Antonio Ascari, who was killed at Montlhéry, outside Paris, in 1925.) Ferrari made a name for himself in 1924 by coming in first at Pescara after winning some smaller races at Ravenna and Rovigo. Photographs of the time show him bearded, with a daredevilish look, at the wheel of a huge Alfa Romeo, one of those early racing cars with hoods as large as the boiler of a locomotive. He continued racing for Alfa Romeo through 1931, but, he admits, he was never an ideal racing driver, for one specific reason: he couldn't bear to ruin an engine in the interest of winning. Ferrari was in love with engines. As early as 1924, he began to be more interested in building engines than in racing them, and shortly afterward he set up a factory at Maranello, still under the aegis of Alfa Romeo, for the manufacture of racing cars. He had married in the early twenties, and in 1932 the birth of his son caused him to give up his career as a *pilota* entirely, though for some eight years afterward he remained Alfa Romeo's chief racing impresario and coach, with his own team of *piloti*—the Scuderia Ferrari—based at Modena. The most celebrated racing drivers of the period, including Tazio Nuvolari and Alberto Ascari, drove on his team, and in order to provide them with superb vehicles he swiped technicians right and left from other car manufacturers—mainly from Fiat. A decade after its construction, an Alfa Romeo that he built in 1937 won thirty-one out of thirty-five events—certainly something of a record for longevity as well as for performance.



By now, Ferrari's name was famous in racing circles, and he could not resist the temptation to break away from Alfa Romeo and start creating racing cars on his own. In 1951, a Ferrari, driven by Ascari, first beat an Alfa Romeo in a major race. Ferrari's reaction was proud but tearful. "I have killed my mother," he quotes himself as having said at the time. (Ferrari is deeply sentimental about engines, if nothing else.) Not long afterward, he gave up attending races altogether, because he couldn't bear to watch those beautiful engines being abused on the track. He keeps abreast of racing news almost minute by minute, however (it is usually favorable to Ferrari), and occasionally he watches a race on television.

The years from 1956 to 1961 were enough to embitter even a man less prone to depression than Ferrari. First came the death of his dearly beloved son, Dino, who had been attending courses at the University of Bologna and had also shown promise as a racing driver. Characteristically, Ferrari put on a brave face at his son's death and is said to have remarked only, "The race is lost." The following year, the Spanish playboy Alfonso de Portago, driving a Ferrari in the spectacular Mille Miglia road race, which extended half the length of Italy, ran off the road, killing a large number of spectators as well as himself. There ensued a great outcry against automobile racing on public highways, and the Mille Miglia was abolished. It was at this point that Ferrari was denounced as a Saturn by the Vatican, in the *Osservatore Romano*—a particularly wounding blow in view of the recent death of his son, and one that some people feel may have been inspired, at least in part, by his well-known attitude toward the Church. To cap the Mille Miglia affair, Ferrari was prosecuted for willful manslaughter. He was acquitted, of course; if people wanted to kill themselves and others driving his racing cars, that was obviously not his responsibility. And, as a final straw, Ferrari and his wife went through a rather bitter separation. But none of these events diminished in the least his enthusiasm for building racing engines, and one bright spot in the gloom was his being awarded an honorary degree in engineering by the University of Bologna. (Ferrari had been a poor student, and had never got beyond high school.)

Meanwhile, the casts of the world's automobile racing stables had been undergoing gradual changes. The French, who had started the whole thing in the eighteen-nineties, had long since pretty much departed the scene. The era of the great Italian drivers like Nuvolari, Ascari, and Achille Varzi (to name just



We knew it wouldn't be like any race meeting we'd ever been to before when they told us that there was a jaunting car outside, waiting to take us to the track.

It was a bit like a pony and trap, only five of us sat in it, two back to back, and one at the rear with his feet hanging over the roadway.

Well our first thought was that this was some kind of touristy thing, but it wasn't. The road out of Killarney was packed with them that May afternoon, trotting and jingling along, filled with Irishmen.

The race meeting itself wasn't the serious, organized kind of thing that we have in the States. In fact, because we didn't understand the Irish way of doing things, we were nearly in one of the races ourselves. We were walking across this field on our way in, and we noticed these ruts in the ground, then all of a sudden we heard hoofbeats coming. We stepped back and the race went right by. We were on the race track.

Fortunately, somebody opened a little gate and we got to where we should have been in the first place; on the other side of the track. All along the rail were the bookies' stands. And here and there lying on the ground there were [illegible] splashes of color: big umbrellas like golf umbrellas, waiting in case it rained. The people themselves were gathered around in groups, not drinking Irish whiskey from flasks as we'd expected, but eating popsicles. And they just stood and talked. Except when the race started. And then there was this mad rush for the stands.

It was like that all day. Then towards evening, everybody set off back to the town. We couldn't go, because we had to get back to Shannon. (We had to be in New York the next morning.) But we stood and watched them piling into these little jaunting cars. From the track you could see a great string of them, maybe a mile or two long, with little a[illegible] [illegible] back for Kil[illegible] [illegible] races.

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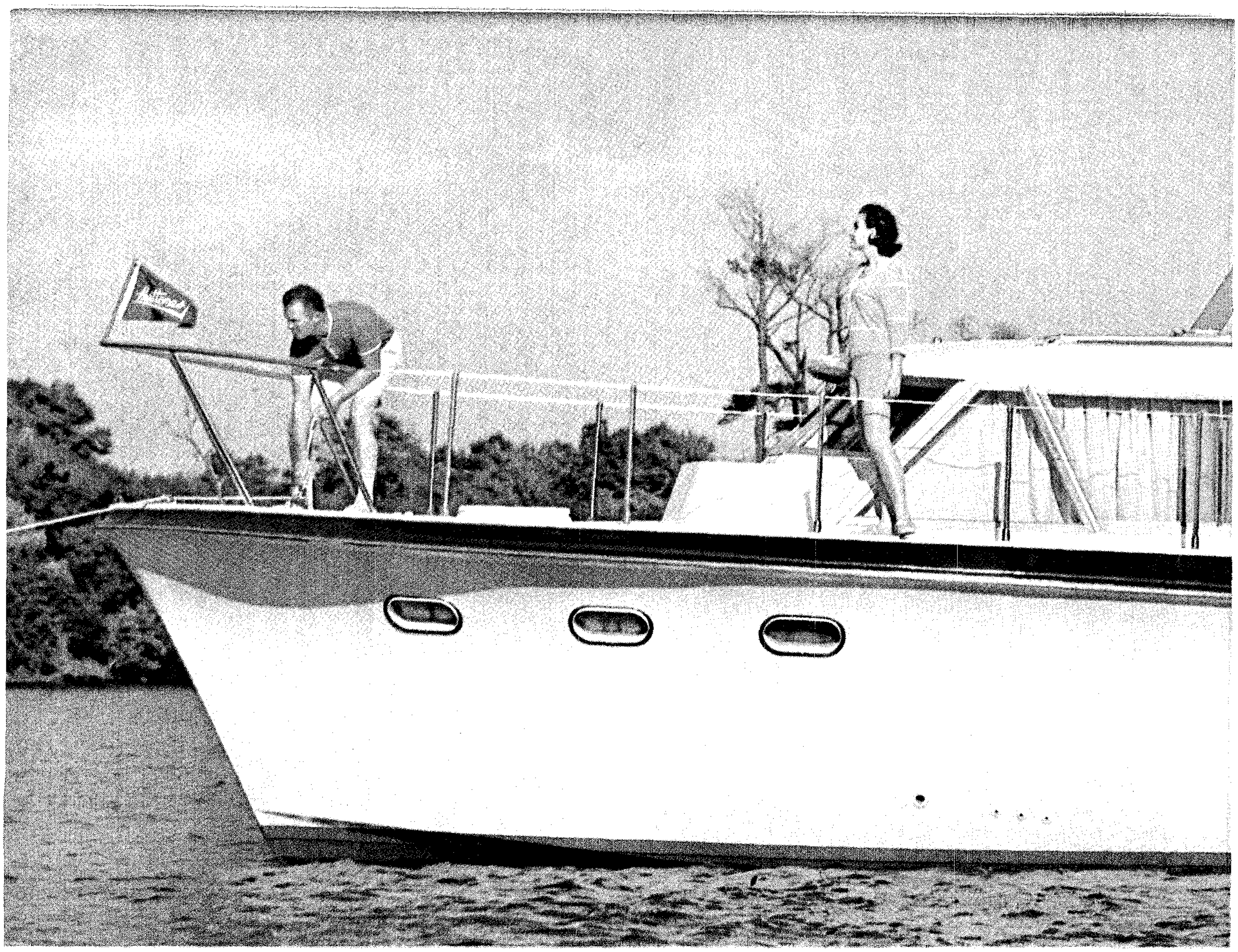

Independent survey proves resale value of fiberglass Hatteras best in its class

This important study may save you thousands of dollars.

Boats Unlimited Corp., the leading research organization in the boat industry, made a comprehensive study of the market for used boats, comparing Hatteras with other competitive makes in the 33-34 and the 40-41 foot categories. It reports:

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Not only do Hatteras used boats sell at a top price, they sell fast. According to this survey:

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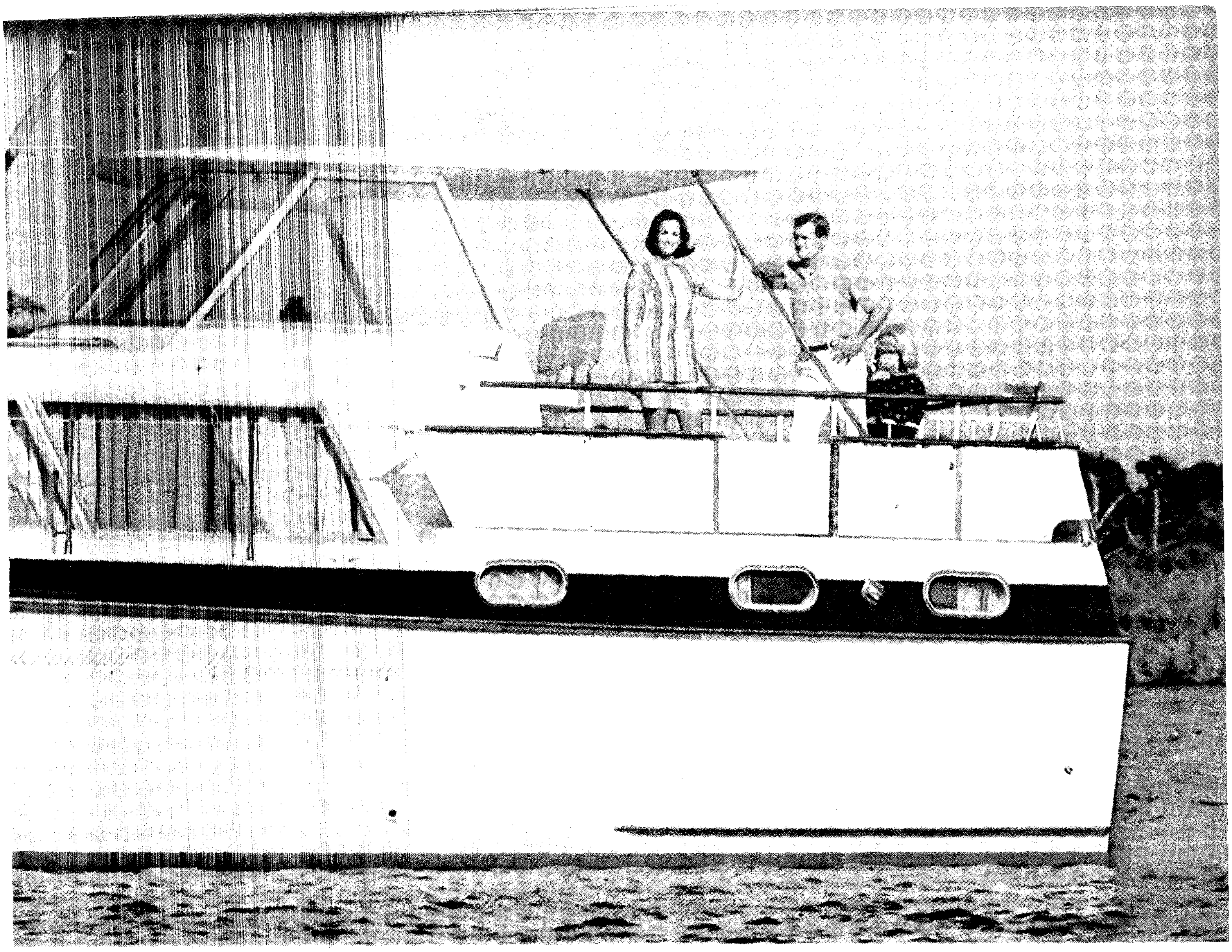
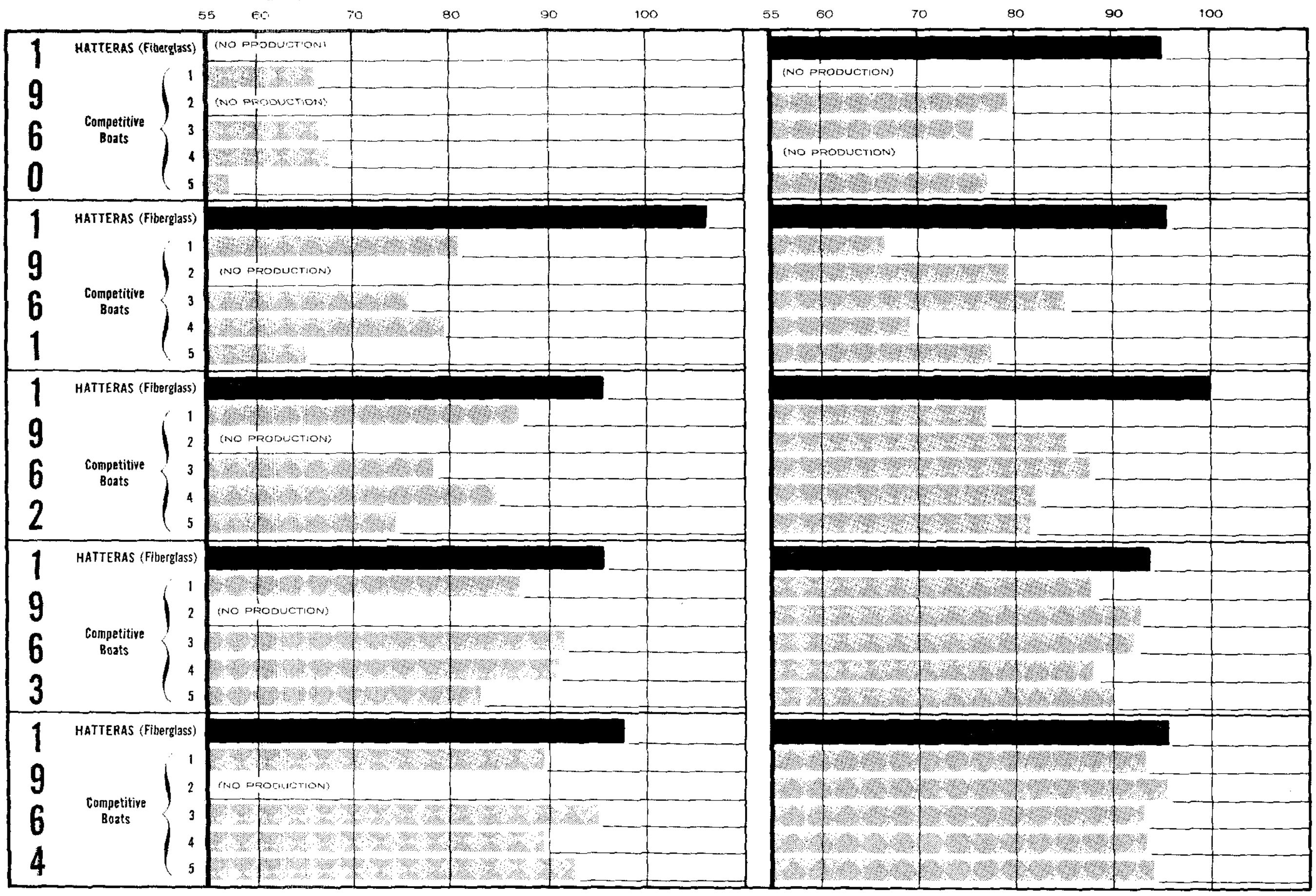
Median price obtained on 1960-64 Hatteras boats in Fall 1964 →



Fiberglass Hatteras 41 Foot Twin Cabin

As percentage of the original investment



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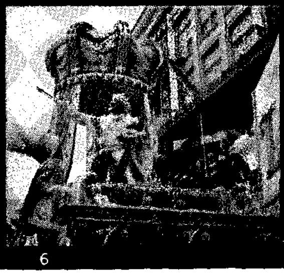
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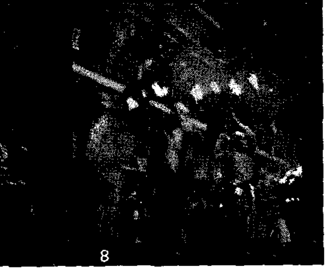
8

It's called "the biggest free show on earth," and (1) it seems the whole world comes here to enjoy it. (2) Almost everybody masks to get in the right spirit . . . (3) even the kids. (4) The parades . . . (5) the old-time jazz bands . . . (6) Rex himself, all contribute to the glamour and the hilarity. (7) The heart of the Carnival social season all over the State is the month preceding the great day. (8) And after the last flambeau has flickered out on Mardi Gras evening, you will always remember the most gala holiday of your life.

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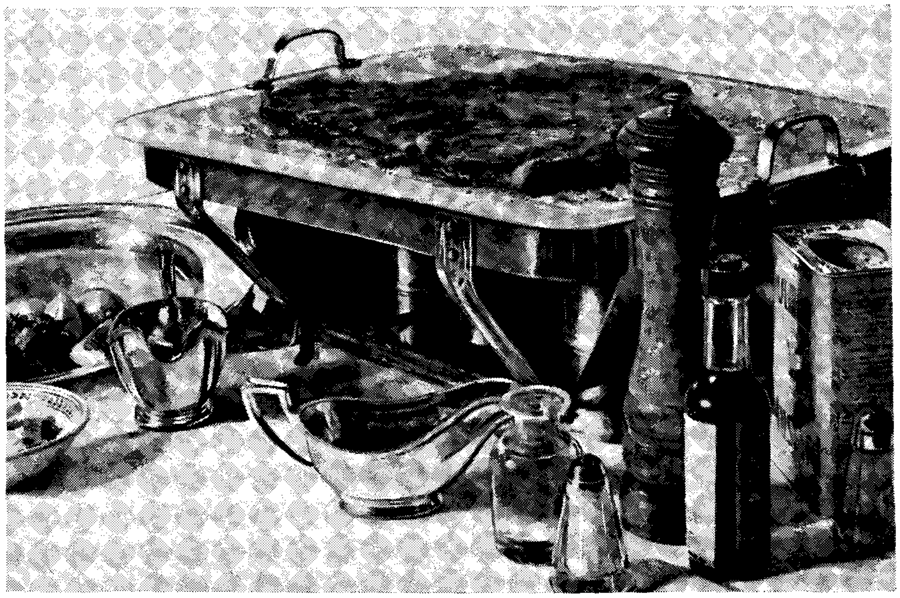
a few) passed with the death of the last of them, Luigi Musso, at Reims in 1958. The English and then the Americans and the Australians began to take over. By the year of Musso's death, Ferrari had three Americans on his team—Philip Hill, Richie Ginther, and the famous ex-Marine Dan Gurney, whom Ferrari still considers one of the finest racing drivers of all time. Ferrari's triumphs have persisted, with a few ups and downs, right to the present. At the moment, things are a bit down. John Surtees, the slim, youthful, nervy-looking Englishman who is one of his leading drivers (the other is Lorenzo Bandini; "I have only two—more would give me indigestion," Ferrari said not long ago), is out of commission, recuperating in England from a smashup he had in Canada last year.

Automobile racing is said to improve the breed by offering an opportunity to try out innovations, and various improvements in tire manufacture, chassis design, and suspension are cited as examples of progress first demonstrated on the track. For men like Ferrari, racing is also good advertising. Still, there would be no racing if it were not for one thing—the individual driver's enjoyment of the thrill of great speed and risk of life. The racing driver, while he survives, can make upward of fifty thousand dollars a year and is a glamorous figure. Women are drawn to him. He is an aristocratic knight of sport who faces death at every lap—*must* face it, because cautious racing drivers are always unsuccessful. Few professions compare with his in danger—stunt flying and war, perhaps, but certainly not the comparatively placid sport of bullfighting. Racing is a profession for men who do not wish to die in bed. Alberto Ascari used to be mean to his children so that they would miss him less after he was gone, and, sure enough, he went. The fascination of racing is such that drivers who live long enough to retire often continue to participate in the sport by creating new engines and cars. Ferrari is not by any means exceptional in this respect. One of his former competitors, Maserati—a firm founded by Alfieri Maserati, an ex-racing driver—is planning a comeback and is manufacturing racing engines again, right on Ferrari's doorstep in Modena.

RACING may have its quaint as well as its terrifying aspects—its speeds are very slow compared to the statistically interesting, if unexciting, top speeds of today's airplanes and spaceships—but competition is inbred in the automo-



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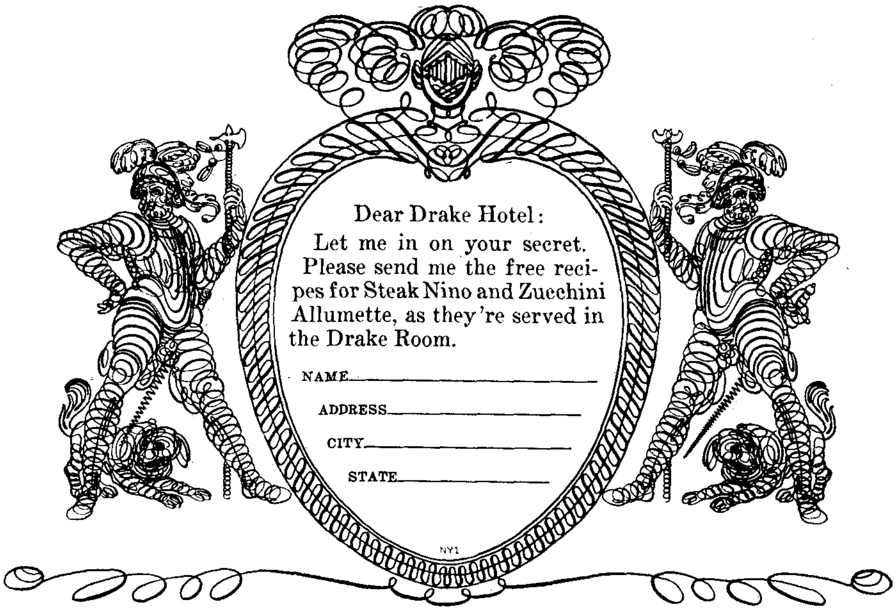

Dear Drake Hotel:
Let me in on your secret. Please send me the free recipes for Steak Nino and Zucchini Allumette, as they're served in the Drake Room.

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bile. It is a little difficult today to realize that the motorcar was originally created as a racing vehicle rather than a convenient form of transportation. Long before Henry Ford and his mass production, Europeans thought of the automobile as a sporting affair, and this psychological attitude has persisted more strongly in Europe than in America. America has no public-road racing, doing its racing on more or less secluded tracks instead. In Europe, however, racing on public roads has always been popular, and still is. When the Mille Miglia was discontinued, there was a great deal of agitation for its revival, in spite of countless accidents over the years to participants, onlookers, haycarts, goats, and chickens. The Targa Florio, in Sicily, among many others, is still in existence. Public-road racing calls for more artistry than track racing, since the unexpected, including potholes, traffic, and washouts, is always turning up. And even amateurs can give it a whirl; a great part of Continental Europe has no speed limits except in towns.

The notion of automobile racing seems to have started in 1894, with a rather unconventional competition, promoted by the Paris newspaper *Le Petit Journal*, that took place between Paris and Rouen and was jointly won, amid clouds of dust, by a Panhard and a Peugeot travelling at about twelve miles per hour. Both Panhards and Peugeots ranked among the speediest racing cars for many years—the Panhards, in particular, chalking up a spectacular series of victories. In the United States, the Chicago *Times-Herald* in 1895 promoted a fifty-four-mile road race, which was won by J. Frank Duryea in a car that he and his brother Charles had designed and built. In 1896, the first Paris-Marseille race was won by a Panhard, which, interestingly, was later bought by an Englishman named Charles Stewart Rolls, who competed for many years as a driver. René de Knyff, a director of the Panhard firm, came in second in this event—with, of course, another Panhard. It was a historic race for other reasons, too. A Peugeot came in only fifth, behind a third Panhard and a Delahaye. A new name, Benz—later to be associated with Mercedes—appeared in sixth place; the car bearing this name had actually been built by Gottlieb Daimler in collaboration with Carl Benz. (Daimler, one of the oldest names in automobile manufacture, had also been supplying engines to Panhard.) This race, moreover, provided the first fatality in the history of automobile racing—the death of the

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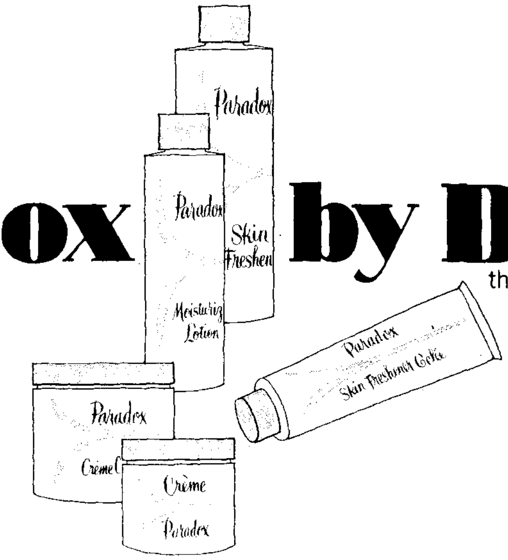
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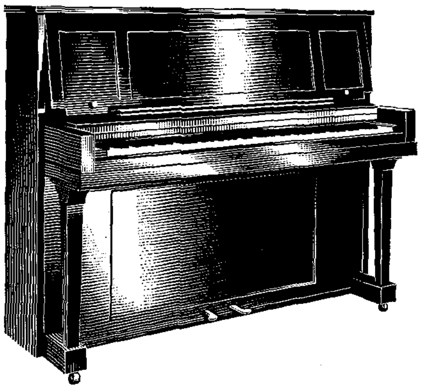

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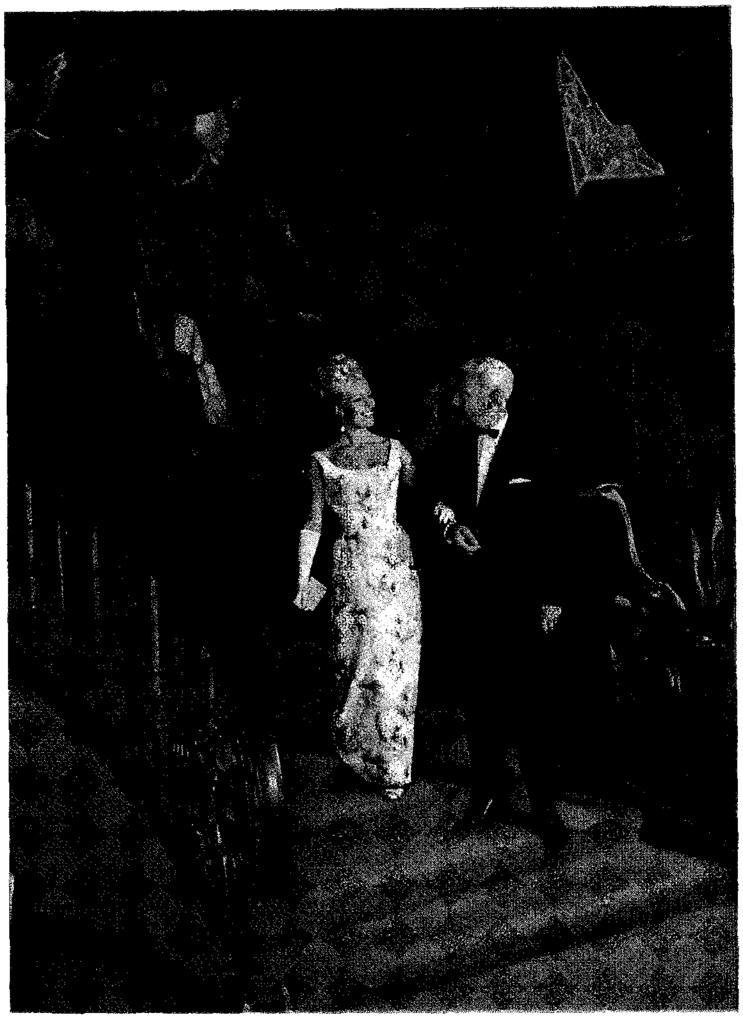
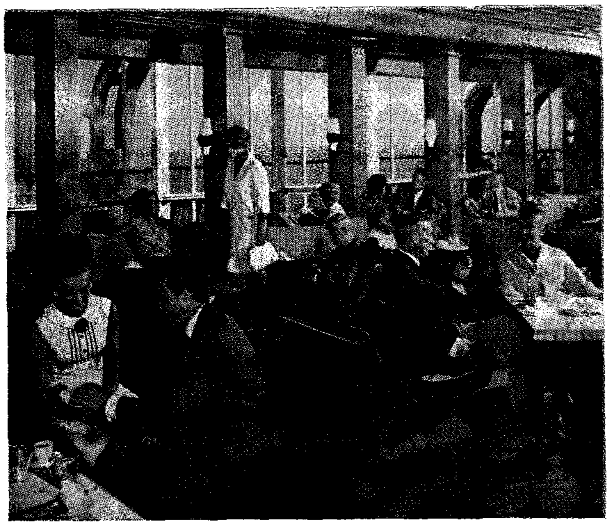
French driver Émile Levassor, who hit a dog, was seriously injured himself, and later died of his injuries. The top speed of the race was about sixteen miles per hour. By 1897, though, Panhards were achieving the dizzying speed of twenty-five miles per hour. Three years later, the name Vincenzo Lancia had become prominent. Driving a Fiat, Lancia won the first Coppa Florio race, near Bologna, beating a Panhard as well as a Mercedes while attaining an undreamed-of speed of seventy-two miles per hour. Lancia continued as a top racing driver for years, and then became a manufacturer. Meanwhile, Charles Rolls was racing, mostly in France, in a car called the Mors, and in 1902 Marcel Renault—whose brother Louis later manufactured the cars bearing the Renault name—won the "*voiturette*" category of the Paris-Vienna race. Marcel was killed a year later during the Paris-Madrid race—an affair that was stopped by the French government at Bordeaux, because carnage among both drivers and spectators had achieved scandalous proportions. By 1906, Charles Rolls and Henry Royce had developed a six-cylinder Rolls-Royce, and they won a Tourist Trophy race with it that year on the Isle of Man.

It is interesting to note that all automobile races up to 1900—and most of them for at least a decade longer—were open-road affairs. The Europeans never really took to track racing, and even today they regard public roads as far more exciting and demanding courses than race tracks. But public roads are also far more dangerous. From 1910 on, except when racing was suspended during wartime, scarcely a year passed without a driver's death, and in some years—notably 1933, 1949, 1955, 1956, 1958, and 1960—the deaths ran to six or eight. As for the spectators, they died in large numbers, too. Perhaps their greatest year of sacrifice was 1955, when a Mercedes plowed into a crowd at Le Mans, killing more than eighty spectators and injuring a hundred others.

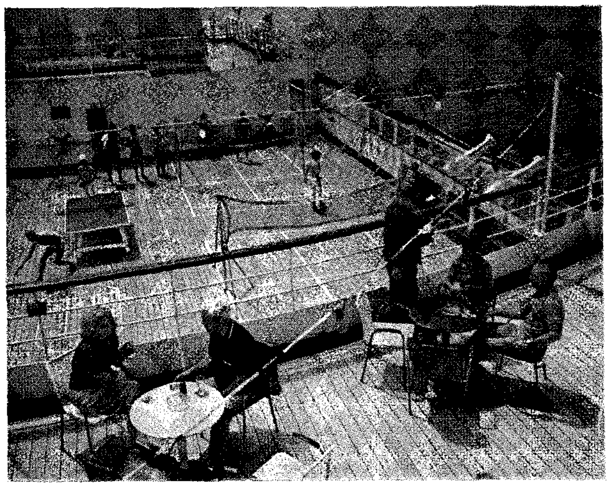
These statistics may make automobile racing seem senseless and inhuman. Not to Ferrari. On the contrary, in a rather Nietzschean manner, he regards the whole business as eminently human—a demonstration of man's natural desire to excel, even at the cost of life. "One drives at high speeds in order to transcend oneself," he remarked recently, and there is something about his truculent bearing toward strangers that suggests a forestalling of expected criticism for his attitude. He has never



Above: The sweeping staircase to the Ritz Carlton Lounge on the flagship s.s. Rotterdam.



Top Right: One of the s.s. Rotterdam's spacious First Class lounges.



Below Right: Overlooking the s.s. Rotterdam's First Class Sports Deck.

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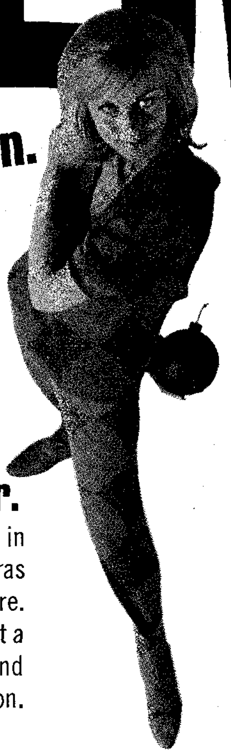

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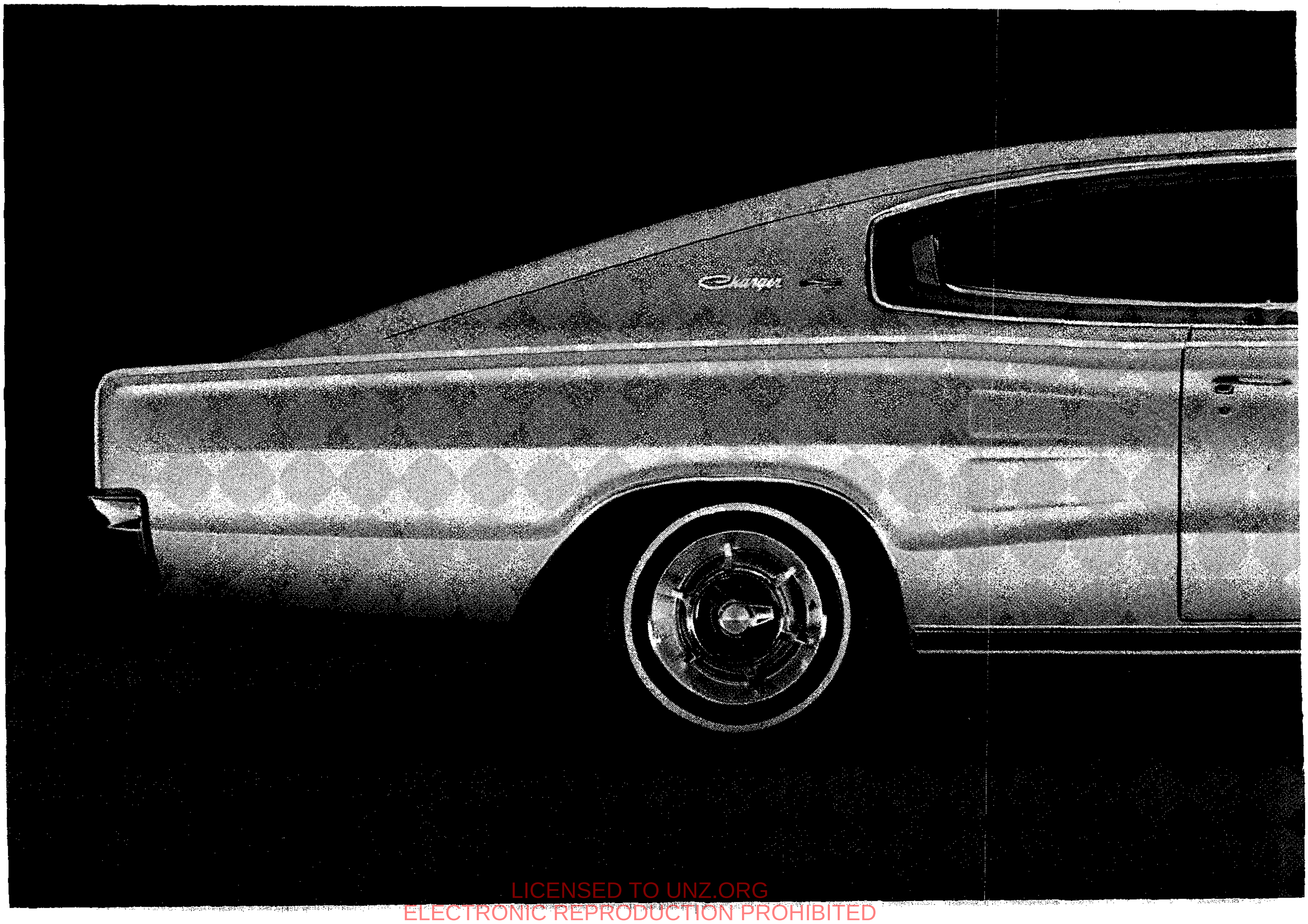
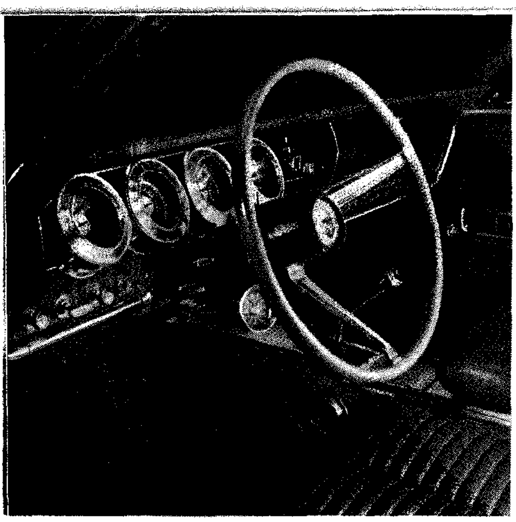
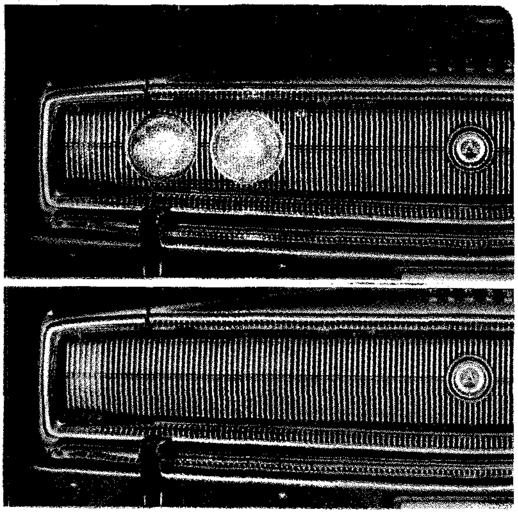
Last year you'd have paid a king's ransom for a car that looked like this. Last year you'd have paid extra for the things Charger's got. V8, tach, racing-style steering wheel, bucket seats all around. And last year you couldn't get Charger's kind of full-sized fastback action no matter what you paid. But that was last year. This is the one car that made it from the drawing board to your driveway with all the excitement left in—all the go, room, all the new features and extras that usually get lost in the shuffle. So there you are. Our big secret is out. Charger. By Dodge. Proof that a sports car can be luxurious. And good-looking. And comfortable. Charger. It had to happen. See it soon. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.



Charger is designed to carry f[illegible] [illegible]f[illegible]rt than the most expensive limousines ca[illegible] [illegible]y to find a limousine with Charger's quic[illegible] [illegible]g. Just try.



This is where you'll discover what Charger is really for. The clock is optional. The tachometer (right next to the speedometer where it belongs) is standard equipment.

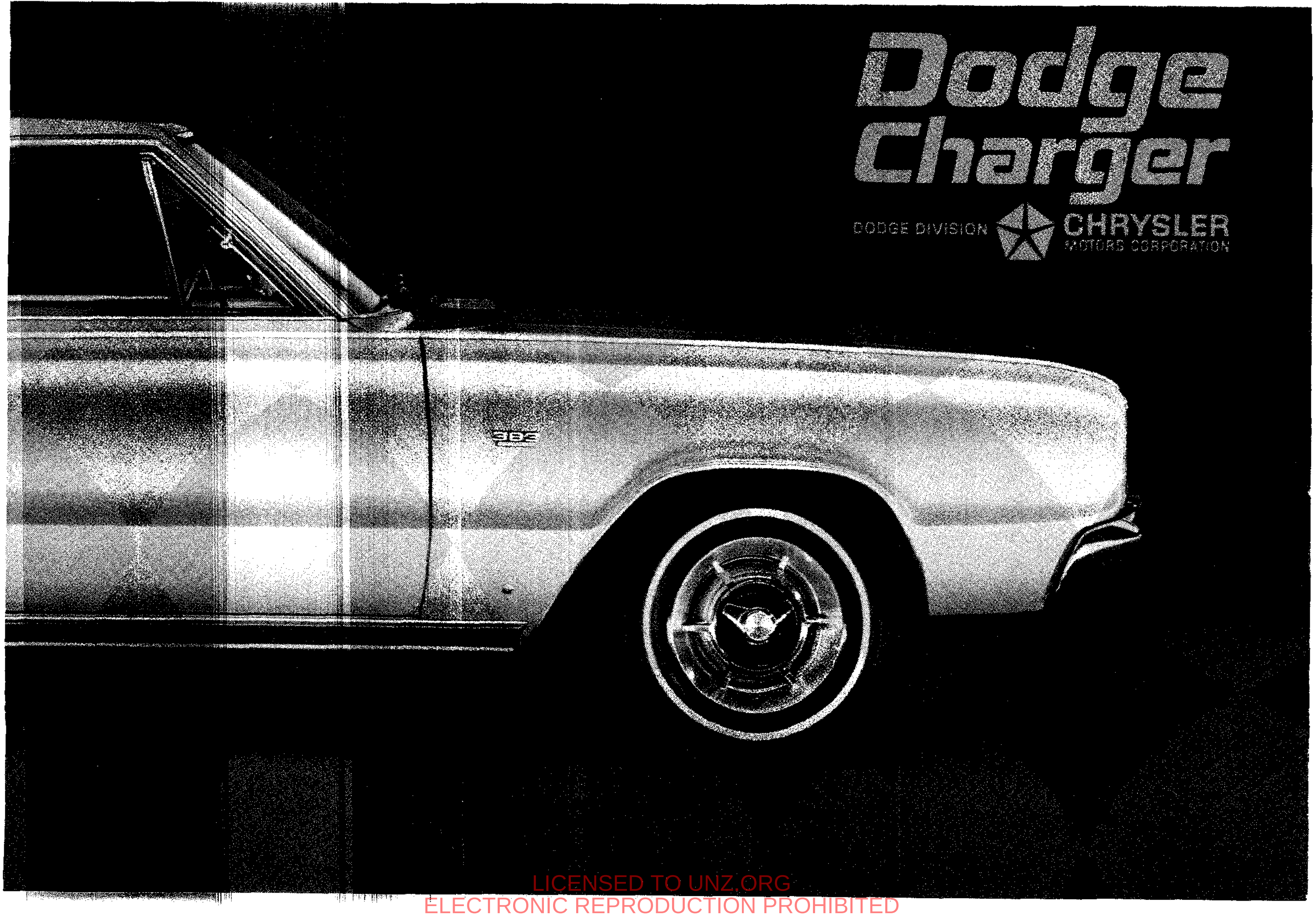


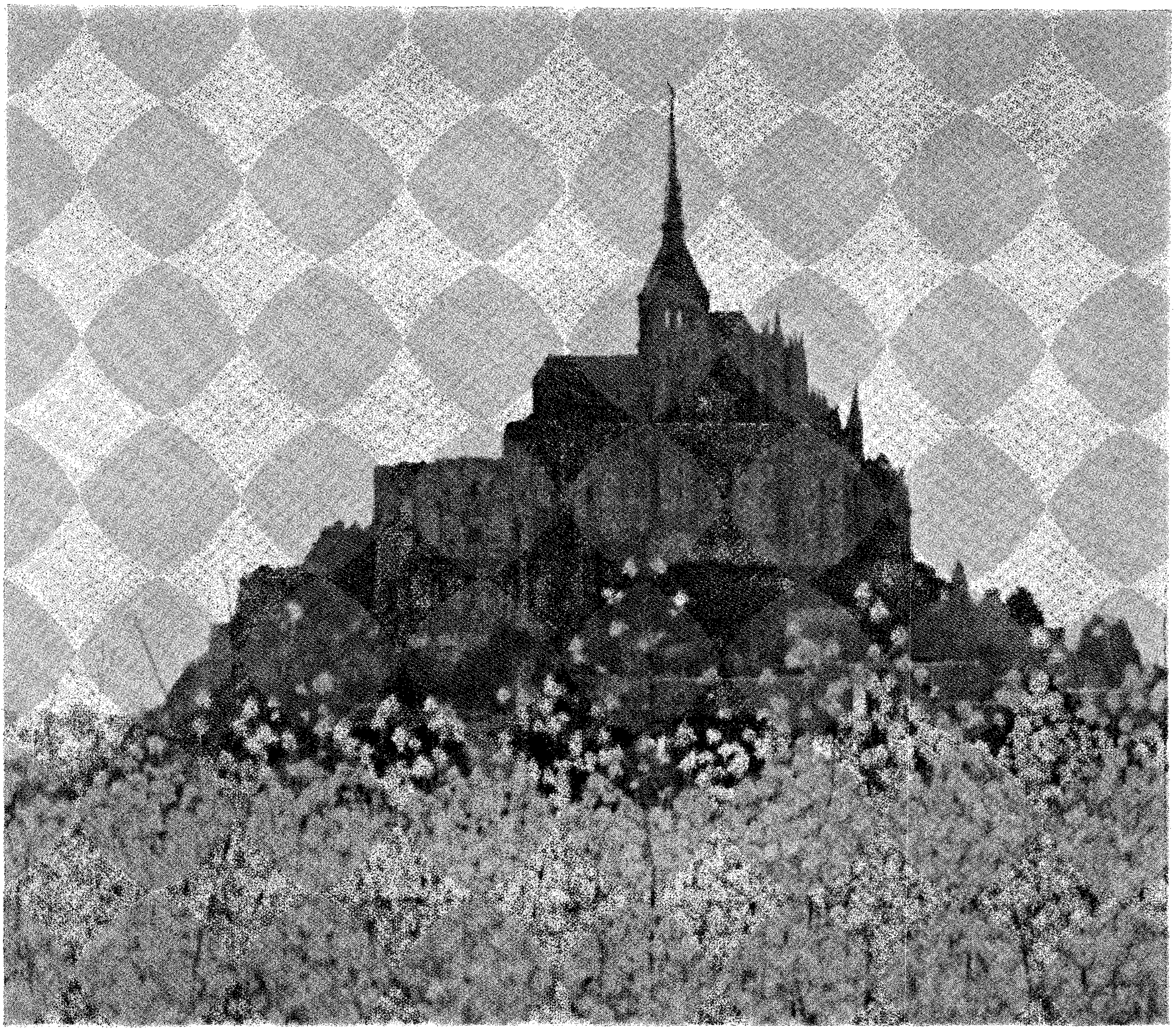
These disappearing headlights are standard equipment. Their neat appearance, up or down, is something special. Retraction is automatic.

What's better than bucket sea[illegible] [illegible]c[illegible]et seats all around. What's better than buckets all [illegible] [illegible]s[illegible]n back that fold flat to give you more space than [illegible] [illegible]e[illegible] in a car like this.

Take a good look at the best "last look" on the road. But don't be misled by Charger's smooth line. Under that polished, curvy exterior, you'll find a car that has to be the fastest quick-change artist on the road. Changes character instantly—at the flick of a wrist. On the left, Charger shows off its sporting side.

• YOU HAVE A CHANCE OF WINNING A DODGE CHARGER—REGISTER AT YOUR DODGE DEALER'S.





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allowed himself to be drawn into any apology for it. There is, in fact, something ever so slightly ingratiating about his total, even belligerent, honesty concerning himself and his obsession, and about his absolute lack of moral pomposity or false pretension. "Once, in my racing days," he writes in his autobiography, "I was in third position when I suddenly saw a car ablaze on the edge of the track. I could make out the number: it was the car that had been just in front of me. What thoughts do you think passed through my head at that instant? Well, my first thought was: one less, now I'm second; my second thought was: I wonder if he's hurt; and my third thought was: it might have been me. . . . These, I conjecture, are probably the typical thoughts and feelings of any driver engaged in a race. It is perhaps as well not to admit to them, however, for one is at once branded as a monster, whereas all the others are angels! All the same, I do not believe I am any worse, or any better, than anyone else in this respect."

After a racing accident involving one of his cars, Ferrari has often been accused of thinking first of the damaged car and only later of the injured or dead driver, but he denies the charge. He thinks first of the driver, he says, but for a harshly unsentimental reason: it sometimes takes as much as ten years to make a good driver, whereas a racing car can be rebuilt or replaced in a matter of months. Does he feel guilt because of the number of deaths on the track in Ferraris? Possibly more than he admits to in conversation. At the very end of his autobiography, he writes, "I feel alone after a life crowded by so many events, and almost guilty of having survived."

During a long lunch with an interviewer recently in a little outdoor restaurant across the road from his factory, Ferrari unburdened himself of a good many thoughts—bitter, Nietzschean, and otherwise. He stuck stubbornly to his distaste for women. "Women are more intelligent and more dominating than men," he said. "Men are creatures of their passions, and this makes them victims of women. Ettore Bugatti, a great driver and racing-car builder, and a fine gentleman, once told me, 'The perfect machine does not exist, mechanically speaking. The only perfect machine is a woman. I have looked all my life for this nonexistent perfect machine.' And this same search might have been my doom."

The conversation drifted to other subjects, one of them being friend-

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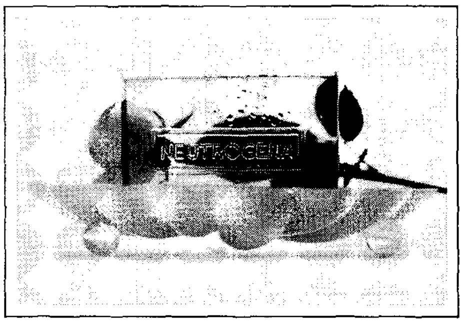

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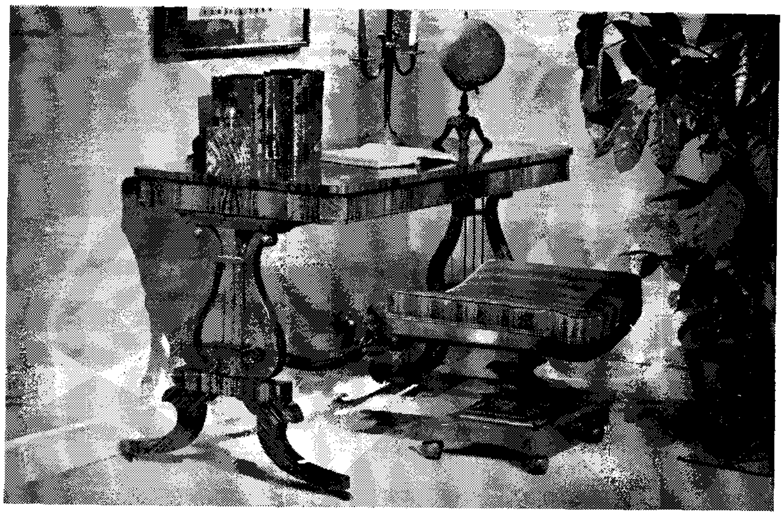

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ship. "There is something disgusting about the word 'friendship,' " Ferrari muttered, scowling even more deeply. "To me it represents something sublime, but I have not found it so in reality. I have no friends."

Had he any relatives left in Modena, now that his mother had died?

"There are many Ferraris in Modena, and some of them would like to think that they are related to me," he replied. "But they are not. I have no relatives."

Did he lead any social life whatever?

"No, none. Life passes soon enough. If you want to do one thing well, you have to work at it fast. A Ferrari may not be a masterpiece in exactly the same way that a great work of painting or sculpture is. It represents the work of many men bringing to life the ideas of Ferrari. Nevertheless, Ferrari's aim"—Ferrari often speaks of himself in the third person, as if he were standing aside and regarding himself objectively—"is to perfect an ideal, to transform inert raw material into a living machine."

Did the simpler things of life in any way please him? Did he, for instance, like to eat?

"Very sparingly," he insisted, while digging into a salad of lobster, rice, and green stuff—which was, in fact, all he ate at lunch. "I eat as I read—little and simply. It's the quality, not the quantity, that counts. I often read Victor Hugo, a great author. He wrote"—and Ferrari here raised an admonishing finger—" 'Remember that your freedom begins only at the boundaries of the freedom of others.' We live in a continuous state of egotism. We seek to demonstrate that our thoughts and assumptions are truth, but it is not so. Truth is arrived at only after proof by experience. When you say 'truth,' it refers to what is done by others, not by yourself."

About his famous aversion to religion Ferrari was quite communicative. "I prefer living in a state of problems and contradictions to believing in religion," he said. "You must be courageous in looking at the truth. Only he who looks at the truth is a whole man. He who says, 'Everything is good—let's go on,' is a fool. There are two kinds of people who do not ask themselves questions—those who are without conscience, and those who are religious. To me, religion is action. Sometimes, when driving on the *autostrada* at night, seeing the stars, I feel that there must be something infinitely grand that created this gigantic mechanism—but something that has no

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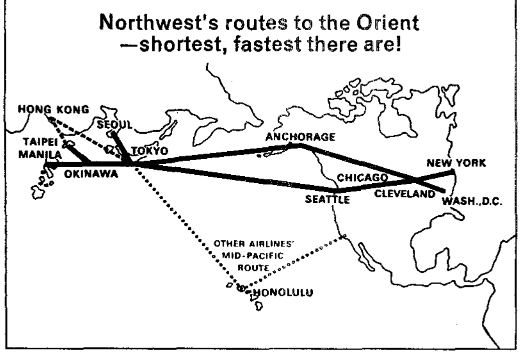

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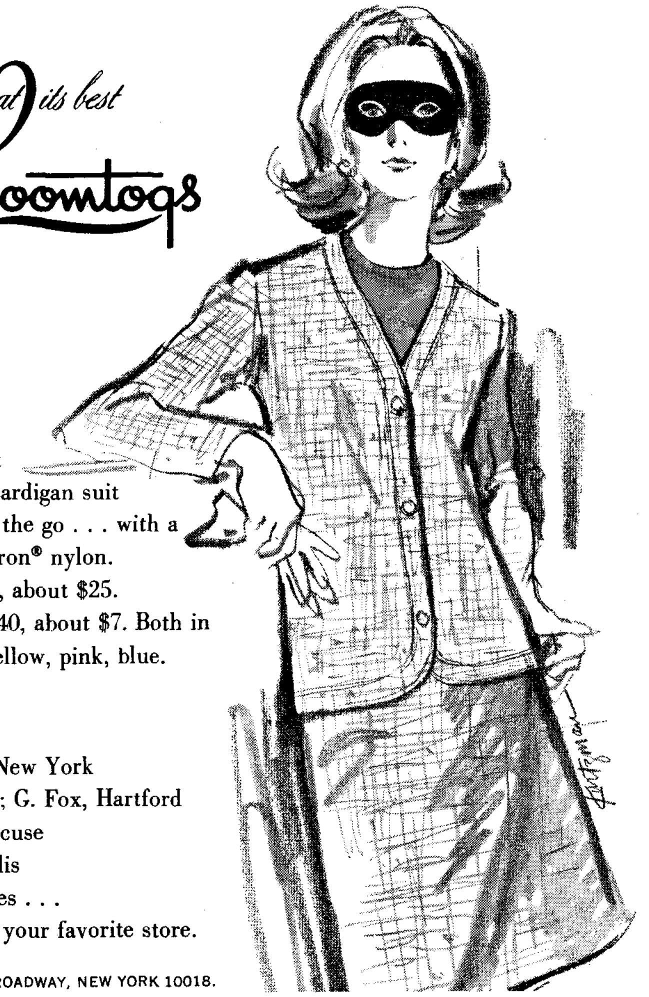

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bodily existence. Not like what they teach you about religion in the schools. Moreover, I do not believe that this power, if it exists, is necessarily benign. It *may also be evil*."

Being a pessimist about nearly everything, Ferrari foresees not only a Communist takeover in Italy but also a third, and nuclear, world war, made inevitable simply because of the natural cussedness of his fellow-man. He is a great admirer of the United States from a political point of view, observing that Americans pay their taxes honestly, which Italians do not, and that America places businessmen—men who know how to get things done—in positions of power. He cites Secretary of Defense McNamara as an example of this, and strongly approves of him. But Ferrari is himself not primarily a man of business. Making money is not his main object. He believes that men who accomplish things do so not for financial gain but for prestige. The whole Ferrari operation seems to support this idea. True, winning races may be good advertising, but it is hard to believe that advertising—that is, advertising from commercial motives—is really Ferrari's main concern. His main concern is to herald the name Ferrari far and wide by producing cars that are as nearly perfect as cars can be, and by winning all the races in the world. He *has* won a great many of them. His only serious competitor in the formula class in the past several years has been the English Lotus. Ferrari takes an understandable pride in his work. Long ago, during Mussolini's regime, he was made a Commendatore of the Kingdom of Italy and wore the buttonhole insigne that went with the honor. After the last war, he, along with many others, was stripped of the title. Today he wears in his buttonhole a little shield emblazoned with the prancing horse that is the emblem of the Ferrari car. "Yes, the title was taken away from me," he remarked. "But nowadays I feel that it is more important to be Ferrari than to be a Commendatore."

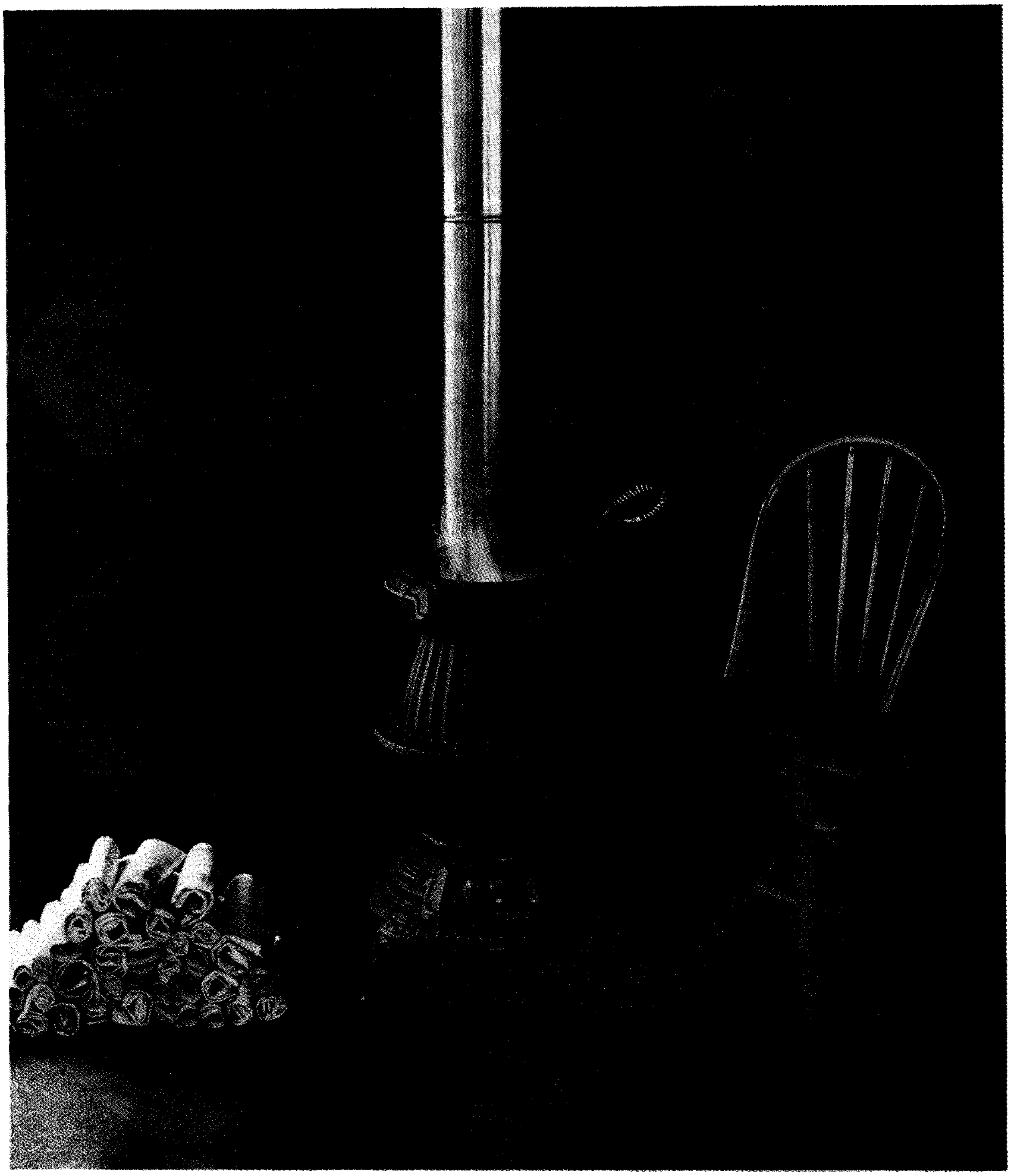
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

> Mrs. Iris Marshall, who lives with her husband in one room, looked forward today to moving into bigger quarters.
>
> Local housing authorities promised them a house when *and held him at gunpoint until* they had children. Monday Mrs. Marshall gave birth to quadruplets.
>
> —*Akron Beacon Journal.*

Sheer nerves, obviously.

A great newspaper is more than winter warmth



ROY FLAMM

"Our liberty depends on the freedom of the press, and that cannot be limited without being lost."

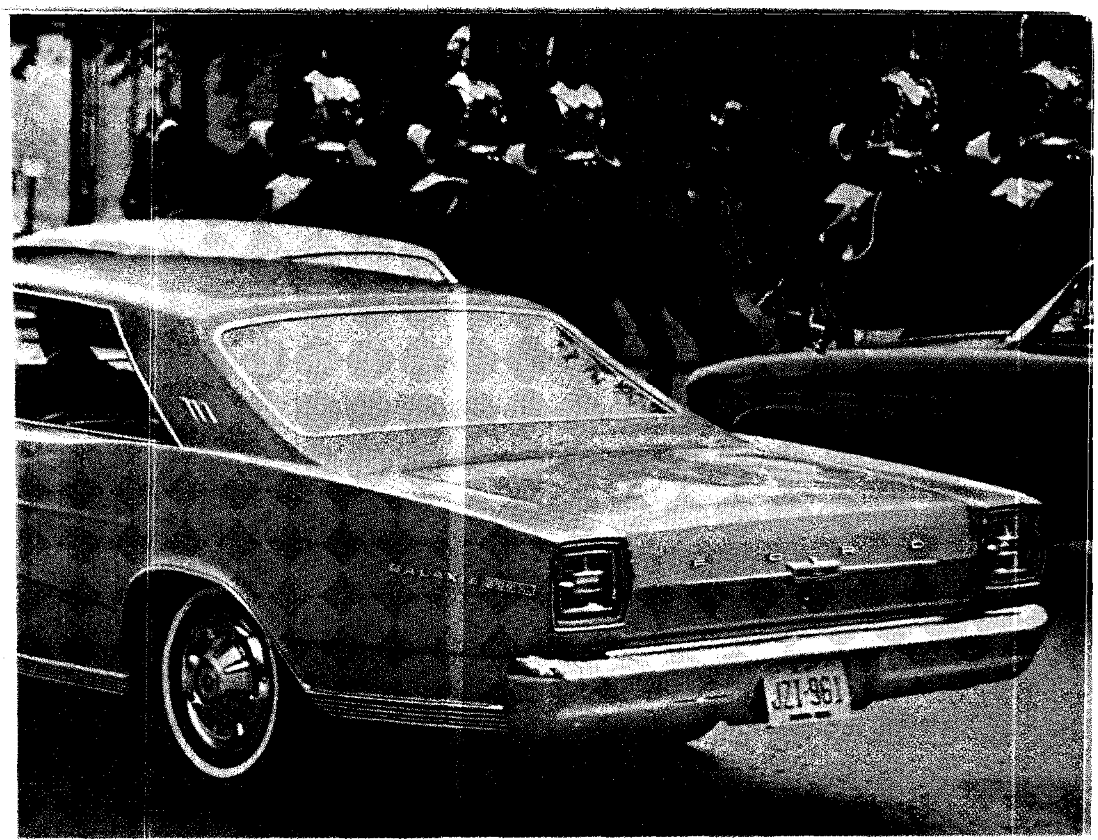
–Thomas Jefferson, 1786

San Francisco Chronicle

Ford's Quiet Man recently toured Europe, visiting the owners of some of the world's most expensive luxury cars and demonstrating to them the remarkable quiet and quality of the 1966 Ford.

Ford's Quiet Man reports from England:

"What, your Ford quieter than my Jaguar? Not jolly likely!" said Rob Walker...but then he drove the Ford.



Quiet Man tours London in '66 XL by Ford.

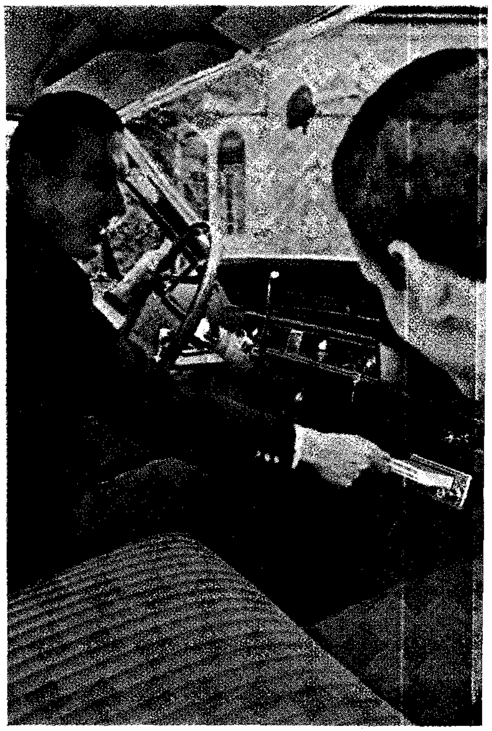
British auto sportsman R. R. C. Walker has had a life-long devotion to fine machinery. Obviously he knows something about cars...but one thing he didn't know was how quiet the 966 Ford is.

Naturally he was skeptical when Ford's Quiet Man, touring Europe, suggested he might find a comparison between a Ford LTD and Walker's own Mark 10 Jaguar surprising. They met at Stockton House, Wiltshire, the Walker family's classic Elizabethan manor. Walker drove both cars, very precisely and thoughtfully. Then he said: "This is really astonishing... I believe this Ford of yours really is quieter. Astonishing! Let's try them again."

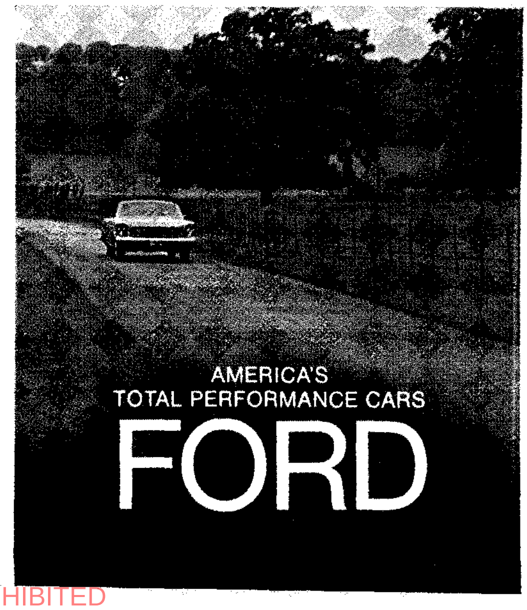
No wonder "Rob" Walker was astonished; his hand-finished Jaguar is one of the world's great individual cars... and its original price was about twice that of the Ford. And he knows that quiet is a hallmark of quality in cars. Ford's quiet quality is the result of great basic strength and sound over-all engineering, the Quiet Man explained, plus refinements like recessive front wheels that tend to take the thump out of bumps by flexing just a trifle horizontally.

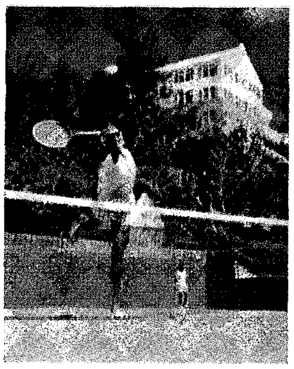
There were a great many other things about the LTD to intrigue the British auto sportsman—the new Stereo Tape System that puts the realism of three-dimensional sound inside the car, the ultra-luxurious upholstery, the velvety ride, the precise handling, the V-8 power.

And there's all this and a lot more to intrigue you. Your local Ford Dealer would be delighted to have you quiet-test a '66 LTD by Ford. Chances are you'll say "astonishing" too.



LTD optional Stereo-Sonic Tape Player features easy-loading cartridges.





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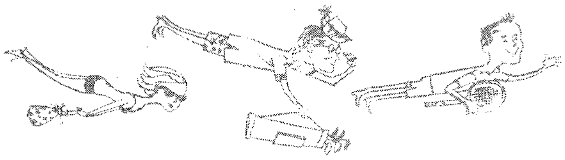

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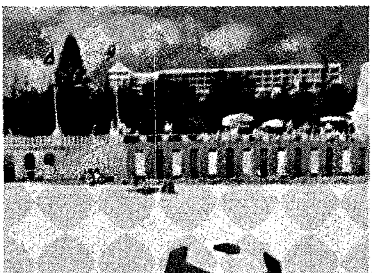

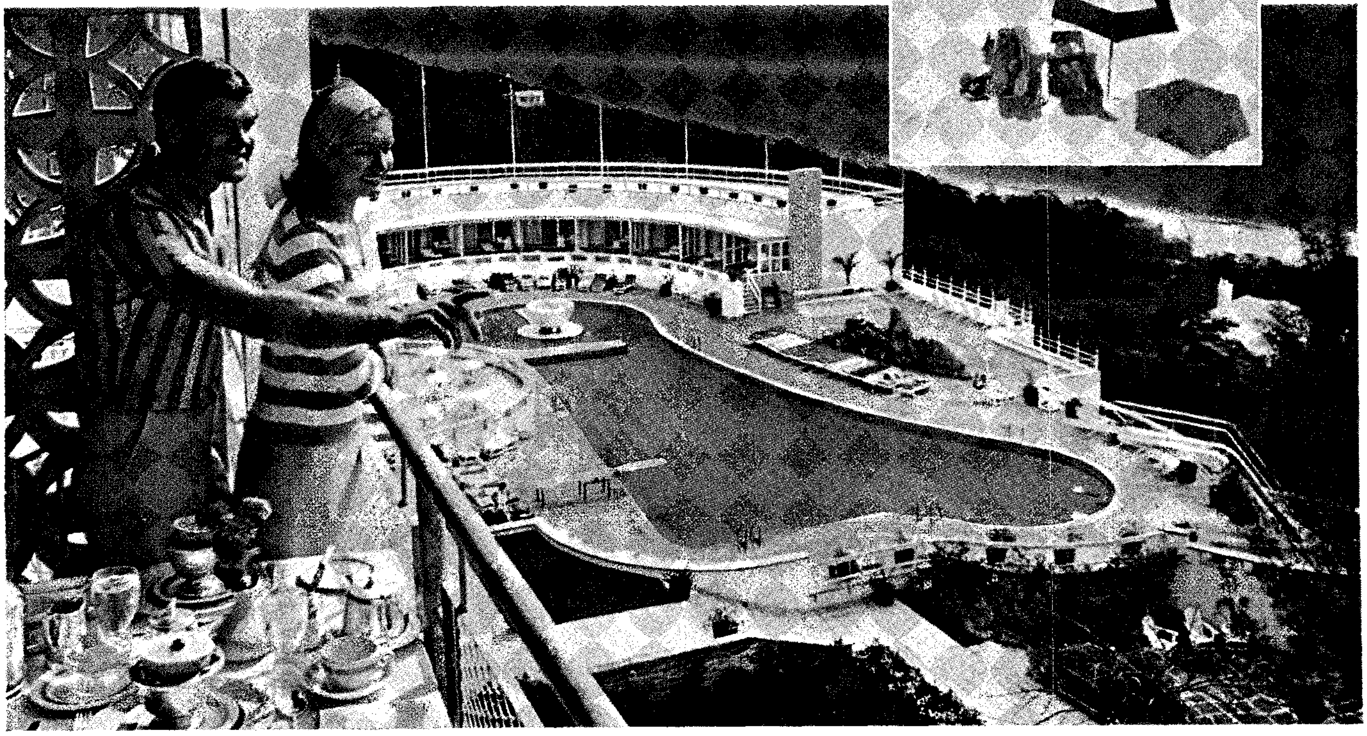

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Desperate Moments

THE screenplay of "The Slender Thread" is based on an article that appeared a year or so ago in *Life*, describing something known as the Crisis Clinic, out in Seattle. A person who finds himself emotionally at the end of his tether and has nowhere else to turn can telephone the clinic at any hour of the day or night and find, in the volunteer workers on duty there, a sympathetic audience for his troubles. In the short time since it was founded, the clinic is said to have helped prevent a large number of suicides, and it is the concern of "The Slender Thread" to depict, in pseudo-documentary style, and therefore in often quite harrowing detail, the case of one such would-be suicide. A young wife (Anne Bancroft), having taken an overdose of barbiturates, telephones the clinic, ostensibly to deliver a final message about some car keys in her possession. The doctor who runs the clinic has gone off to have dinner with his son, leaving in charge a graduate student (Sidney Poitier) from the University of Washington. The student realizes that the woman's life hangs by the slender thread of the telephone wire connecting her and him; if she should drop the phone before he succeeds in learning at least the number from which she is calling, if not her name and address, she will surely die. But a childish cunning is the only weapon she has left with which to rebuke an unfriendly world; she will reveal nothing, and the student lacks the professional skill to cajole her into giving herself away. As the desperate moments pass and her voice slips slowly, blurrily into a thickening of slurred syllables, the student perceives that a thread infinitely more slender than a telephone wire is needed to keep her alive—the thread of a relationship with him that, though accidental, temporary, and anonymous, will seem sufficiently genuine to arouse and sustain her interest while, with the help of a second phone and unbeknownst to her, he sets in motion the sequence of events that may lead to her discovery.

The screenplay of "The Slender Thread," written by Stirling Silliphant, tells us, by means of adroitly manipulated flashbacks, what it is that has brought this attractive young woman to the pitch of despair, but the account is neither very interesting nor very plausible; it is the demonstration, thanks to admirable photography and still more admirable cutting, of how the conventional apparatus of a big city—its police, its hospitals, its public utilities—can be mobilized and all their diverse technical resources brought to bear upon the saving of a single life that makes the picture fascinating. The director, Sydney Pollack, has been especially deft in letting us sense the irony of the contrast between the success of this demonstration of close civic communication and the failure of communication among individuals that has rendered it necessary. Miss Bancroft and Mr. Poitier are excellent within their limited opportunities, and Loyal Griggs, the director of photography, is to be praised for the use he has made of Seattle as an exhilarating backdrop to a mournful story.

"BOEING, BOEING" is a repellent comedy about a young newspaperman in Paris who has worked out a system of—to be more polite than the movie—amorous relationships with an assortment of airline stewardesses of different nationalities and different flying schedules. The system is wrecked when a new and very speedy superjet is put into service and our hero is threatened with having to enjoy his girls' favors concurrently instead of consecutively. It is painful to watch Tony Curtis as the tirelessly lustful newspaperman, in frantic pursuit of girls who are fitter by age to be his daughters than his prey. Jerry Lewis plays a colleague with an understandable air of disinterest, and Thelma Ritter is supposed to be a droll housekeeper, but she has been given nothing droll to say, and making droll faces is not enough. I left before the half and felt the better man for it.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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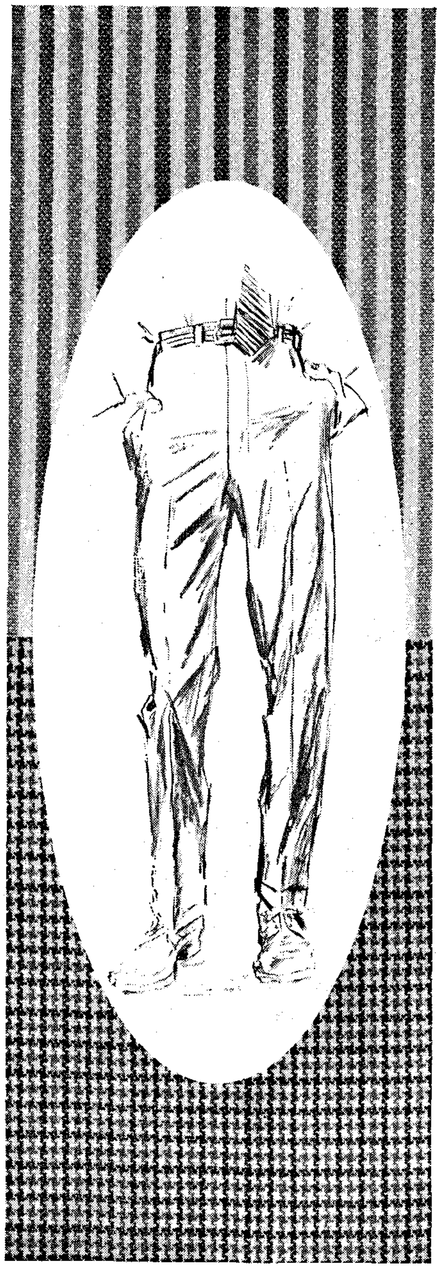

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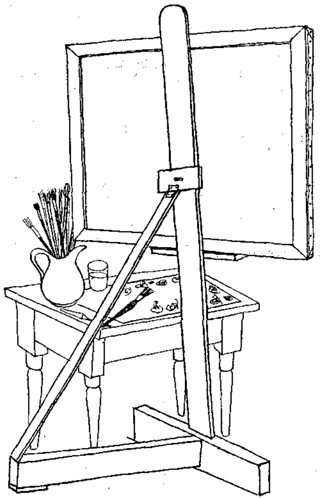
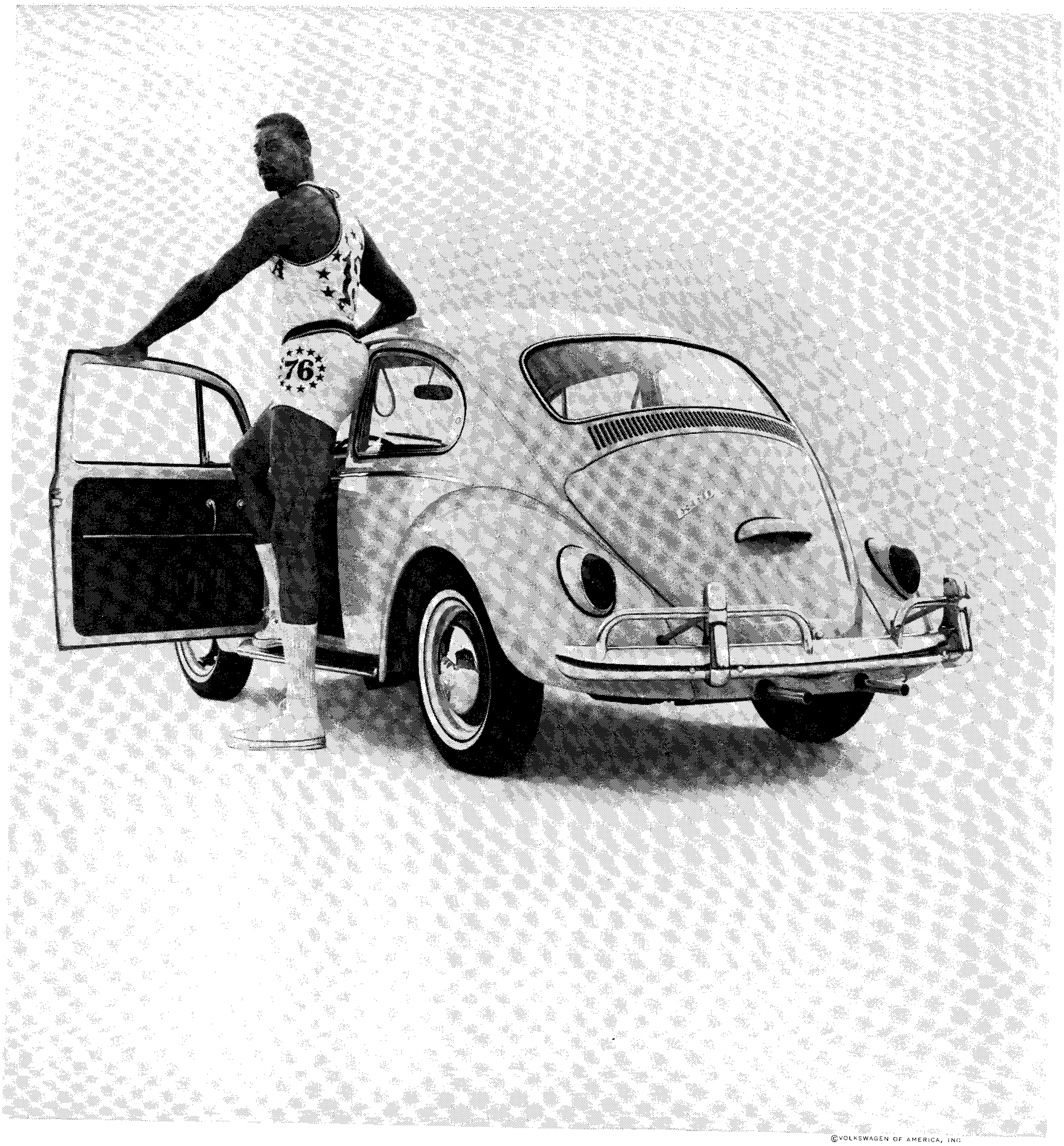
THE ART GALLERIES

René Magritte



A WHILE ago, when I visited an exhibition of contemporary paintings and sculpture called "The English Eye," at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery, a question came up in my mind that has been bothering me intermittently ever since, and that arises even more firmly in connection with the retrospective of works by René Magritte now on at the Museum of Modern Art. I tackle the question reluctantly, since no one likes to go against the current of his times, and what is on my mind runs more or less contrary to our present belief in a mysterious something called "international" art. There are sound reasons for that belief. The days are gone when a group of German artists calling themselves Expressionists and the French group called the Fauves could simultaneously develop along similar but entirely separate lines, and do this unwittingly for several years—or, reaching farther back, when it took a century or more for the influence of the Italian Renaissance to spread as far as the Netherlands. The chief reason for the change, naturally, is the increased speed and ease of communications, to which must be added the effect of the big international showings, at Venice, São Paulo, and so on, by means of which even the most experimental work in any country gets—at least theoretically—a chance at worldwide if perhaps only glancing attention. Even so, after the "English Eye" show I began to have small but worrisome doubts: Are we really as "international" as all that? It is true that the two basic modern formal styles—of classic, or geometric, abstraction and of its opposite, organic abstraction, stemming from Expressionism and taking shape in this country as Abstract Expressionism—are distributed in varying degrees and in varying forms pretty much all over the Western world. Yet there are differences in the way they manifest themselves, and it is here that the concept of internationalism breaks down, I believe, as it comes up against the rock-like solidity of long-established national traditions. In a sense that is less easily definable, it is the national "mood" that is at stake. This, indeed, is a quality that is almost *in*definable, but it was evidenced in the "Englishness" that ran through the Marlborough-Gerson collection and that, to give only one example, marked the difference between the geometry of a Ben Nicholson and that of a Mondrian. I am not advancing this thesis of mine with any idea that it will make a profound contribution to the theories of art evaluation—say, on a geographical basis; I'm just playing around, in a way. But it seems hardly accident to me that when we finally produced a style of our own it was Abstract-Expressionism—a style stemming from European influences but overlaid with the sort of freewheeling, jazzed-up mannerisms that are peculiarly ours. It seems no accident, either, that it should have been the orderly, methodical Dutch who produced De Stijl and the purism of van Doesburg, Mondrian, and their companions, and—to get back to our primary subject—hardly accident that the Belgians, with their moody, mysterious, rather haunted background (a background that includes the dark fables of the Walloons and the ghost-populated art of James Ensor), should have produced a man like Magritte. This despite the fact that in most respects Magritte is a special phenomenon. For one thing, he is very much a worldling, a sophisticate, as the exhibition abundantly makes clear. He has looked at de Chirico—a fact that such paintings as "The Empty Mask" and "The Palace of Curtains," with their careful cataloguing of disparate objects, indicate. (Magritte has said that his first view of one of de Chirico's pictures, in his youth, changed his whole idea of what painting "might be.") He has read Kafka, as may be seen in "The Listening Chamber," where the overgrowing, outsize rose, overstuffing a normal-sized room, recalls Kafka's grim story of the man who turned into a cockroach and grew and grew and grew. He has followed, and learned from, the Dadaists and the Surrealists, as any number of the paintings



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reveal. (He was, it happens, an early member of the Surrealists, under Breton, during a Paris sojourn in the mid-nineteen-twenties.) Yet the world he shows us is still subtly different—a landscape, so to speak, that is still Belgian in coloration, and his own.

The exhibition is a good-sized one, with eighty-odd paintings on view, and the range is from 1925, when Magritte was twenty-seven, to a set of canvases done in the last year or two. The borrowings—for it is largely a loan show—range from Stockholm to Texas. Perhaps because of this ample coverage, the show emphasizes a number of facets of Magritte's enormously varied and gifted production that might have been skimped in a smaller, less well-selected, and less well-organized collection. The first of these is his celebrated fascination with what might be called "metamorphosis"—the transformation of something or someone into something else: a tree into a woman, or, more deviously (in the curiously touching "The Collective Invention"), a woman into a fish, and the fish thrown up gasping on the shore. Many variants of this device are displayed, in a way that is possible only in an exhibition of this size, as is the artist's tendency to take up a given symbol, play with it for a while, and then abandon it for another—which is the case with the racing jockey who gallops improbably through a few paintings of the beginning nineteen-sixties and then vanishes, and with the huge boulders hanging magisterially in the sky, a device that came and went a few years earlier. Magritte is fascinated, too, and more persistently, by bowler hats and curved-stemmed pipes, sometimes with men attached and sometimes not, and by paintings of the illusionist variety, in which a landscape in process of being painted is transparent as glass, and so becomes a part of the scene being portrayed—a window opening on it, so to speak—and identifiable as such only because of its rectangular border and the easel it is placed on. The show contains a sizable array of pieces in this genre, but not to the point of becoming tiresome, for it is a field in which he has done some of his most delicately conceived and evocative pictures. I noted especially "The Human Condition," of 1935, in which the easel, with its glassy panel, stands at the mouth of a cave, and "The Memoirs of a Saint," of some years later. The boulder period interlocked more or less with a phase in which Magritte painted everything—figures, furniture, background—in a uniformly gray, cobbled texture, as if it all had been chipped out

They say if you sit at the Café de la Paix in Paris long enough you'll see everyone you ever knew.

Swell.

This is the Café Pernille in Oslo. You'll probably never see anyone you know at the Café Pernille. But you'll meet a lot of people you didn't know.

The same kind of people who knew Cannes when it was a quiet fishing village. A couple of Italian students on vacation, a French writer (unpublished), a few artists talking or pounding the table about Gustav Vigeland's sculptures in Oslo's Frogner Park. And maybe a touch of royalty here and there. Almost everyone is friendly and interesting. (Except a very few who are unfriendly and uninteresting.)

But there's really no way to describe the people you'll meet at the Café Pernille, since they have only two things in common. All are drawn by Oslo's quiet beauty. And none of them are sitting there waiting to be slapped on the back by the guy next door.

By the way, the picture above was taken in May. Many people who have never been there, will tell you May is overcoat weather in Scandinavia. You'll notice no one is wearing one. This is just to remind you that Scandinavia is especially pleasant in the Spring when it's so pleasantly uncrowded.

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Paul Masson
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of stone. My guess is that this came about because, having felt an urge, as almost all painters do eventually, to try his hand at sculpture, he cannily decided to *paint* it instead. Though this is his least distinguished period, it did produce one of his wittiest pieces—"Intimate Journal," in which one topcoated stone gentleman is seen delicately removing a speck of sand from another stone gentleman's eye. The best of the bowler-hat series, I think, is "Golconda," in which a positive rain of neat, tiny figures, all hatted, is descending on the rooftops of a city.

Magritte has his faults. As I must already have made apparent, he tends too much toward the enigmatic, especially in his titles, which are so stream-of-consciousness (one guesses) as to be unintelligible. Though his execution is consistently impeccable (he can literally paint anything, in any way he wants to), his taste, which normally functions on the highest of levels, does fail at times—as it does in the two versions of "The Red Model," which portray, a bit unpleasantly, a pair of red boots turning, toes first, into feet. And some of his nudes, notably the five-panelled "The Eternal Evidence," have a slightly leering quality. But in view of Magritte's wide range and exuberance of imagination, these are forgivable lapses indeed. —ROBERT M. COATES

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Mrs. Edgar C. Rowe of Lafayette, Ind., who formerly lived in Tryon and was active in social and civic affairs, has two grandchildren off at school. Miss Nancy Rowe of Chicago is a freshman at Wellesley College in Wellesley, Mass., where Miss Jo Willa Gramling of Gramling is a Bulletin subscriber. A grandson, James Lincoln Rowe Jr. is a student at Phillips Exeter Academy at Exeter, N. H. where Robert Flack of Tryon and New York is a Bulletin subscriber. The Rowe grandchildren never lived in Tryon but their paternal grandparents were vital forces in the community. The fountain at the Tryon Country Club is a memorial to Grandpa Edgar C. Rowe. James L. Rowe's father was one of the early physicists and worked on nuclear explosives before Hiroshima. There was once an explosion in Chicago minutes after Mr. Rowe had left the building.—*Tryon (N. C.) Bulletin.*

Hmm.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Adventure of the Second Stain," by A. Conan Doyle*]

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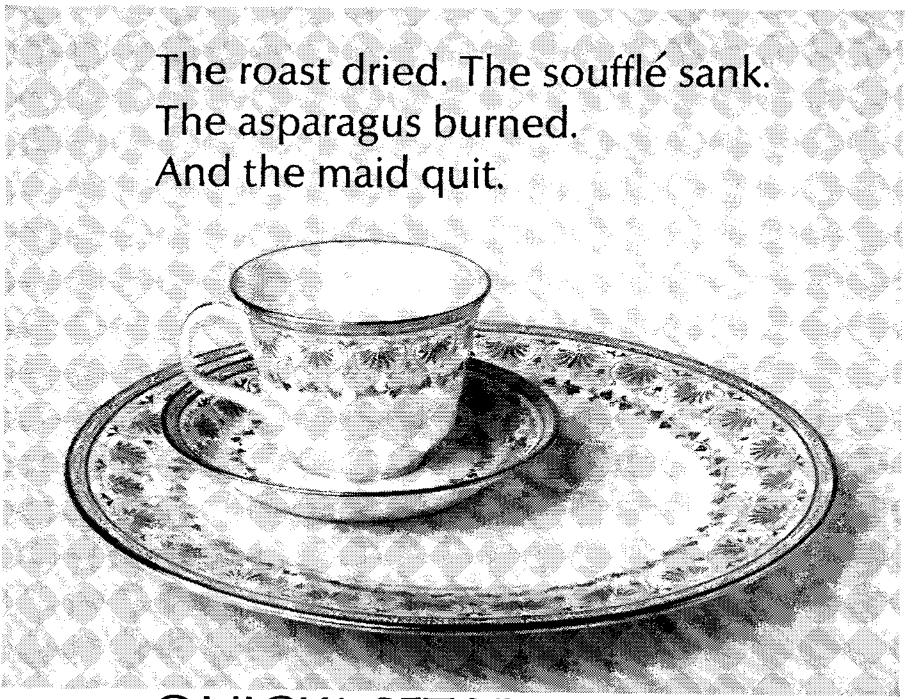

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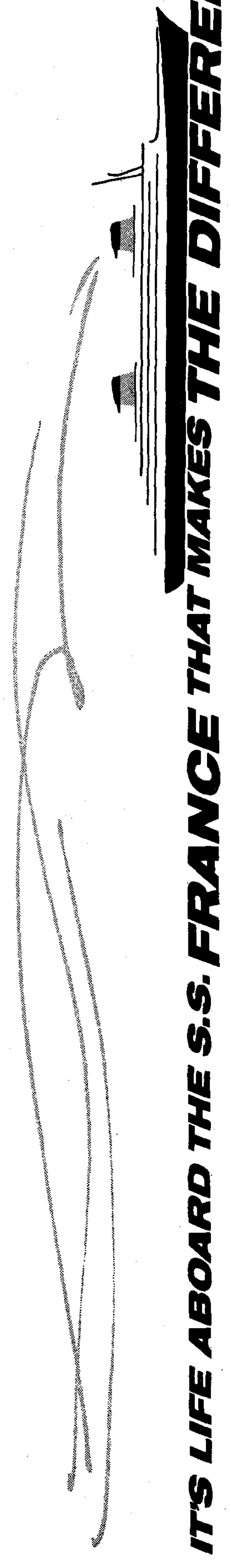

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LEAN and confident, the astronauts lounged in the classroom, which was fitted with rows of comfortable chairs, like the briefing room on an aircraft carrier. Around the walls were models of spaceships: the one-man capsules that now looked as out of date as Model T Fords; the later Gemini, or two-man, models; and all the various hardware up to and including the present project, the moon-launch space platform. In the back of the room, an astronaut sneezed, and the men near him edged away.

"It's not a cold," he said defensively. "This damned sterile air gives me hay fever."

The others said nothing and kept their distance.

Footsteps sounded in the corridor outside, and then the door opened and a thin, rangy figure strode into the room. The men sprang to attention, and the newcomer, Colonel Brennish, waved them back. "At ease, gentlemen," he said. "Let's keep this as informal as we can."

There was the rustle and snap of notebooks being opened, and Colonel Brennish continued. "Yesterday, you will remember, we reviewed the humorous remarks made by the early astronauts—the off-the-cuff, or ad-lib, humor that was so effective in the pioneer days of the program. We mentioned Borman's 'Call a policeman' as being the perfect riposte to Schirra's complaint about traffic in space. Effective as this kind of repartee was, we must face the fact that it will not serve in the present circumstances, because every move you make will be broadcast on live television, where ad-lib humor will simply not suffice. Not only must the humor be audible, it must be visible as well, and this will call for a certain amount of rehearsal before blastoff."

Major Hennicks, the astronaut with hay fever, raised his hand, and Colonel Brennish nodded to him. "Suppose we think of something when we're up there," Hennicks said, in a clogged voice. "Will it be all right to drop it in if there's a chance?"

"That will depend," the Colonel replied crisply. "It would be preferable to write out all your material and clear it with me in advance, but if something particularly—uh—hilarious occurs to you, I suppose there'd be no harm in saying it. Provided, of course, you didn't kill somebody else's punch line."

"I've thought of a couple of pretty funny things already," Hennicks said. "But they're a little gamy. Is that all right?"

"It is not," said the Colonel. "You must remember that women and children will be watching you, not to mention the various sponsors of the television shows. The humor must be clean, folksy, and easy to understand. Try to keep a copy of *Reader's Digest* nearby for ready reference. Now"—he pawed through his briefcase and produced a sheaf of papers—"I have a script here, for the first two men to go up with the nucleus of the platform. They are"—he consulted a list—"Major Hicks and Commander Stahlbacker. Would you gentlemen step up here, please?"

Hicks and Stahlbacker uncoiled themselves from their chairs and walked slowly to the front of the room, and the Colonel gave each man a copy of the script. They flipped through the pages without changing expression, and finally Stahlbacker said, "When do we get to do this? We're going to be busy with other things, you know."

"You do this while you're working," the Colonel replied. "You'll notice that the lines are appropriate for men who are engaged in some form of technical work. Let's take it from the top and see how they sound."

Stahlbacker shrugged, and looked at Hicks. "O.K., Meathead," he said. "You have the first line."

"Wait a minute," the Colonel interrupted. "You can't call him that on the air."

"Why not?" said Stahlbacker mildly. "It's his nickname."

"It doesn't sound right. You've got to think of something else." To Hicks the Colonel said, "What's your first name?"

Hicks cleared his throat. "Launcelot," he said.

"Fine," replied the Colonel. "We'll call you Lance."

"Oh, my God!" Hicks said, closing his eyes. "It took me twenty-three years to get rid of that name."

"And watch your language," said the Colonel. "We can't have you saying that on the air."

"Come, Lance," Stahlbacker said,

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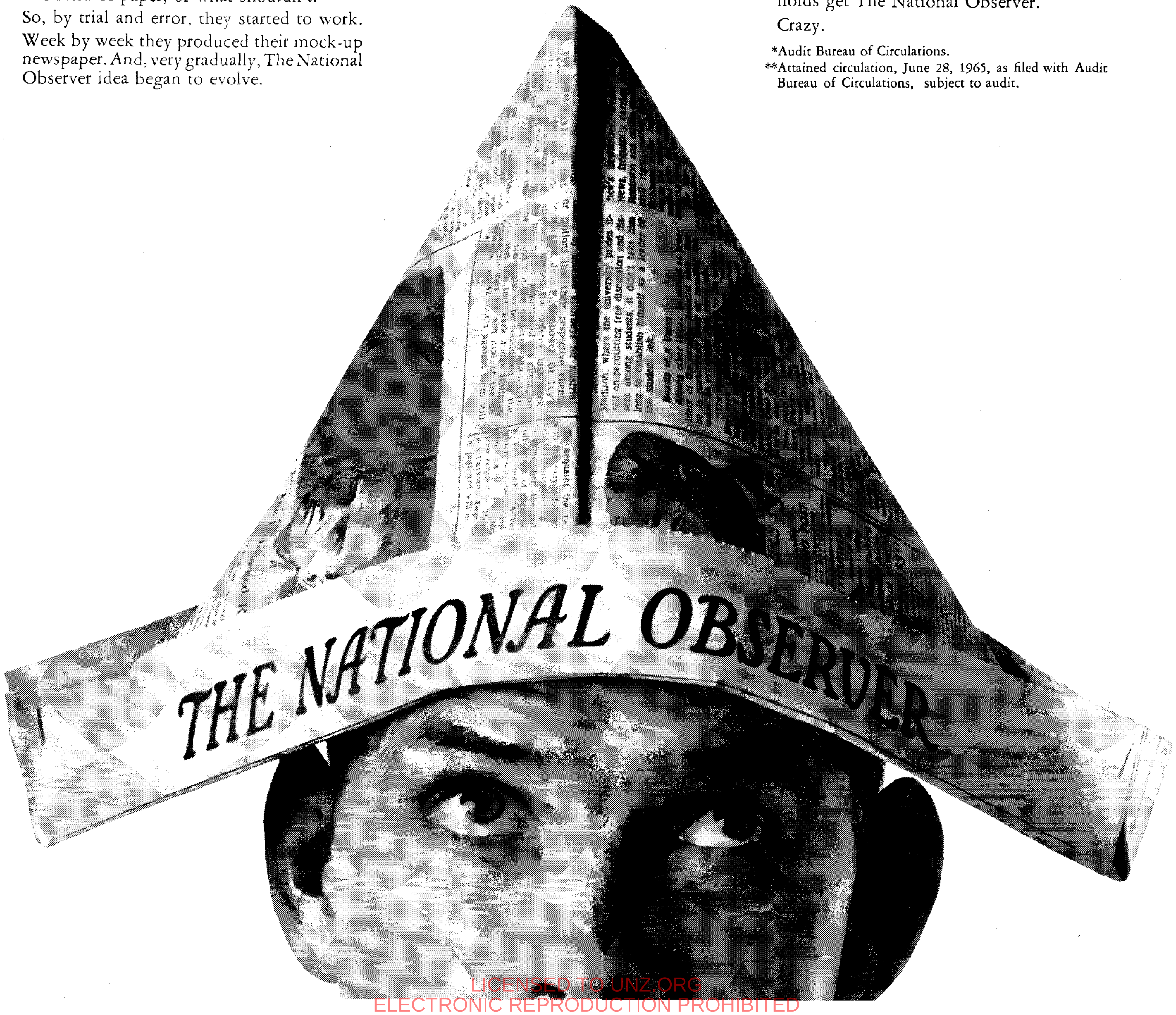

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with a slight lisp. "You have the first line."

Hicks gave him a look of naked hatred, then glanced at his script. " 'A funny thing happened on the way to the pad,' " he read, and then lowered the script and looked at the Colonel. "Oh, come *on*," he said. "You've got to be kidding."

"Read the script," the Colonel commanded. "The audiences love it."

Hicks sighed, and repeated the line.

"What happened, Lance?" said Stahlbacker, grinning.

"Listen, you," said Hicks. "You keep that up and you'll get to fly the goddam thing alone."

"Hicks!" snapped the Colonel. "I'm warning you!"

"And I'm warning him," Hicks replied.

"Sorry," said Stahlbacker. " 'What happened on your way to the pad?' "

" 'One of the technicians came up to me,' " Hicks read. " 'He said he was having trouble with his wife, and that only an astronaut could help him. "Why is an astronaut the only person who can help you with your wife?" I asked, and he replied, "Because only you can astronaut to carry on this way." ' " Hicks put his script down and stared at the Colonel.

"It's good," said the Colonel, chuckling. "It'll kill 'em in Moline."

"It's killed me right here," Hicks replied. "I can feel the rigor mortis."

"You've got to remember this is for a wide audience," the Colonel said. "We can't be too subtle, or they'll lose it." To Stahlbacker he said, "All right, you have the next line. Pretend you're in orbit, you've got the nucleus of the platform set up, and you're waiting for the second stage to arrive."

" 'It certainly is lonely up here,' " Stahlbacker read. " 'I can hardly wait for our brother astronauts to arrive.' " Turning to the Colonel, he said, "May I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly," replied the Colonel, smiling.

"That line doesn't feel right. It's not the way I'd say it."

"Oh?" said the Colonel, coldly. "And how would you say it?"

Stahlbacker hesitated. "Well, what I'd probably say is 'I wonder what the hell is keeping Powell and McMurtry.' "

"Which is exactly why you need a prepared script," the Colonel snapped. "This has been written by professional comedy writers, cleared through NASA, C.B.S., N.B.C., and A.B.C., and has been given a sample run

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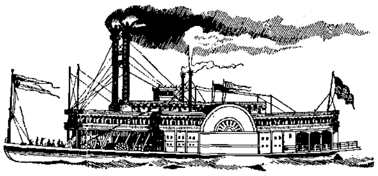

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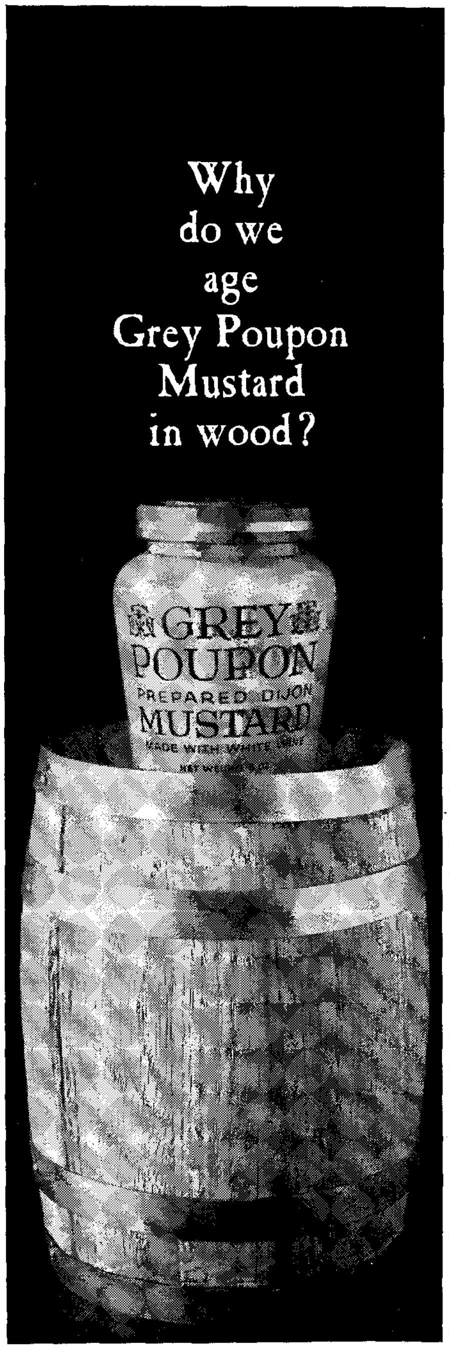

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Stahlbacker shrugged. "It was only a suggestion," he said.

"Just read it as it's written," the Colonel said, and Stahlbacker repeated the line.

" 'Try not to be impatient,' " said Hicks, reading from his script. " 'After all, Rome wasn't built in a day.' "

There was an uneasy silence, and then Stahlbacker said to the Colonel, "If that's the punch line, I don't get it."

"I've got a better one," said Hennicks, from the back of the room. "Stahlbacker says, 'I wonder what's keeping Powell and McMurtry,' and then Meathead says, 'It's not what's keeping them, it's those babes in Houston that they're keeping.' "

The other astronauts roared with laughter, Hennicks grinned, and Stahlbacker and Hicks looked unhappy.

"Astronauts are married men," the Colonel replied, with anger. "Clean-living, upstanding, American married men. You will bear that in mind in any future remarks."

Stahlbacker had been riffling through his script, and now he said, "I don't mean to complain, but it looks as though I play straight man for Meathead all through here. All I seem to do is set up the punch lines for him."

"Well, if you want that Rome punch line, it's all yours," Hicks replied. "I'd be more than happy to give it to you."

"It's not that, it's just the idea of the thing," Stahlbacker said. "I don't like the idea of being straight man. And anyway, I outrank you."

"That's between the two of you," said the Colonel. "If you want to trade jokes, that's perfectly all right, but for the moment let's rehearse them as they're written."

Stahlbacker turned a page and read, " 'I have something to confess to you, Hicks old boy. I've always been afraid of heights.' "

" 'Here's a rope ladder,' " Hicks read, handing him an imaginary object. " 'And when you're down there, please order me a double malted—an Astronaut Special.' "

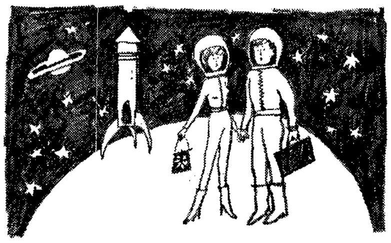
" 'And what is an Astronaut Special double malted?' " Stahlbacker asked, closing his eyes.

Hicks also closed his eyes, and dropped the script. "I can't," he said. "I can't read it."

"I know!" cried Hennicks, raising his hand. "Two sips and you flip into orbit!"

The Colonel started to say some-

Nothing like a strange town to make you feel like a stranger.



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thing, but before he could speak another astronaut shouted, "It makes you weightless!"

"It puts the fuel in your booster!" chimed in a third.

"Gentlemen—" the Colonel began, holding up his hand.

"It packs the punch of a retro-rocket!" someone called.

The noise level rose and the men began to stamp their feet, and after a moment the Colonel gathered up his papers and fled, followed by shouts of "It's A.O.K. all the way!," "Slips you through that window in the sky!," "Treats you gently in reëntry!," and, the last from Meathead Hicks, "It makes all your systems go—*go*—GO!"

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

TIDE RUNNING OUT

Unhurrying waves move forward.
Far out, the sea shrugs and ridges
of wrinkles start edging shoreward.
Roughness rides the sea's smooth stillness
in unvarying swells that spill on
the sands. The eye travels the track
of the gray sea, pleated and seamed,
an immense cloth lifted and snapped,
rolling heavily of itself
to slap flat in fringes of foam.
The water has the wind knocked out
of it. The shore is pressed and paved
by steamrollering sea. The sky
is a polished stone, except for
a frown of cloud. The scene is planes
of gray, in which unstoppable
water lives, repeating its phrase.
But what is this? Subtly, as if
with primeval caution, the beach
encroaches the sea. The sand moves
with each slow systole of wave;
a passive weight of land inches
on. The sea seems not to notice;
evenly, evenly, the waves
lift themselves in voluptuous
undulations. But the stained beach
tells the story, printed with rings
and ripples of the retreating
wet. Dimly, a scramble of shells
appears; the shore sinks as it grows
bone-white in the depleting surf.
A hundred yards out, two black rocks
are raising shattered monuments.

—GENE BARO

•

CANASTOTA—State Health Department officials are against the proposal by officials of the local milk processing plant that they be allowed to be dumped into the sewage system to be treated when the new sewage treatment plant is completed.—*Syracuse (N.Y.) Herald-Journal.*

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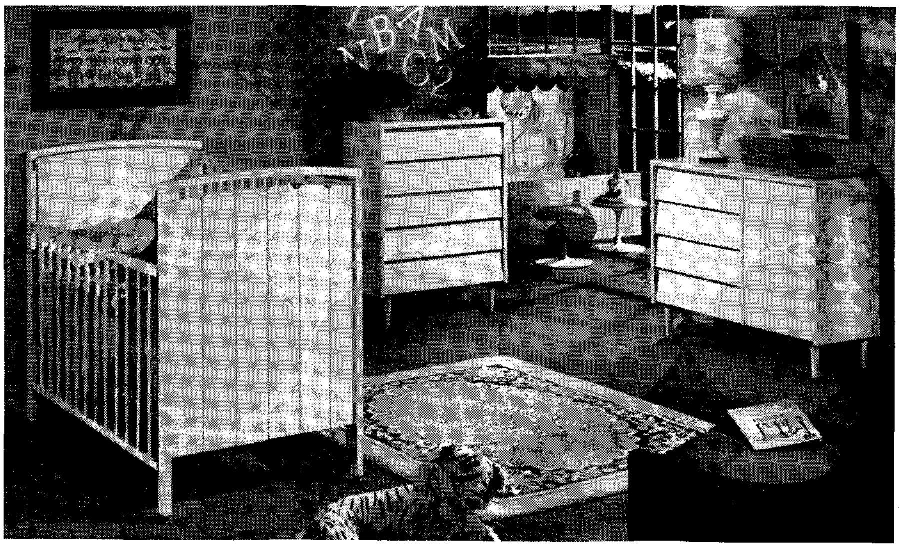

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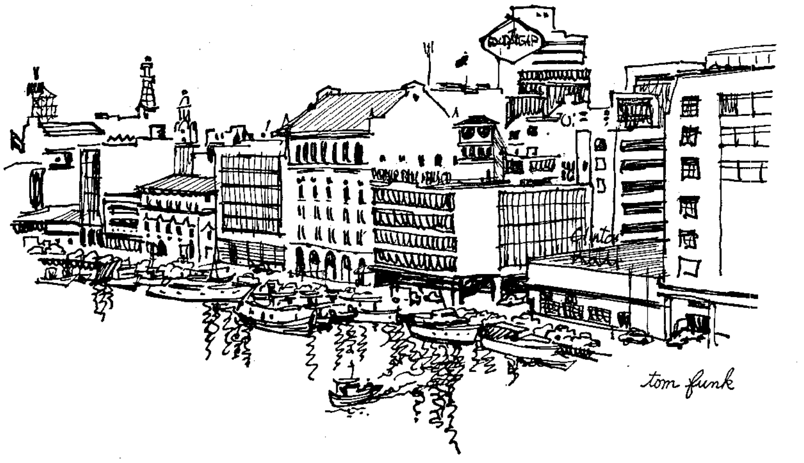
LETTER FROM MANILA

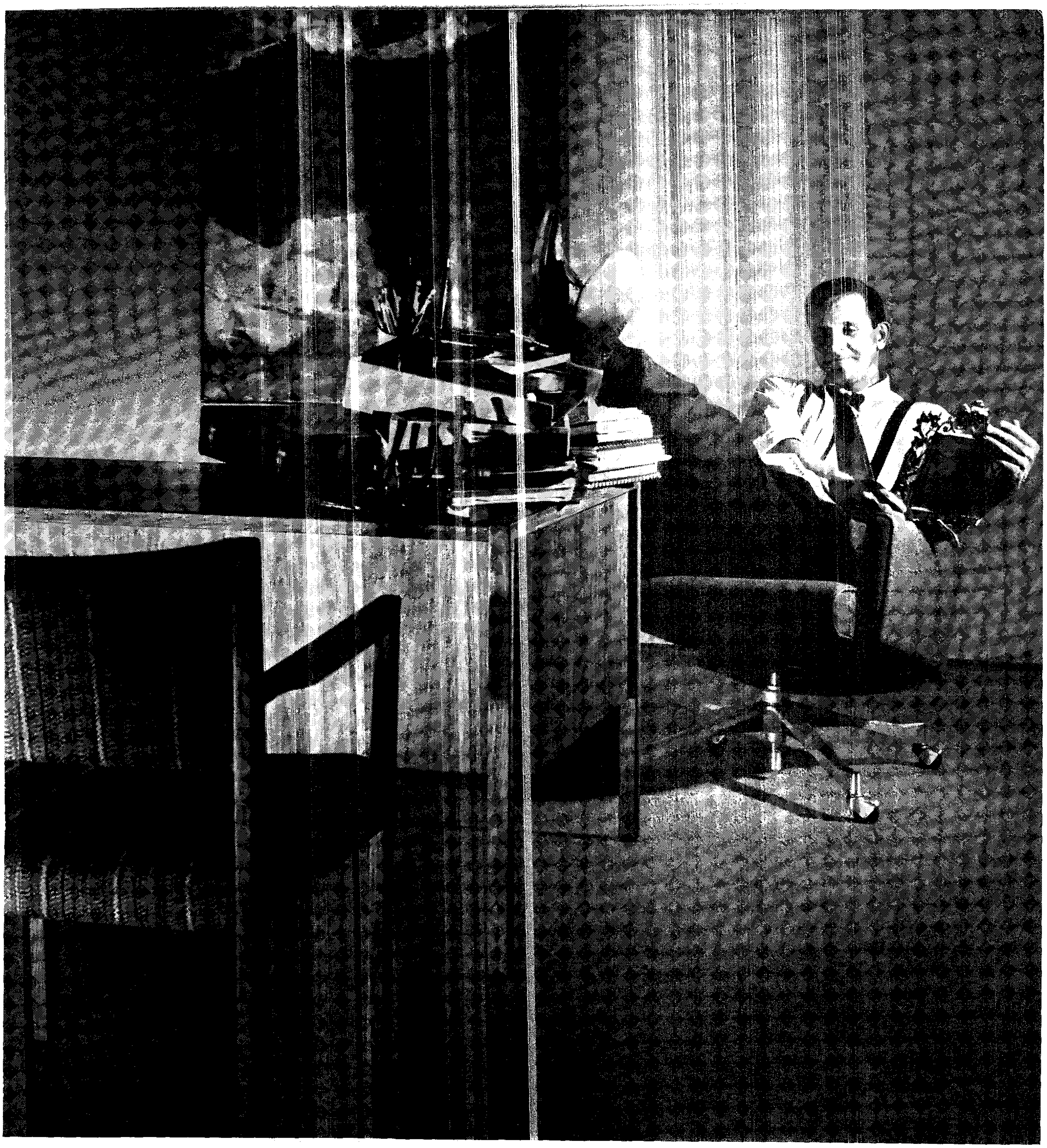


JANUARY 5

MY first reaction upon returning to the Philippines some weeks ago after an absence of a couple of years was that everything was unchanged: the exaggerated, often shoddy imitations of American modes, especially in advertising, journalism, and the pursuit of pleasure; the economic dislocation, producing poverty among the many in contrast to wealth and profligacy among a few; the seemingly endemic crime and violence, which give rise to private shame but no public remorse; and, finally, the perpetual frantic game of politics, which was just coming to its quadrennial climax in the Presidential election in which Ferdinand E. Marcos replaced President Diosdado Macapagal. During several weeks' stay in Manila and a brief trip through the countryside, however, I have begun to detect a number of signs that this island republic, now in the twentieth year of its independence, may be nearing a change of mood and pace that can affect the whole of Southeast Asia. There is, first of all, a new nationalism, or perhaps simply a fresh sense of Filipino identity, which is most sharply represented in the generation between twenty and thirty—men and women who have no deep attachment to an American heritage, as their parents and grandparents had and still have, and whose basic outlook, despite the fact that they speak and read English and are still influenced in many ways by American methods and customs, is native and increasingly Asian. The strongest manifestation of this growing nationalism has been a politically motivated clamor against the presence here of American military bases—particularly against their use in the prosecution of the war in Vietnam—and against special trade privileges that Americans here have enjoyed since the Second World War. A more encouraging manifestation is the emergence of a new political maturity among the voters, chiefly the young ones; this was reflected in the election last fall of a dozen or so new senators and congressmen on the basis of merit and talent, rather than simply on the traditional ground of regional or local loyalties or as a reward for favors delivered or promised. On the whole, however, the Filipinos remain politically mercurial. Their tendency to embrace change, almost any change, was expressed to me most pungently, perhaps, by a Manila cab-driver who, when I asked him how he was going to vote, said, "Sir, if you had your choice of buying your wife a new dress or an old dress, which would you do?"

More than four million of a total of seven and a half million voters chose the new dress, in the person of Marcos, the candidate of the Nacionalista Party, and five days ago he moved into Malacañang Palace. This is the sixth time since independence was granted, in 1946, that a Presidential election has been held, and while two Vice-Presidents who had succeeded two Presidents who died in office were subsequently elected to full four-year terms of their own, not one President has been elected to a second full term. This passion for change reflects the country's still amorphous political tradition. The issues may be heatedly debated, but they are over the heads of most voters and are not as important as a particular candidate's forensic talents and his crowd appeal—and frequently the crowd appeal of his wife, too. In the recent election, Marcos's wife, a beautiful woman named Imelda, who campaigned fiercely and tenderly for him, and sometimes even sang duets with him in one regional dialect or another, was among the most important factors in his victory. Her help was especially valuable in countering some so-called black propaganda that Macapagal's Liberal Party disseminated against Marcos in what everyone admits was both the dirtiest and the costliest Philippine election ever held. Each of the two principal candidates (there was a third party of some influence, too, plus several inconsequential parties) is estimated to have spent between fifty and seventy-five million pesos, or between thirteen and nineteen million dollars, during the campaign, much of it for an incessant barrage of shrill full-page advertisements in newspapers and magazines. These ads combined with a year of speeches full of repetitious invective and a number of flying squads of women—who lent a warm but sometimes ultra-feminist quality to the whole noisy voting fiesta—to make the election seem, in the words of one American observer, "a mixture of Tammany Hall, Madison Avenue, Gilbert and Sullivan, and jungle warfare." Fortunately, despite the intensity of the emotions involved, the jungle-warfare aspects did not result in as much violence as had been anticipated, and what the papers referred to as "only about fifty" violent deaths occurred during the election period, in contrast to more than a hundred and fifty four years ago.

As has usually happened, most of the election-time deaths occurred in the Ilocano region of northern Luzon, where Marcos comes from, and where the people are known for passionate loyalties, a high degree of literacy, a capacity for hard work, and a special addiction to violence. Among the Ilocanos, the tense atmosphere surrounding an election is often made the excuse for the open prosecution of family vendettas. One of the main black-propaganda items used against Marcos involved just such a feud of thirty years ago, when he was accused of the murder of a man who had defeated his father in a race for a seat in the old Commonwealth National Assembly. In the four years after his arrest, in 1935, young Marcos spent a considerable time in jail while the case was in the courts, but he also managed to study law and pass his bar examinations with what are still the highest marks ever attained in the islands. Finally, he argued his own case before the nation's Supreme Court and convinced the judges that he had been the victim of a frameup. He was unanimously acquitted. The case was a national sensation, and the vindicated Marcos, now regarded as a hero, went on to become an even greater hero in the Second World War. During the Japanese conquest of the islands, he successfully brought off a daring delaying action in the retreat from Bataan, was captured, survived the infamous Death March and a stretch in Fort



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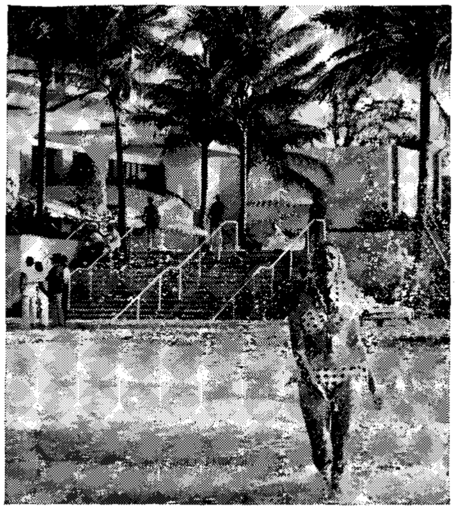

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Santiago Prison, and got out to become one of the war's boldest guerrilla leaders. After the war, he resumed the practice of law, and in 1949 he entered politics and was elected to Congress. Ten years later, he became a senator. He ultimately became head of the Liberal Party, and he was Macapagal's campaign manager in the 1961 Presidential election. At the time, by Marcos's account, Macapagal pledged that if he was elected, he would decline to run for a second term and would support Marcos. Toward the middle of Macapagal's administration, when it became apparent that he did intend to run for reëlection, Marcos was eased out of the Party leadership, and he soon joined the Opposition. Such party switching—or, as it is called here, "turncoating"—goes on all the time and is the main reason for the lack of a stable party system. In the eyes of most Filipinos, whether they voted for him or not, Marcos remains an unknown quantity, for, despite his acknowledged bravery and brilliance, there are facets of his character that could make him—so several people here have told me—"one of the best and one of the worst Philippine Presidents."

In the course of Marcos's violent political life, accusations by his enemies have included a charge that he grabbed land from poor peasants by slick legal maneuvers; that in the 1962 Senate investigation into the illegal Philippine activities of Harry S. Stonehill, an American businessman who was later deported for large-scale bribery and corruption, he used forged documents to protect himself; that in business deals he issued checks that bounced; that he padded his Senate payroll; and that he filed false personal-war-damage claims. Marcos has countered some of the charges with aplomb and has chosen to ignore others. The question of his guilt or innocence in the 1935 murder case is still debated, but in this matter, as in others, Mrs. Marcos's soft-spoken defense of her husband has carried more weight than any amount of formal rebuttal. "Do you think I could have married a man who was guilty of such things?" she asked demurely during the campaign, and it seems that, simply looking at her, most voters thought not. There are, though, three factors besides wifely loyalty that are thought to have swayed the election: the clannish solidarity of the numerous Ilocano people; the dictum of an authoritarian political-religious group called the Iglesia ni Kristo, which ordered its members—three hundred thousand of them, it is

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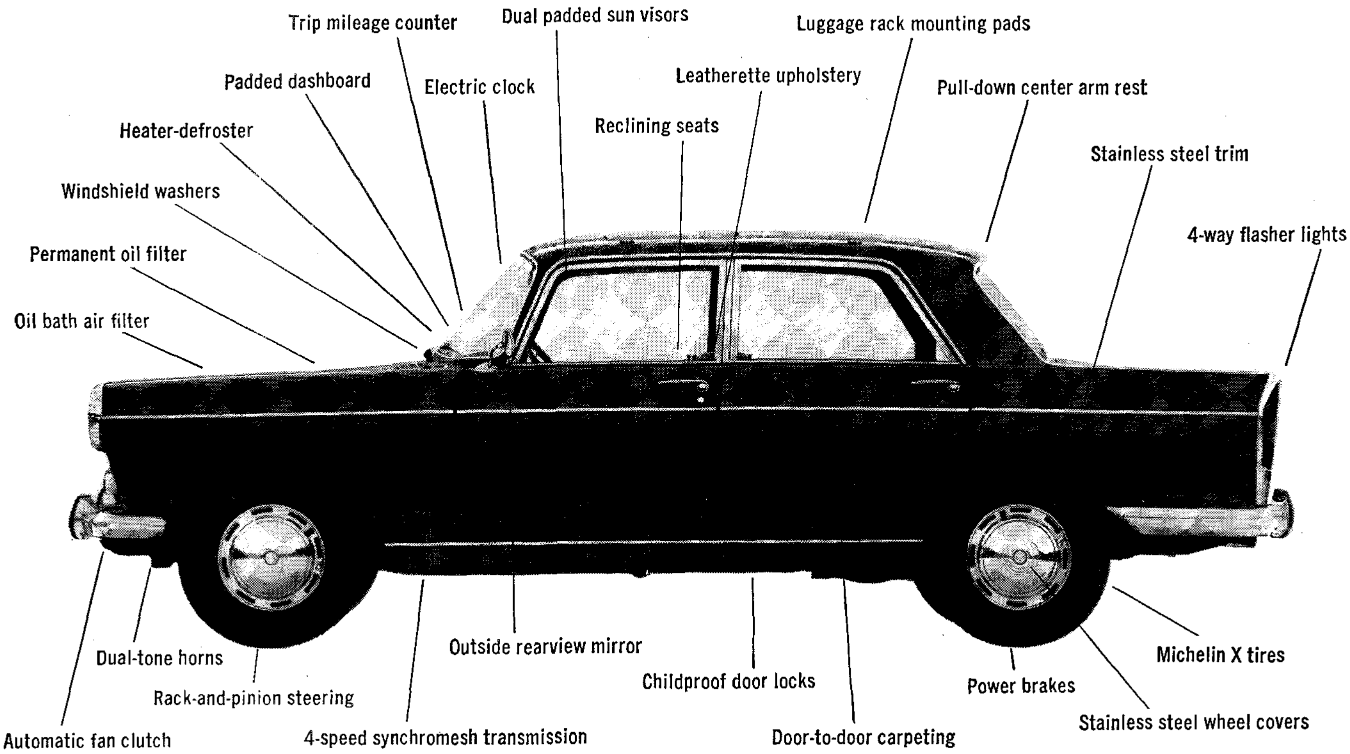
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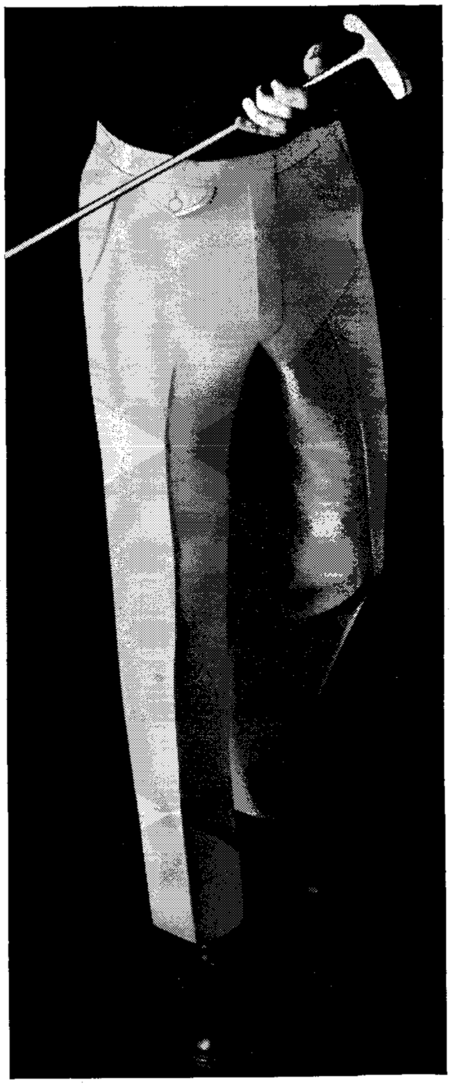

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estimated—to vote for Marcos or, in effect, face excommunication; and widespread disillusion over the failure of the Macapagal administration to significantly increase productivity, reduce unemployment, or otherwise raise living standards, and over its inability or unwillingness to crack down on a billion-peso-a-year smuggling racket that had become a national scandal.

During the campaign, I watched Marcos and Macapagal in action, and when the election was over, I paid a call on each of them. The contrast in their personalities was sharp and, it seemed to me, very revealing. Macapagal is a proud man, and though he pretended to be fatalistic about his defeat, he maintained a highly defensive attitude toward the record of his administration. Marcos, on the other hand, displayed the same quiet confidence he had shown throughout the campaign. In discussing the future of the Philippines in specific terms, however, each of them was uncertain, and their uncertainty, it seemed to me, was inevitable in view of the nature of the country's current predicament. It is, essentially, that of a newly independent Asian nation—in this case, a nation of various Malayan strains—trying to recover, in a very short time, from the impact of two successive brands of colonialism, Spanish and American, and seeking to blend its own traditions with new forms based on Western democratic tenets. As this process continues, it is becoming more and more apparent that the final result may be something considerably different from Western-style democracy.

In this light, Macapagal's failures and his few successes provide one set of guideposts, which are being cited as pointing to both democratic and undemocratic developments in the years ahead. As for Marcos, his still largely undefined philosophy of government and his reputation as a lone wolf who is as much a guerrilla in politics as he was in war are being taken as indications that under his leadership the Philippines could move toward an increasingly right-wing and nationalistic orientation—which, in its turn, could someday provoke a new Communist-led movement, like the Hukbalahap uprising put down here in the early nineteen-fifties. In a climate like today's, such a movement might be more closely aligned with other Communist movements in Asia than the Huks' rebellion was, and could thus pose a far graver Communist threat. On the other hand, it might evolve along independent Socialist lines, and in that event, provided Indonesia continues in its present anti-Communist direction, there might one day be a future for Macapagal's favorite international dream: a close rapprochement among Malaysia, the Philippines, and Indonesia—the so-called "Maphilindo concept."

MACAPAGAL, who has referred to Maphilindo as his outstanding foreign-policy accomplishment, even though it didn't get off the ground during his tenure, regarded his approach to domestic affairs as that of a liberal democratic reformer dedicated to carrying out the programs begun by the late President Ramón Magsaysay in the mid-fifties. However worthy Macapagal's aims were, though, his accomplishments were largely vitiated by his inadequacy as an administrator, his insistence on playing politics, and his tendency to work through henchmen rather than through orderly channels. Macapagal claims success in three principal areas: his devaluation of the peso as a stimulant to free enterprise; his attack on corruption, at least in some quarters (he did get rid of Stonehill and his aides); and land reform. It is true that the elimination of the unrealistic rate of two pesos to one American dollar helped stimulate private business, but otherwise, and especially in view of the fact that Macapagal is a trained economist, his inconsistency in the realm of economics was even more disappointing than his administrative inadequacy. A government decree increasing minimum wages forced a number of businessmen to sell out to American concerns—which, of course, did nothing to discourage the rising nationalist sentiment. It is commonly agreed that one of the most notable shortcomings of the Macapagal administration was its failure to come to grips with the nation's critical rice situation. According to virtually all agricultural specialists, the Philippines should be totally self-sufficient in the matter of rice production, despite the fast-rising population (it now stands at thirty-two million), but Macapagal, in his last two years as President, imported almost a million tons of rice for distribution, along with other foodstuffs, at controlled prices. Every Philippine President has done this toward the close of his regime, but Macapagal was the big-

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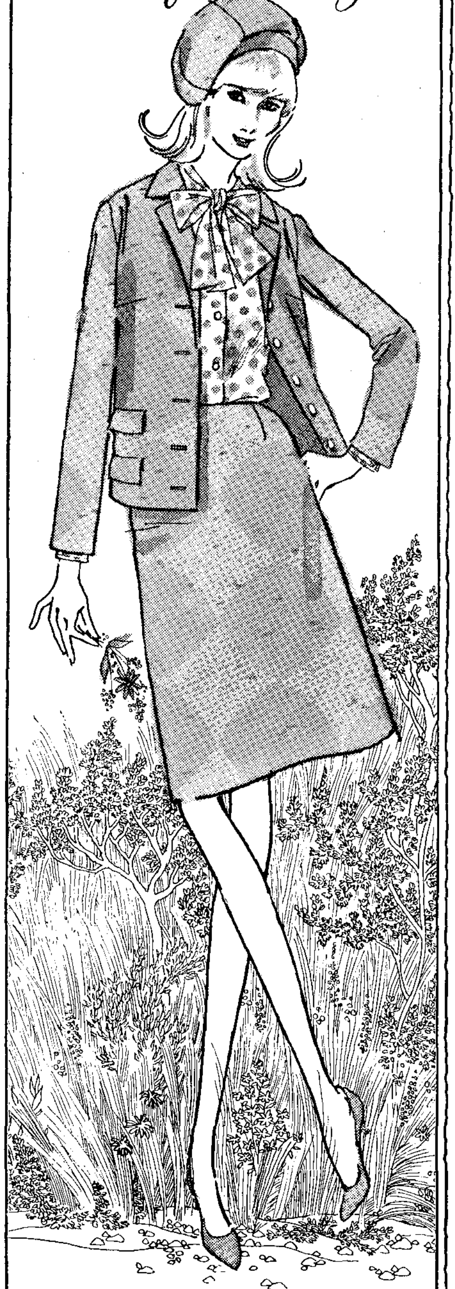

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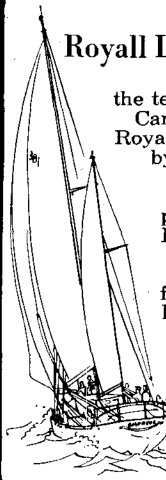
gest victim of the fallacy that votes can be bought with handouts.

In the matter of land reform, many people believe that Macapagal simply let himself be first impeded and then defeated. A special session of Congress in August, 1963, passed a measure that abolished a sharecropping system dating back to Spanish times and made it possible for peasants to acquire land, or to become leaseholders with permanency of tenure, on relatively modest terms. The government was supposed to start out by distributing idle and abandoned land to the peasantry, and then to distribute large estates, working from the largest down to those as small as seventy-five hectares (a hectare is two and a half acres), meanwhile giving the landlords proper compensation. Various other sections of the act were designed to let the peasants receive loans at reduced interest rates, along with other economic help and guidance, but a recalcitrant Congress, dominated by landlords, managed to weaken the act in several important ways—most notably by rejecting a measure to increase the land tax in order to obtain funds for pushing the program. Ultimately, land reform was set in motion only in nine pilot-project areas, and so far relatively little land has been distributed. Macapagal veers between expressions of pride over the program and remarks suggesting that he feels he was betrayed by the peasants, who, influenced by the landlords, voted against him in large numbers. When I saw him, he said, "Our people are impatient for fulfillment of their hopes, so they react strongly when they feel that things are not moving fast enough. I must accept my defeat as the fate that any reformer has to suffer."

The feeling persists among quite a few people here that Macapagal, notwithstanding his pose of martyrdom, would have been better off if he had just moved more boldly. An editor I talked with told me, "On the one hand, it's true that Macapagal failed to retain the peasants' support because of the time lag, as he suggests. Unfortunately, what is also true, all too often, is that if you try to help the poor, they're likely to spit in your eye, so maybe radicalism alone will be able to solve the problems of Asia, and no gradual reform programs will ever work. But Macapagal could, for example, have been much tougher than he was with the landlords. He could have moved in on them directly, behind the scenes. He could have dealt with other problems more forcefully, too. If you're going to fight the politicians, then you really have to fight,



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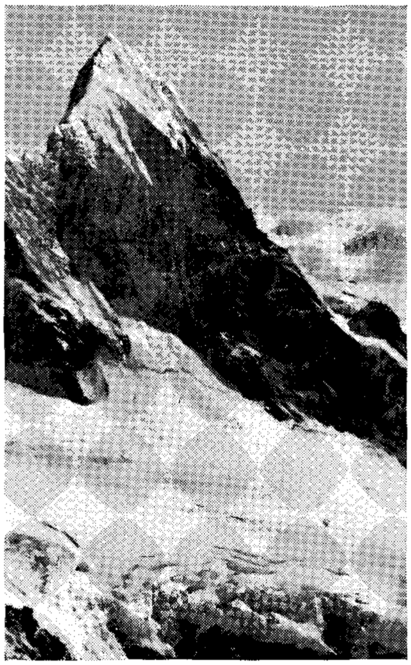

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and not just talk about it. Macapagal turned out to be a political Hamlet."

Marcos is as deeply fascinated by power as Macapagal, and he has a far more incisive nature. He talks less and chooses his words very carefully—even cautiously. Nevertheless, caution is not one of his basic characteristics, and it is anticipated that he will use his constitutional powers as President more effectively than his predecessor did. Marcos has only begun to define his program, though, and when I spoke with him I had the feeling that, despite an air of supreme self-confidence, he was so heavily weighed down by the problems he had inherited that he had not been able to think out many solutions. He did say that he intended to push land reform harder, and that he hoped to influence wealthy Luzon landlords to exchange their properties for increased acreage on the southern island of Mindanao, where the government owns large tracts, or for shares in government-controlled corporations. He planned to introduce a crash program to increase the rice output several times over, largely by expediting the distribution of fertilizer—now a black-market item. He seemed particularly disturbed over the country's financial condition—and with good reason, I gathered. The government's current position is so weak that it is receiving just enough to pay its employees; according to Marcos, the outgo is running at the rate of six million pesos a day, and income amounts to four million, from all sources.

The nation's insolvency does not seem to bother the average Filipino, whose own financial condition gives him enough to worry about. While the cost of living has risen nearly ten per cent in the last year and a half, wages have gone up only three per cent. The average per-capita income is a mere hundred and thirty dollars a year, mainly because some two million of the country's eleven million workers are without jobs nearly two-thirds of the time. Even so, the Filipinos seem generally carefree. In the barrios, cockfights and public and private fiestas provide diversion—and, incidentally, eat up much of whatever cash the peasants have been able to get their hands on. In Manila, there seems to be an unending series of local and international sports competitions—in cycling, baseball, basketball, volleyball, and tennis—to say nothing of professional boxing matches, nightly jai alai, and weekend horse racing. There are more motion-picture houses than ever before, and an

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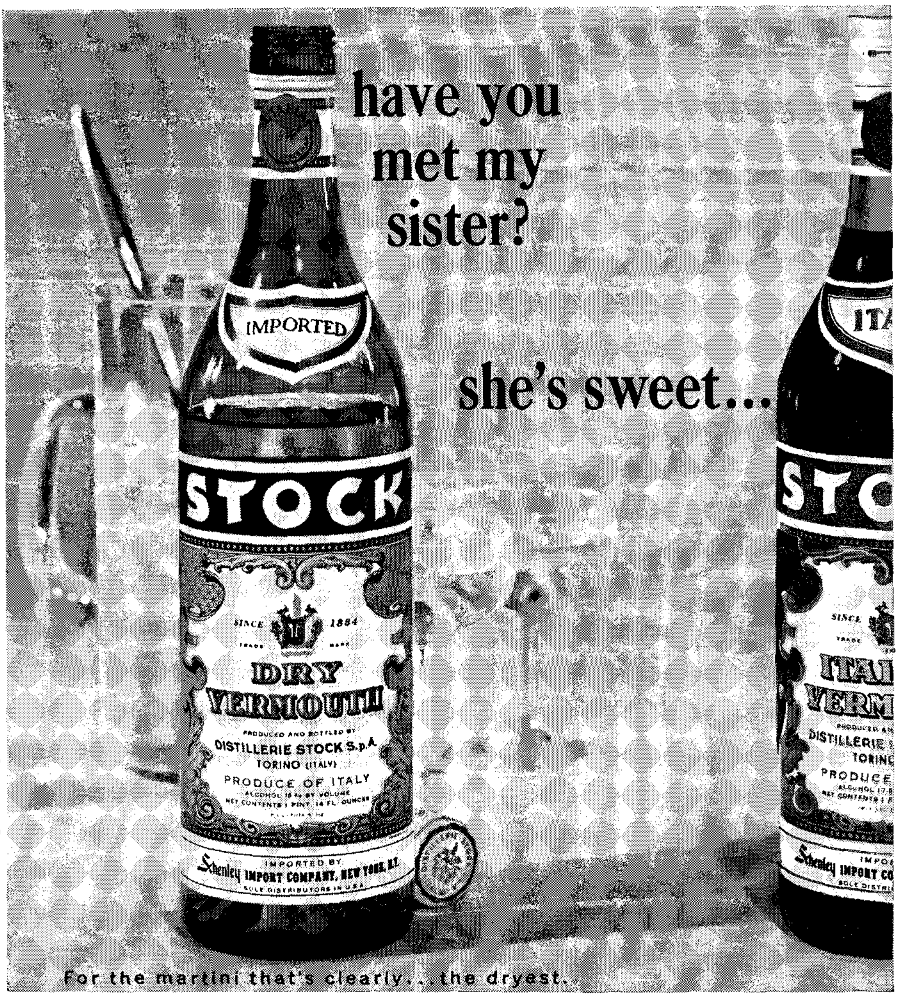
increasing number of films are being made here, most of them putting so much emphasis on violence that sociologists say they are partly responsible for the persistent rise in the crime rate.

In all their pursuits, the Filipinos demonstrate an odd mixture of exhilaration and passivity. The exhilaration not only is expressed in the hectic enthusiasm for entertainment and in a national passion for gambling and politics but also extends to business, which often seems to be regarded as a kind of wild game—a game played with equal intensity by children peddling papers on the streets and by grownups in their offices. This spirit is particularly prevalent in the soaring real-estate market—especially in the Makati area of Manila, where the value of land has increased fivefold in two years, and speculators are making a fortune as new office buildings and factories keep appearing, month after month. The Filipinos' passivity, customarily veiled by smiles, is more difficult to define, for it is compounded of many things, including an overriding fatalism that often turns into cynicism. This undoubtedly accounts for the common tolerance of graft and corruption, particularly in connection with the huge smuggling trade, which saps the national economy and cheats the national treasury of vast customs revenues. Certainly one remedy for the government's shaky financial situation would be to force a quick reform of the crooked customs system, especially in the Port of Manila, where about two-thirds of the contraband comes through in what is euphemistically termed technical smuggling—bribed customs men winking at false declarations. The remaining third of the contraband consists chiefly of American cigarettes and is smuggled in on fast motor launches, having been picked up in Borneo, to which the cigarettes are sent from Hong Kong. Since there are seven thousand islands in the Philippines, this kind of activity will be very hard to stamp out. To do so will require bold action against some of its known protectors among the politicians and the police as well as against the top smugglers themselves—many of whom, in the last few years, have ostentatiously moved into fine Manila houses in the old Cavite Naval Base area or the rich new Forbes Park section. Several Philippine Presidents, starting with Magsaysay, have promised to solve the smuggling problem, but they have always been defeated by politics or by official ineptitude. Marcos looked grim when I brought the subject up. "You'll be



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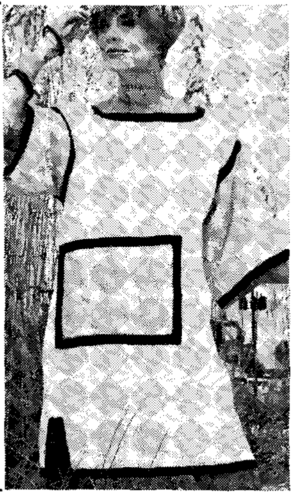

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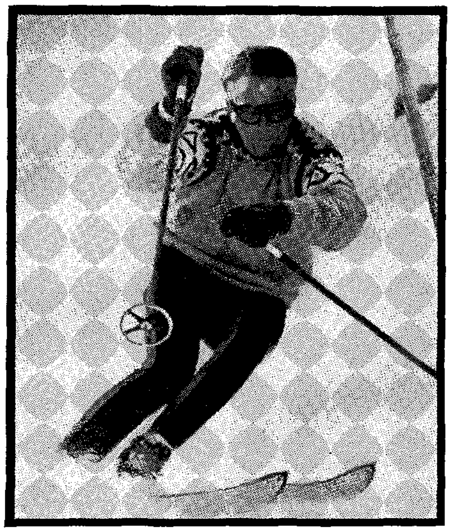

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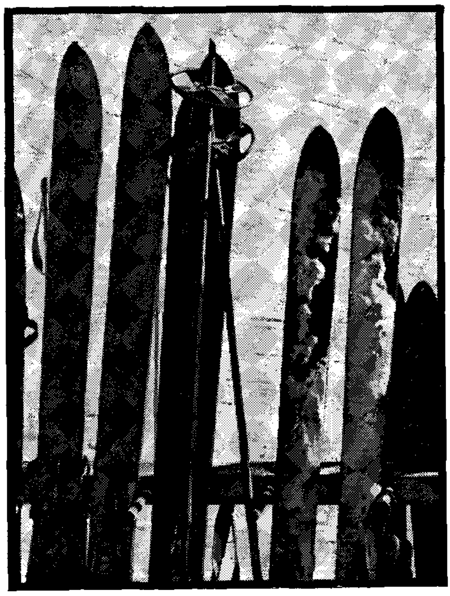
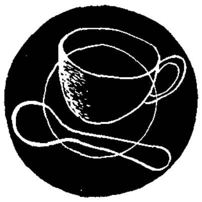


surprised," he said. "Just watch for the arrests." A great many people will be watching for them.

Marcos, who controls the Philippine Senate but not the House of Representatives, says he will seek to push his programs through Congress by means of "a new bipartisan approach," and if he does, it will be a unique feat in this politically combative country. Marcos has one advantage, in that, to a greater extent than any other President, with the possible exception of Magsaysay, he has come to power without having had to make pledges to other politicians. Nevertheless, those who see danger ahead—specifically, the danger that the new administration will move to the right—are afraid that Marcos will naturally tend to align himself with the landlord class, and more especially with the sugar interests, since they include Vice-President Fernando Lopez, who is perhaps the wealthiest of the sugar lords, and a number of prominent Nacionalista senators.

Such wealthy, conservative political and business leaders as Lopez and Senator Lorenzo Tanada, a landlord who was very active in the campaign to weaken the land-reform law, are among the most outspoken of those who have been demanding a revision of the agreements with the United States on bases and trade. There has been nothing either in Marcos's career or in his public utterances to indicate that he is prepared to back such a move, but the fact remains that his strongest political supporters advocate it. What is still more significant, they are in tacit alliance with left-wing leaders who are carrying on a virulent, ultra-nationalist anti-American campaign. For example, a recent issue of a left-wing bimonthly called the *Progressive Review* contained an editorial declaring, "The principal objective of the Filipino nation today is the triumph of Philippine democracy over American imperialism in all its covert and overt forms in every field of endeavor," and the same issue contained an article by Senator Tanada, entitled "American Neo-Colonialism and Retail Trade Nationalization." In it he condemned American efforts to "frustrate" the purpose of a statute called the Retail Nationalization Law, which provides that retail business in the islands shall be under the ownership and control of Filipinos. Having been aimed chiefly at Chinese domination of retail business, this law was not intended to affect either American citizens or businesses owned jointly by Americans and Filipinos. However, some sections of the law could, under certain circumstances, be applied to American concerns, and the disputes that have arisen over its application have thrown various provisions of it into the courts. The debate over its enforcement has prompted a campaign to revise the general terms of the Laurel-Langley Agreement of 1955, under which American tariffs on Philippine goods are supposed to be raised gradually until 1974—the cutoff date for American commercial privileges. Some Filipinos who want continued privileges for their products are willing to pay the price of giving American businessmen in the islands special status even after 1974. Others feel that to do this would only hinder the development of Filipino business and industry to the point where they could take risks on their own.



The left-wing groups, which are loosely organized and are composed largely of college students and labor-union members, having got up a head of steam in the trade controversies, have proceeded to attack all American activities in the Philippines, including those of such organizations as the Peace Corps and the Asia Foundation. The spearhead of the attack, however, has been directed at the American military bases. This particular anti-American offensive began about a year ago, after a G.I., trying to scare away Filipinos who were endangering their lives by scavenging cartridge cases on the rifle range at the enormous Clark Air Force Base, shot and killed a fourteen-year-old Filipino boy. Two weeks later, near the American naval base at Subic Bay, two Marine guards fired at two Filipinos who were bringing an outrigger boat in close to a point onshore where ammunition was stored, and one of the Filipinos was killed. There had been a number of such unhappy accidents in the past; in fact, since 1952 more than thirty Filipino trespassers had been killed by American or Filipino security guards at the two major bases. None of the previous deaths had evoked strong public protests, but these two did. While some of the ensuing demonstrations were at least partly Communist-inspired (leaflets handed out by the demonstrators bore hammer-and-sickle emblems), the protests also undeniably expressed a growing nationalist and anti-American sentiment among non-Communist segments

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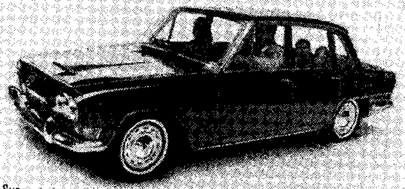

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of the population. In one demonstration, Ambassador William McCormick Blair, Jr., was burned in effigy at Angeles, a racket-ridden town near Clark Field in which Communists are known to be very active, and, here in Manila, the Embassy was picketed by marchers whose signs read "Yankee Go Home" and "Death to U.S. Imperialism."

The shootings and their aftermath led to new discussions between the United States and the Philippines over the whole question of bases. The United States, which in the past had more than once expressed willingness to reduce the length of its leases on the Clark Field and Subic Bay installations from ninety-nine years to twenty-five, has reiterated this offer. The Filipinos have been granted jurisdiction over American military men charged with committing criminal offenses when they are off duty, but the Americans have retained the right to decide whether a man is off duty or not. There is a possibility that the Americans will agree to relinquish about twenty-five thousand acres of Clark Field, which now covers a hundred and fifty thousand, is sometimes referred to as the fifty-first state, and certainly seems bigger than it has to be, even with a war going on in Vietnam. Nationalists, however, are demanding that the bases be given up altogether, or at least placed under the jurisdiction of some supranational defense system, on the ground that their unilateral operation by the United States endangers, rather than helps, the Philippines.

If the American military establishment agrees to make some concessions to the demands of the Filipino nationalists, the latter may conceivably be more willing to make compromises on commercial matters. Though Americans do exercise considerable control over several important economic sectors, the total American investment in the Philippines is only about a half-billion dollars, so there is scant substance to the charges of "continued colonial domination." Most American observers feel that if the disputes over bases and business can be settled, the current anti-Americanism will subside. This does not necessarily mean, however, that Filipino nationalism will cease to grow, for its xenophobic roots go much deeper. If there should be a political swing to the right, the left wing, which is now using the nationalist upsurge as an ideological hammer, could then find itself in possession of an anvil on which to work for its long-

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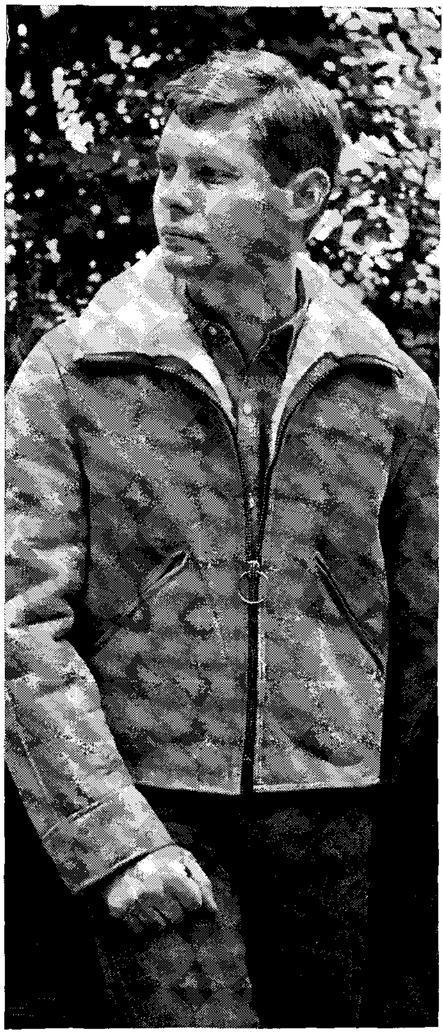

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term aims. Meanwhile, the leftists capitalize on the pervasive social unrest and political confusion, on the general economic discontent, and on the dissatisfaction and impatience of urban young people. Some seventy per cent of the population is now under thirty years of age, and each year about a hundred and fifty thousand young people graduate from colleges—though many of these are just diploma mills—and then have no choice but to join the unemployed. They are referred to by spokesmen for the left as "revolutionary shock troops," but this does not mean that the left-wing leaders are ignoring the peasants or the workers. On the contrary, one of the principal leftist theorists told me, "A mass base of peasants and workers is still essential. We realize that we miscalculated fifteen years ago, when the Huk guerrilla movement was at its height, because we lacked a real revolutionary sense of leadership and direction. It may take us five years more to create a proper urban springboard, and then conditions may be ripe for a new military effort."

At its strongest, the Huk movement could muster about ten thousand armed men, concentrated in the Luzon plains region and the surrounding hills. Largely through extortion and threats, the Huks had gained the backing of as many as a hundred and fifty thousand peasants in the barrios, and controlled a large area of Luzon, even raising the Communist flag over barrios only a few miles outside Manila. After Magsaysay broke the back of the movement by capturing the key figures in its Politburo and running down the armed bands in the hills in a dramatic campaign, which he led in person, the Huks were dispersed. However, this does not mean they were destroyed. In 1956, the few surviving leaders who were still at large agreed among themselves to shift to more passive tactics, and the once purely military organizations were re-formed into combined military-political units whose objective was the preservation and expansion of mass underground organizations. Local leadership has been a problem. All the principal old Huk leaders, including two brothers named José and Jesús Lava, both known Communists, and Luis Taruc, the former Supremo of the movement, who now professes a form of Christian Socialism, are still in jail. The movement today, concentrated in the provinces of Pampanga and Tarlac, in central Luzon, is split into two contending factions, led by commanders whose revolutionary pseudonyms are Sumulong and Alibasbas,

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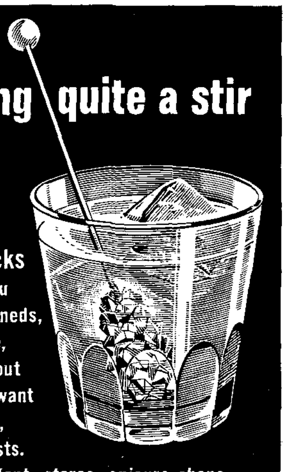

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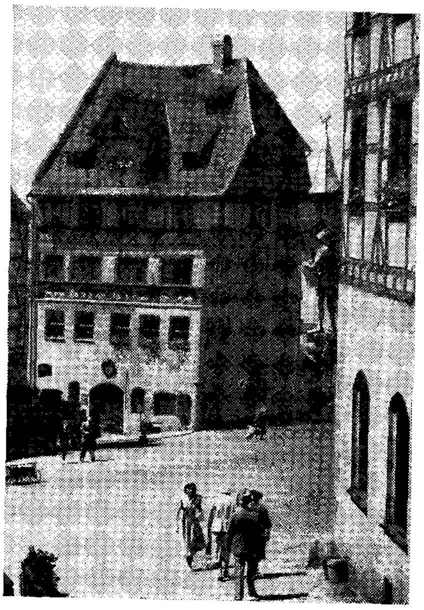

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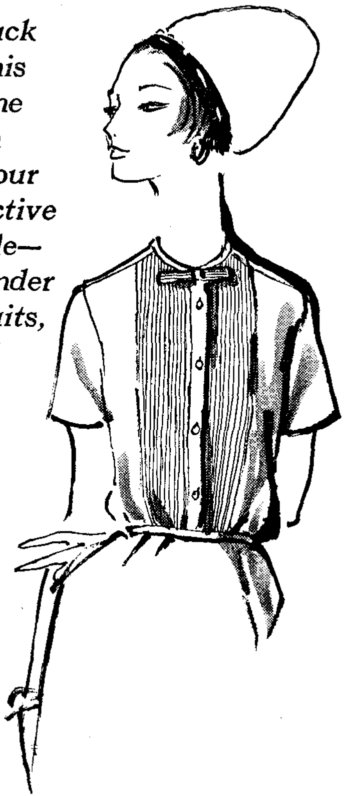

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and who have recently been engaged in fighting each other over finances and political tactics—much to the satisfaction of the constabulary and the Army forces that have the job of tracking them down. Between them, Sumulong and Alibasbas direct a hard core of about sixty men, plus an armed cadre of five hundred others and two hundred so-called "contact men" in the barrios, and their total number of dependable sympathizers does not exceed five thousand. Even so, the movement cannot be discounted as a military threat, if for no other reason than that in the Philippines there are nearly four hundred thousand "loose" guns (that is, licensed guns in the hands of individuals), to say nothing of thousands that are unlicensed—the inevitable heritage of the Japanese war and of the two chaotic postwar decades, with their extensive smuggling. The potential for a large guerrilla force thus exists. Whether it is realized is likely to depend on the progress of land reform in central Luzon, which has always been the chief area of agrarian discontent. For the moment, the Huks' efforts are concentrated mostly on extortion and robbery in order to obtain enough money to keep going. They dominate about a hundred barrios in Pampanga and Tarlac, playing a considerable part in the local elections and controlling profitable gambling and prostitution rings in Angeles, where they have infiltrated the local police force. In the last two years, the Huks have assassinated forty persons, including two mayors, for refusing to accede to their demands for money, and there seems little reason to think that this sort of local banditry will stop.

THE most successful opposition to the Huks has been organized in Tarlac by the provincial governor, a bumptious, likable man of thirty-two named Benigno Aquino, Jr., with the assistance of the United States Aid Mission. Ten years ago, upon getting out of college, Aquino became private secretary to Magsaysay, and he is said to harbor Presidential ambitions himself. Among the peasantry of Tarlac he has introduced many of Magsaysay's schemes for government-stimulated self-help. There are those who have accused Aquino of building a paternalistic fief of his own, and this charge is given some plausibility by the fact that, as far back as history goes, the province has been run by the Aquino family, and by the fact that Aquino is married to the daughter of one of the wealthiest sugar families in the

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Philippines—a family that owns vast cane tracts and huge sugar mills in Tarlac. Aquino governs his fief like a young general, directing activities from what he calls an "economic war room" in the provincial capital. A highly efficient radio-communications network keeps him constantly in touch with his aides, even when he leaves his economic war room to dash around the countryside in one of his staff cars or take a ride in his private plane, and he reaches the people in the barrios directly through all-day transmissions over his private broadcasting system. These days, apparently, no self-respecting government program anywhere can operate except under some sort of acronym, and this one is no exception. It is called SPREAD—for Systematic Program for Rural Economic Assistance and Development. A similar project is under way in Laguna Province, south of Manila, and there are hopes of initiating such activities in ten or fifteen other provinces within the year. The Tarlac program began early in 1965, with a campaign to rehabilitate the provincial transportation system. For this purpose, the United States made available several score surplus tractors, bulldozers, trucks, and jeeps at low cost. With the Americans' help, Aquino has introduced coöperative grain-storage and marketing schemes, reducing the peasants' traditional dependence on middlemen and usurers. Tarlac's tax system and its land-survey methods have been overhauled. Under Aquino's direction, barrio officials from all over central and northern Luzon have been brought to Tarlac regularly and given courses, sometimes in animal husbandry, sometimes in such mundane subjects as building modern latrines and digging artesian wells. Aquino also keeps a three-man jeep team travelling around Tarlac with a film projector and slides that show the people how to plant vegetables, castrate pigs, and so on. In addition, three seventeen-man Philippine Army Special Forces teams circulate through the area. "They're mostly preventive," Aquino says. "Any time the Huks promise the people anything, we double it. As long as the Huks don't come around with guns, we don't bother to chase them. We just outtalk and outperform them." Every forty-five days, Aquino has a public-opinion survey determine the current political views of the Tarlac population and tabulate the results with the help of I.B.M. machines. As he bustles about, obviously enjoying his role, he brushes off suggestions that he is a local autocrat. "Because of all the years of colonial

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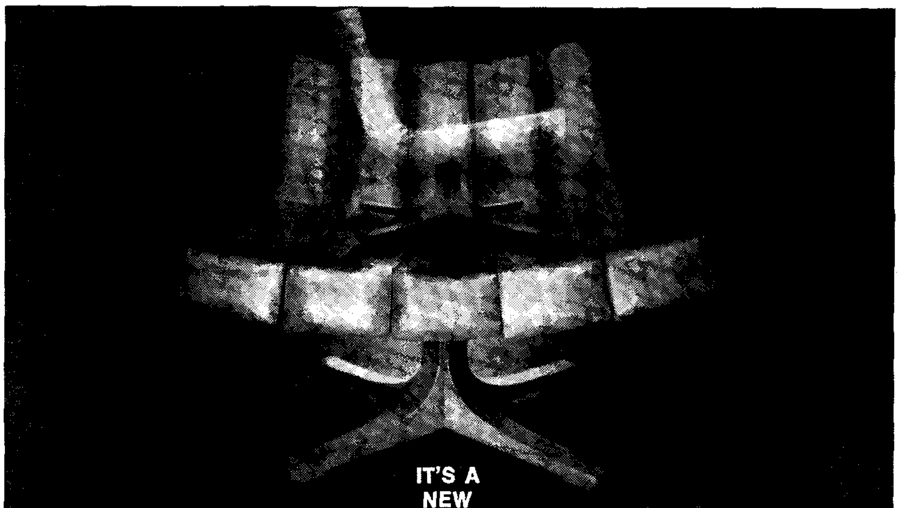

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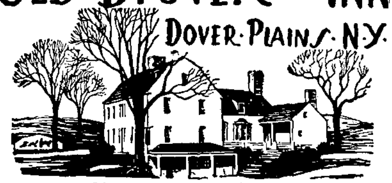

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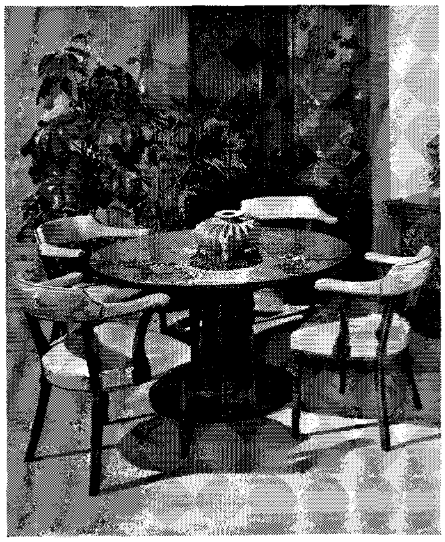

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brainwashing the Filipinos have gone through, they don't yet have confidence in themselves," he says. "Right now we still have to do things for them, and we still need the kind of help we're getting from America." Dr. Ernest Neal, the Deputy Director of the United States Aid Mission in Manila, who was responsible for persuading Washington to assist Aquino, agrees. "I don't have as much faith as I might in the national political structure of the Philippines," he says. "It may be a hundred years before we get another Magsaysay. My faith is in the provincial governments. We've got to transfer political power from Malacañang Palace to them, and transfer economic power to the peasants through direct action."

It will be interesting to see how President Marcos responds to such ideas. Although he has indicated that he approves of Aquino's scheme, he will undoubtedly be subjected to counter-pressure from the landlords and from the majority of the politicians, who have no desire to see the traditional spoils system weakened by an increase in the power of local authorities. On the other hand, a few political leaders—notably two independent senators, Raul Manglapus and Manuel Manahan—strongly advocate further decentralization. In the November election, Manglapus and Manahan ran for President and Vice-President as candidates of the Party for Philippine Progress and finished a disappointing third, but they are determined to strengthen their party at the grass roots, and they have been winning new support among the younger generation. Because they are moderate liberals with Christian Democratic leanings, they face their strongest opposition from the left wing, which looks ahead to the ultimate creation of a more radical workers' and peasants' party. A whole series of fresh alignments may be in the making, and if so, there are likely to be vital roles for Aquino and a number of other young provincial governors.

An American friend who has spent most of his life here said to me the other day, "We must let the Republic find its own identity, regardless of how it affects the relationship between us. We've had a tendency to look upon the Philippines as existing figuratively somewhere between California and Latin America, not as belonging to Southeast Asia. The Philippines may yet prove to be the most effective laboratory for social and economic progress in the area, and the results could be *truly* revolutionary." —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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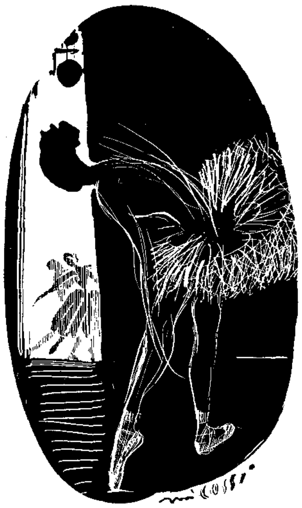
MUSICAL EVENTS

Billy Budd

BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S "Billy Budd," which received its first live performance here on Tuesday evening of last week (there had been a television production of it by the N.B.C. Opera several years ago), seems to me to be the most robust of the Britten operas I have so far heard. It is a pity that its peculiar casting requirements—it has eighteen male characters and no women—have prevented it from becoming a repertory item, and even from being presented at all except when some adventurous and elastic group like the American Opera Society, which did it the other night in Carnegie Hall, decides to put it on. In this particular opera, Britten seems to have thrown his heart unreservedly into the proceedings. There is none of the atonality that makes "The Rape of Lucretia" a bit hard to take, and there is none of that filigree work, expressed as eccentric and mannered coloratura, that seems, to my mind, to sap the vitality of many of his other operas, with the notable exception of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to which it adds an appropriate note of eerie fantasy. "Billy Budd" is entirely straightforward. It is meant to be sung passionately. It can be done without a countertenor—that epicene type of voice that figures so frequently in Britten scores. Its drama, based on the Herman Melville story, is intense, and you really care what happens to the handsome, good-hearted seaman, William Budd, as he is brought to the scaffold (or the yardarm, to be exact) by the villainous master-at-arms, Claggart. The music is not, to be sure, completely even in its effectiveness. It is often unnecessarily complex for its purpose, and sometimes it is a little dry, as in the trio near the beginning of Act I, Scene 3—an episode that sounds just a little like Cole Porter filtered through an immensely intricate web of modern counterpoint. But in its finest moments—the orchestral interludes depicting the sea, the exciting music accompanying the preparations for the chase of the enemy vessel at the start of Act II, Claggart's aria at the end of the first act, and particularly Billy Budd's soliloquy preceding his hanging—the opera reaches a plane of nobility that is characteristic of masterpieces. I might add that practically all the choral passages are beautiful and moving.



The performance the other night—well attended, by the way, in spite of the transit strike—was of the best quality, and though one doubtless missed a good deal because of the absence of scenery and costumes, the essence of the drama was communicated. The greatest share of credit for this state of affairs must go to the conductor, Georg Solti, who kept the music, and the story, going briskly and authoritatively. But nearly everybody in the large cast performed with distinction, and the three principal characters—Billy, Claggart, and the tormented, conscientious Captain Vere, who permits the hanging against his better judgment, and lives to regret it—were especially well taken. Richard Lewis, a British tenor familiar hereabouts, sang the role of the captain with the sort of English diction that many American singers might profit by studying, and he had just the right appearance of kindheartedness and maturity. He is not, perhaps, a sensational singer, but he is an artistic one. Forbes Robinson, another British singer, made a New York début as Claggart, showing a bass voice that was at least serviceable, and a sense of Claggart's subtler motivations that added much to the intensity of his portrayal. The Billy Budd was an American, Robert Kerns, who was also making a New York début. A young man of considerable good looks and with a splendid baritone voice, he sang the more affirmative passages of his role magnificently but failed to convey all the tragic emotion that lies in the scene just before the hanging. There was another début, by still another British singer, Joseph Ward, in the lesser role of the novice, which he did very well indeed.

BECAUSE of a conflict with more solemn things last November, I missed one of the more amusing productions of the season—that of an opera called "Arcifanfano, King of

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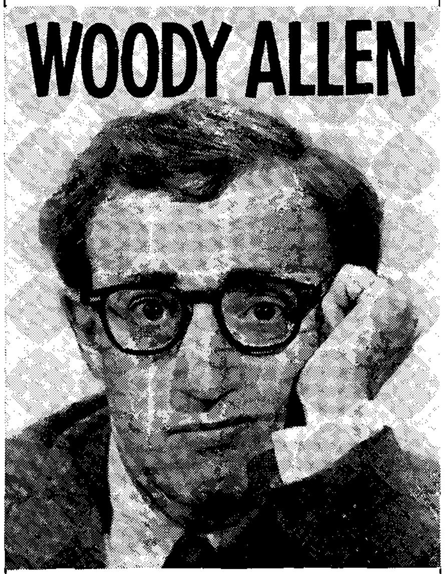

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Fools, or It's Always Too Late to Learn," by Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf, a slightly older contemporary of Mozart. This very Viennese work was thought by musicologists to have been lost, until that tireless researcher in the field of baroque music, Newell Jenkins, unearthed a copy of it in the Esterházy archives, in Budapest, quite recently. The libretto, by Carlo Goldoni, appears to have been set to music by a number of other composers before Dittersdorf got hold of it, but *his* seems to be the most important of its settings. Shortly after Mr. Jenkins made his discovery, W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman translated Goldoni's text into English, and the work was given its first performance here by the Clarion Music Society, under Mr. Jenkins' baton. On Wednesday evening of last week, "Arcifanfano" had a second performance, by public demand, in Carnegie Hall, and on this occasion I was able to attend. The opera is pure spoof—spoof of life and spoof of opera itself. Its plot, if it can be said to have such a thing, is laid in a country inhabited entirely by fools and presided over by another of them. At the start of it, this one, Arcifanfano, seems to be in the process of encouraging immigration, and among the immigrants he happily admits are Furibondo, a bad-tempered muscleman; Gloriosa, a narcissistic lady of fading charms; Sordidone, a miser; Malgoverno, a spendthrift; Semplicina, an implacably coy virgin; and Garbata, a life-of-the-party girl notable for an open heart rather than beauty. Shake up these ingredients and you have a sort of vaudeville show, with flirtations developing between one character and another, except for Sordidone, whose truelove is his money box, and Gloriosa, whose truelove is herself. You have Malgoverno spending Sordidone's gold—even to the point of hurling handfuls of it at the audience. You have assaults upon the ironclad chastity of Semplicina, and attempts by Garbata to console those rejected by her and by Gloriosa. If there is some deep symbolic meaning to all this, I failed to detect it the other night. What made the proceedings amusing and interesting was some quite beautiful music by Dittersdorf and a hearty, farcical performance by an excellent cast. In this cast were Eleanor Steber (Gloriosa), who is an instinctive female clown; Anna Russell (Garbata), whose satires on Wagnerian opera have become a fixture of the lighter side of our musical life; and Patricia Brooks (Semplicina), a fey personality and a first-rate singer who

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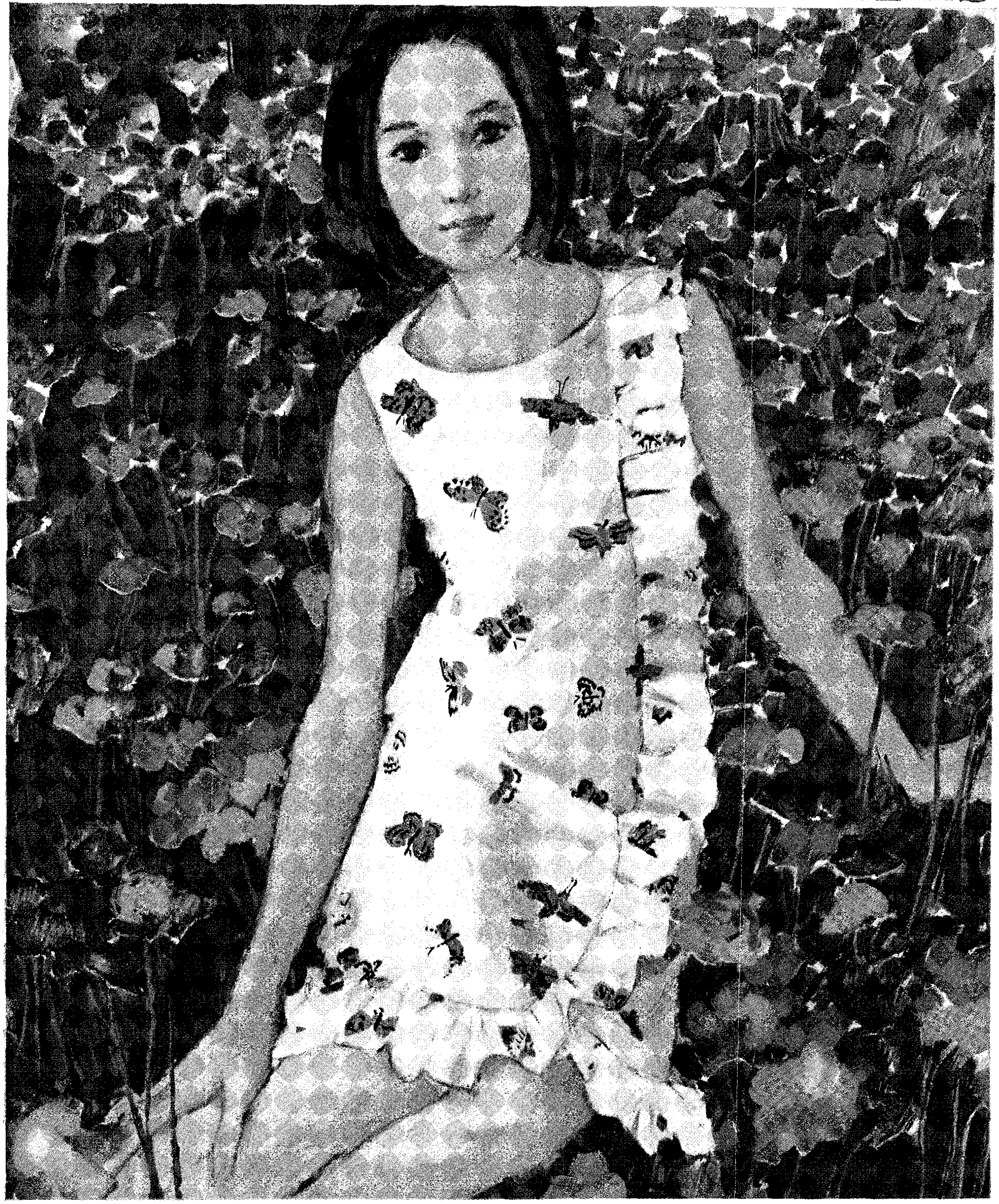

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showed a considerable talent for comedy. On the male side, there were David Smith (Arcifanfano), Heinz Rehfuss (Furibondo), John McCollum (Sordidone), and Joseph Sopher (Malgoverno)—all of them exemplary performers. The work was done in concert form, of course, and in modern dress—which added a further note of absurdity. Here and there, Dittersdorf had supplied music of the finest sort, especially for Malgoverno's aria at the start of Act II (something that might have been written by Mozart himself), a stunning duet between Arcifanfano and Semplicina further on, and an aria for Gloriosa that is similar to Fiordiligi's famous one in "Così Fan Tutte," both in its extremely difficult skips and in its air of bravura.

Generally, the Auden-Kallman lyrics are clever, considering that they had to be fitted into rigid musical patterns already set. "Arcifanfano" is, however, pretty thin stuff, and though I enjoyed an hour or so of it, I found my attention waning before the three hours it takes to perform it were up. It is interesting as a period piece, showing the taste in humor of the Viennese in the latter part of the eighteenth century (we already know something about this from Mozart's "The Magic Flute," and it has never seemed to me excruciatingly funny). I am glad that Mr. Jenkins discovered "Arcifanfano;" I admire the devotion that the Messrs. Auden and Kallman and a hard-working cast expended on it; I am even glad I heard it, but it is, to me, something to hear once and no more.

THE pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli has become such a mysterious legend in the minds of American concertgoers that most of those who heard him perform Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto with the Philharmonic, under William Steinberg, last Thursday night probably expected a revelation. Mr. Michelangeli turned out to be a very fine pianist indeed—a performer of the utmost delicacy and refinement. He did the slow movement of the concerto with great sensitivity, and elsewhere his rapid pianissimos recalled those of the late Walter Gieseking. I missed, however, a certain breadth and power that I feel are inseparable from this concerto. Perhaps some of the explanation for this lay in Mr. Michelangeli's Italian style of piano playing, with the wrists relatively rigid and the fingers doing practically all the work. I would describe him as a suave, musicianly artist with fantas-

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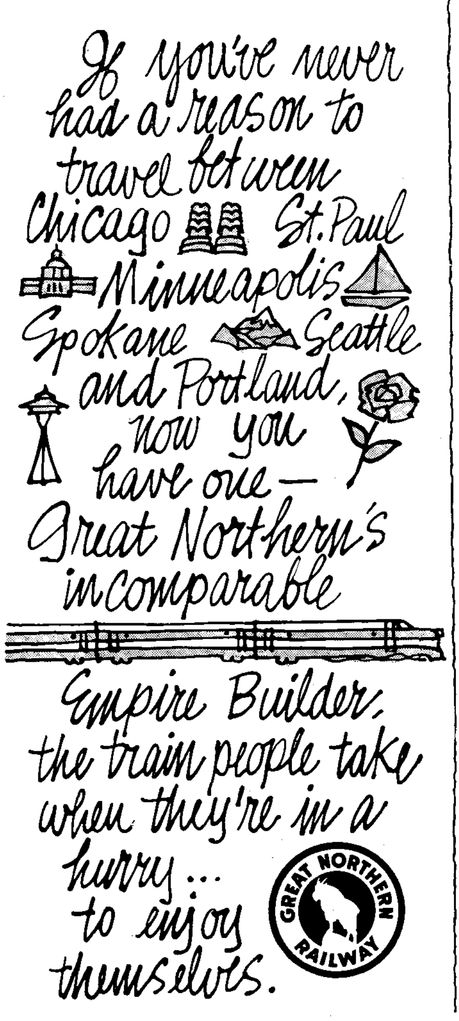
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tically agile fingers and a wonderfully developed sense of tone and phrasing, but one whom the more heroic aspects of his art seem to elude.

Mr. Steinberg opened his program with Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony No. 2, which is not often done hereabouts. I confess to a liking for the confident, optimistic style of Elgar's work, most of which is more German than English, being made up of Wagner, Brahms, and Strauss in about equal quantities, and I find this particular symphony impressive, though it is a bit windy in spots. Mr. Steinberg, I thought, added a good deal of unnecessary weight to its already weighty orchestration. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Hide and Seek

HOW remarkable that those two great phenomena of American music—Duke Ellington, who is sixty-six, and Louis Armstrong, who is a year younger—are still inescapably with us. Despite advancing age and the public apathy that long careers ironically induce, both men continue to roam the world with their bands, appearing at concerts and festivals, in movies, on radio and television, in night clubs, and on recordings, producing a great deal of original and eventful music. They are, as founders and makers, the poles of this music. Ellington, the composer-bandleader-pianist, runs a matchless musical continuum that steadily instructs and delights, while Armstrong, the trumpeter-vocalist, defines and redefines the lyrical heart of jazz. But they have done this in utterly different ways. Ellington is the quintessence of grace and graciousness; Armstrong, long concealed behind a vaudeville mask, suggests an "evil" roughness and readiness. (New Orleans musicians are celebrated among their Northern colleagues for their "evil" quality; that is, they are said to possess an inborn suspicion and even a resentment not only of one another but of all comers.) Ellington does much of the listener's work for him; Armstrong, operating from within his self-caricature, demands patience and even fortitude.

Now and then, Armstrong pays off. One remembers a late, wet night at Newport in the fifties when, after rolling through his customary nonsense with his own group, he appeared with a big band made up of high-school students and played with an ease and a magnificence that carried over into the concluding "Star-Spangled Banner." The

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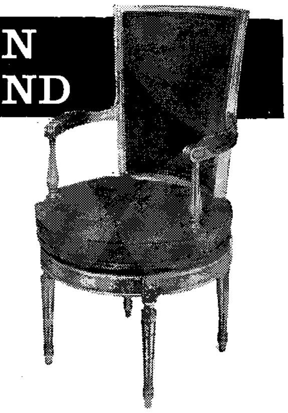

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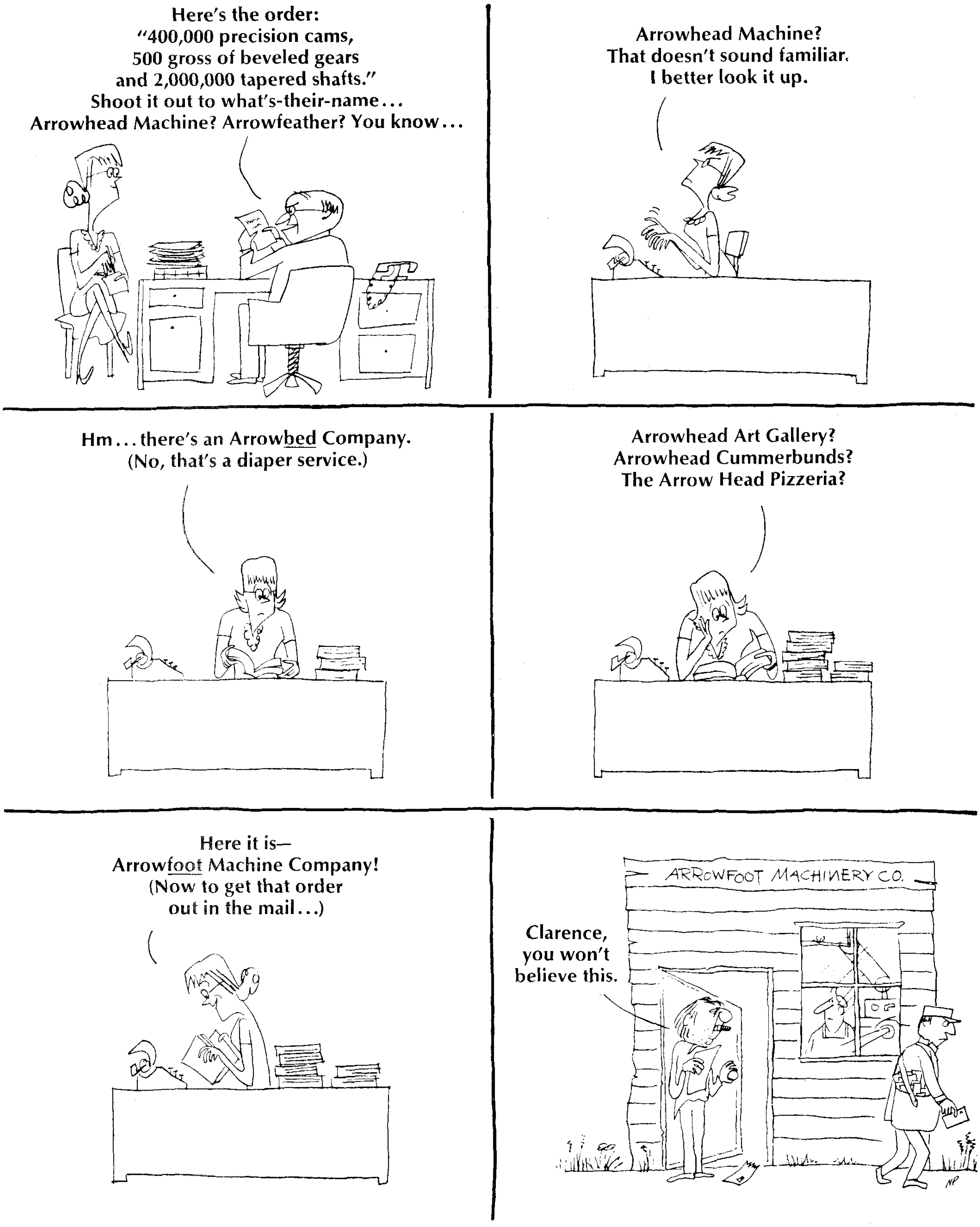
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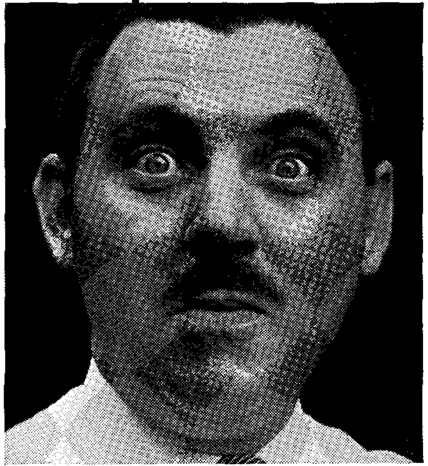

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same thing has happened with recordings he has made in the past ten years. His refashionings for Columbia of W. C. Handy and Fats Waller songs are invaluable, and, more recently, his rendition of Ellington's "It Don't Mean a Thing (If You Ain't Got That Swing)," with the composer himself at the piano, is fresh and beautiful. There is even a golden moment in his own tiresome "Hello, Dolly!," when he injects that ingenious, surprising pause of a beat and a third between his singing of the words "This is Louis" and "Dolly." What a masterly rhythmic hitch! There are, as well, superlative moments in "The Best of Louis Armstrong" (Decca DXSB 7183), a set of twenty-four reissues made between 1949 and 1957, and in "Louis Armstrong in the Thirties/in the Forties" (Victor LPM 2971), twelve numbers done in 1933 and in 1946 and 1947.

In his way, Armstrong has wielded even more power in jazz than Ellington, whose music is self-contained and largely inimitable. He began laying about him in 1924 when, joining Fletcher Henderson, he converted the Henderson band from an imitation white dance orchestra with New Orleans overtones into the first big jazz band. He did this by demonstrating an unheard-of improvisatory power and a brand-new rhythmic freedom. He was the first jazz musician to escape—through legato flights, behind-the-beat musings, and an occasional rushing of his notes—the hidebound four-four beat. He not only educated the Henderson band but, more important, educated its star performer—Coleman Hawkins, who until Armstrong's arrival had been a slap-tonguing vaudeville musician. During the next four or five years, the recordings Armstrong made with Earl Hines and Zutty Singleton likewise broke new ground, and by 1930 every trumpet player in the country was under his spell. (One, Cootie Williams, had just joined Ellington, after another one, Red Allen, turned the job down.) His supremacy lasted well into the thirties (Joe Thomas and Buck Clayton listened closely to his playing in the mid-thirties), and subsided only when another listener, Charlie Parker, effected the next great musical revolution in jazz.

During Armstrong's banner years, he created the sort of super, almost celestial art that few men master; transcending both its means and its materials, it attained a disembodied beauty. Until the advent of bebop and the "new thing," the listener was equally conscious of the improviser and of what he was impro-

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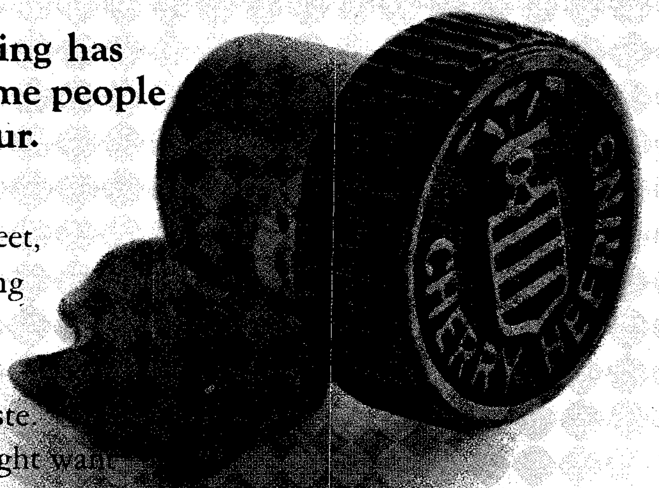

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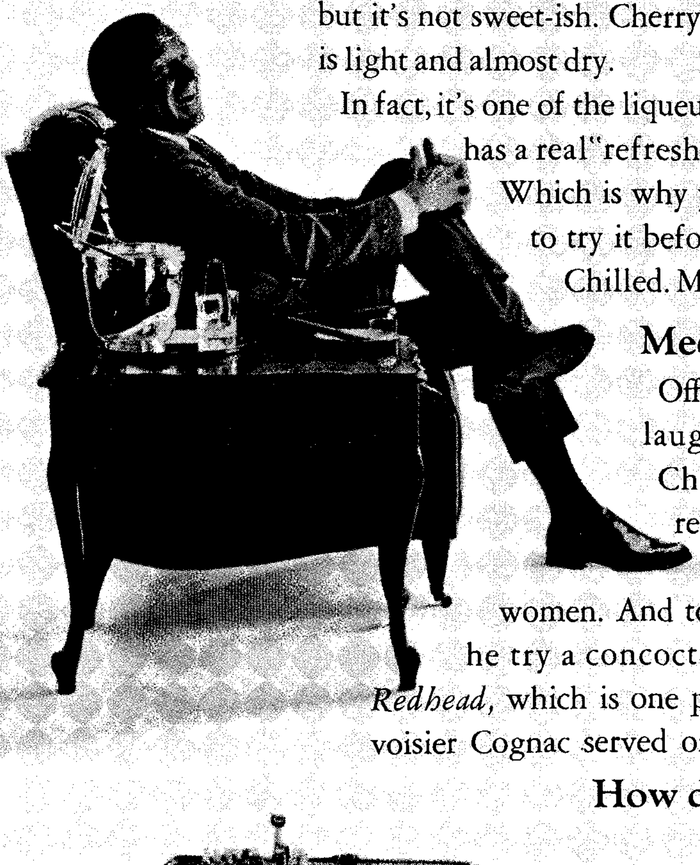

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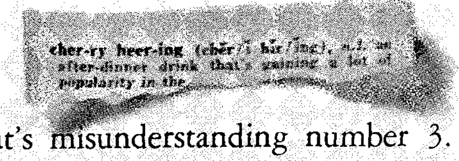

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vising on; there was even a rather slick satisfaction in ferreting out the outlines of the melody in a solo. But Armstrong's method precluded this ferreting. His means were better than adequate; he rarely muffed notes and he could travel easily through all the registers. His materials often consisted of bad popular songs or hotsy-totsy novelty numbers. Even his accompaniment by various small big bands was either cupcake sweet or merely desultory. But one was not conscious in Armstrong's solos of the tune, of the background, of his specific notes. Each solo was an immaculately conceived work, a new and beautiful arabesque of sound complete unto itself.

Armstrong's authority was absolute. Listeners sense fear in a jazz musician as quickly as animals do in men. But Armstrong worked with the assurance of a Shaw. He swept everything before him. When he *did* hit a clam, it was a great clam. This authority rested equally on technical assurance and on a bottomless fund of emotion. (Armstrong's technique wavers now, but his heart is far from dry.) His solos were always climactic—another first in the music. He would start with a subtle restatement of the melody, changing its accents and notes slightly by cutting a phrase short here or lingering over a note there, and then, leaving the melody, he would begin a series of angelic ascensions and swoops that would occasionally be anchored by short blue phrases—almost desolate sighs—and that would move up steadily from plane to plane. His high notes, which drew lightly on his rich, natural, homemade tone, were eventually used for grandstand effects, but in the early thirties they were effortless reachings toward a majesty that jazz had not yet imagined. Armstrong's outpouring emotion was universal. Some players restrict themselves to melancholy or bravado or comedy, but Armstrong seemed to cover the spectrum in a grand, warm, presidential fashion. There were peaks and cloud kingdoms and heavenly pastures in his playing that summoned the listener, elated him, and sent him on his way.

Some of these edifying moments occur in the Victor reissue—namely, in "St. Louis Blues," which Armstrong somehow always gives a national-anthem treatment, in "I've Got the World on a String," and in "Honey Do," all of which were recorded in 1933. Much of the rest of the material, recorded nearly fifteen years later, is indifferent. The early forties were an uncertain time for him, and it was not

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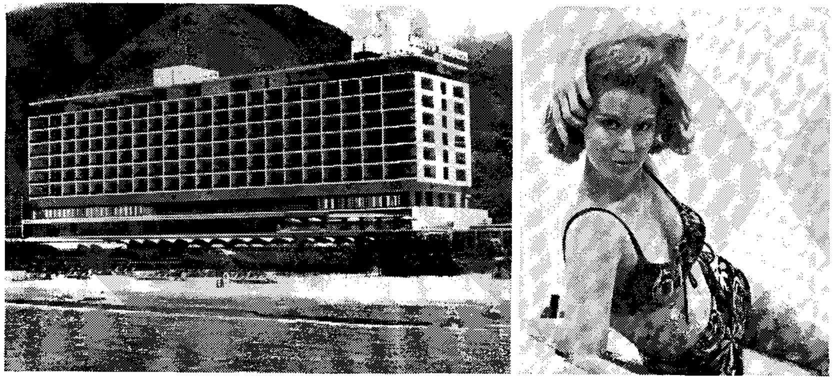

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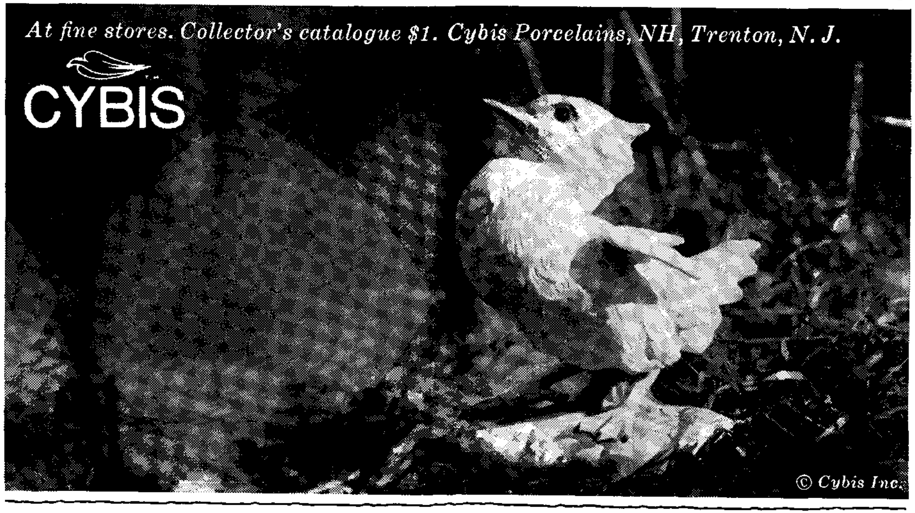

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until late in 1947, when he brought together Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, and Sidney Catlett, that he regained his early brilliance. (There is a sad photograph, taken at a 1944 concert, of Armstrong and Roy Eldridge seated side by side. Eldridge was at the peak of his powers and looks radiant, while Armstrong, temporarily flummoxed by changing musical fashions, looks cadaverous and beat.)

The fifties passed well for Armstrong. Although his band tended to decline steadily—Catlett was replaced by Cozy Cole, Teagarden by Trummy Young, and Hines by Billy Kyle—he remained constant. This is clear in at least a dozen of the selections in the Decca album. One, "King of the Zulus," is done with his band, and it is superb. Playing in a legato, low-toned way, he constructs a series of seemingly lazy, halting phrases that rival anything he has recorded. They have a relentless but insouciant urgency. The rest of the good selections offer Armstrong in his best setting—with a big band that supplies plenty of supporting organ chords. All are remakes of numbers originally recorded in the thirties, and there are wonderful patches—the drama of "Song of the Islands" and "Some of These Days," his muted choruses in "Lazy River" and "I Surrender Dear" and "Exactly Like You." Moreover, his voice, which has put on a lot of weight over the years, is well controlled and wholly free of vaudeville effects.

So Armstrong goes on and on. It is hard to understand why he behaves, when he appears in person, like a blackface minstrel. He must be weary, and perhaps this sort of posing is a prop, or perhaps he doesn't even realize he is doing it anymore. Or perhaps it is just his New Orleans "evil" coming out. It doesn't matter. The old Armstrong—the inventor, the beautifier, the champion of emotion—lives safely within.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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[*From the National Association of Social Workers News*]

Historians will view the first session of the 89th Congress with quizzical interest. Was its outstanding legislative record—voting rights, health care for the aged, primary, secondary, and higher education legislation, staffing for mental health centers, Appalachia, and immigration reform—primarily a product of President Johnson's legislative legerdemain or a sudden flowering of seeds long planted—the second coming of the tide Franklin D. Roosevelt launched but which had been ebbing for twenty-five years?

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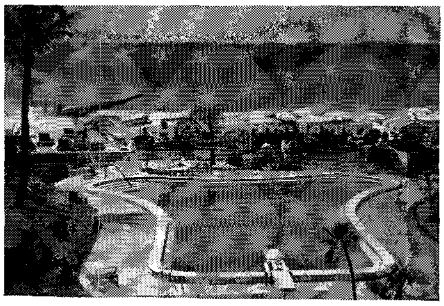

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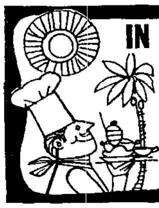

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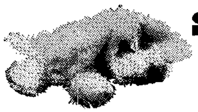

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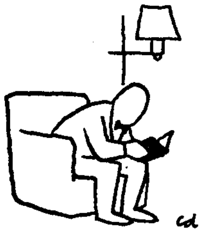
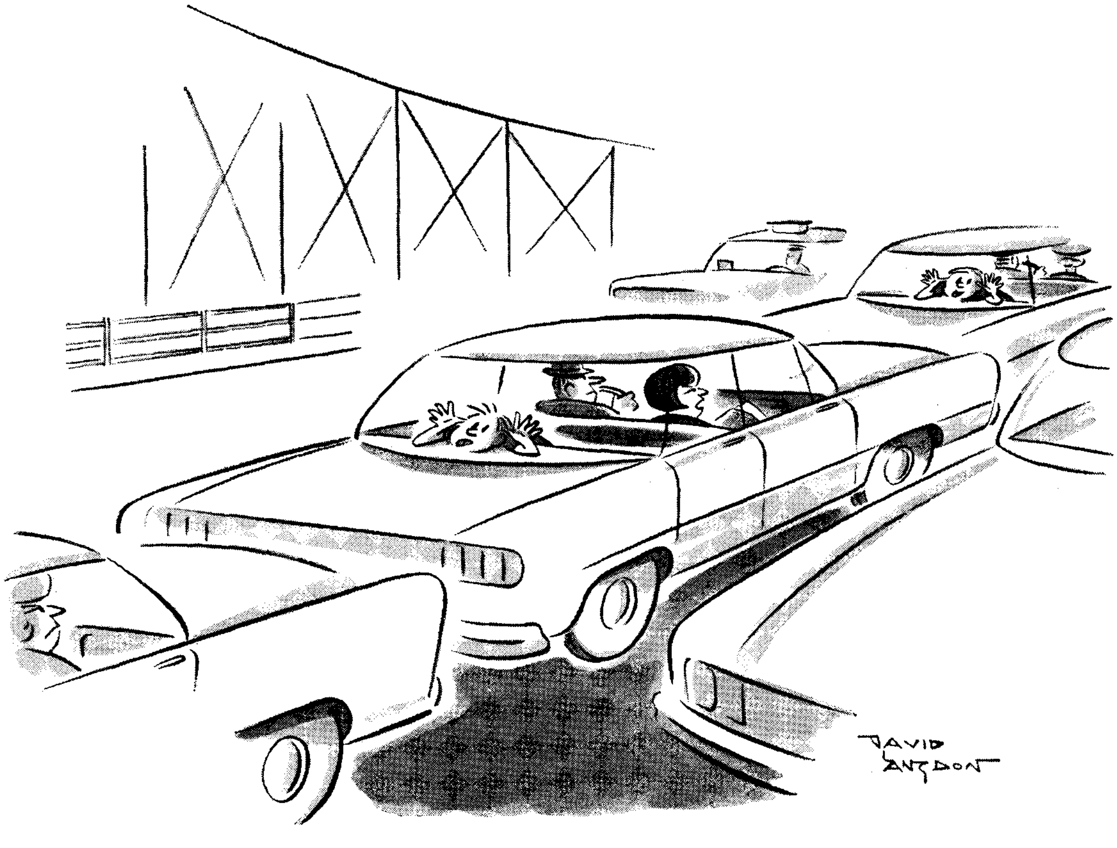


FRANTZ FANON, a Negro and a psychiatrist born in Martinique and educated in France, was assigned to an Algerian hospital in 1952. He came in contact with the Algerian rebels, joined the revolution, and through his writings on racism and colonialism influenced many of its leaders. In 1961, he died—at the age of thirty-six—of cancer, but his books still shape the thinking of revolutionaries, both actual and wistful, throughout Africa and in other parts of the world. His major work, "Les Damnés de la Terre," published in Paris in 1961, has now been translated as "The Wretched of the Earth" (Grove). In a bristling, crosshatched style, he prescribes for the reanimation and revolutionizing of national cultures that have been flattened by colonizers, he advocates "necessary" violence to achieve freedom, and he engages in a rigorous, unsentimental analysis of the snares as well as the satisfactions of movements for national and racial liberation. As Jean-Paul Sartre observes in his feverish, self-flagellating introduction ("In the past we made history and now it is being made of us"), the book is not addressed to white Europeans and Americans. Fanon wanted to reach the "wretched of the earth" so as to help them more quickly understand and control revolutionary action. And yet, as nationalism intensifies among the underdeveloped countries, as Latin America smolders (guerrillas in the mountains of Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, and Guatemala), and as South Africa, Angola, and Rhodesia become more perversely anachronistic, this book can be of tremendous value in helping us understand, from the outside, the hatreds and wishes of those who, Fanon says, are bursting into history.

Fanon knows a great deal about the malignant personality disorders that can result from violence. A chilling chapter, "Colonial War and Mental Disorders," shows us, with case histories of the Algerian war, a grotesque variety of what he calls "reactionary psychoses" among both French torturers and Algerian rebel terrorists. No one is without scars when revolutionary rhetoric finally draws real blood. ("No one has clean hands; there are no innocents and no onlookers.") But he is convinced that in most cases violence is essential to both the ending of colonialism and the creating of a national consciousness. His arguments for violence as a tactic and as therapy are the most acute in current revolutionary literature. Variants of them have long ago taken hold among militant groups, from the Vietcong to Castro's catalysts of Latin-American upheaval, and they are spreading among the young Negroes in American slums and on American lecture platforms. Those who are engaged in rebutting these precepts of violence (which include arming for self-defense) ought to find this book a fundamental challenge, and for this reason, if for no other, Fanon should be carefully read by the nonviolent activists, and by people who are simply opposed to violence.

Under colonization, Fanon believes, the inevitable urge for violent revenge against the oppressor is diverted by fear of his power into violence against the victim's own people (the high rate of criminality in the native quarters) and into ritual outlets (the dances of possession of some tribes and, he might have added, bopping gangs in the slums). Eventually, however, after the colonialist has made clear his resistance to anything but surface change, a mass revolt explodes. The threat of violence that has kept the natives under control is turned against the colonialist. ("He of whom *they* have never stopped saying that the only language he understands is that of force decides to give utterance by force. . . . The argument the native chooses has been furnished by the settler, and by an ironic turning of the tables it is the native who now affirms that the colonialist understands nothing but force.") Furthermore, as therapy, violence is "a cleansing force. It frees the native from his inferiority complex and from his despair and inaction; it makes him fearless and restores his self-respect." An additional consequence of revolutionary violence is that it unifies



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what colonialism has kept separate and weak. The colonialists have emphasized and augmented tribal and regional differences. "Violence is in action all-inclusive and national." The developed nations, moreover, continually set violent examples everywhere for the "wretched of the earth." Which "civilized" country can begin to preach nonviolence to the new liberation movements? In June, as American troops moved against the rebels in Santo Domingo, a carpenter caught in the line of fire was killed. "His wife," a rebel commando told a *Times* reporter, "has twelve children at home. When they grow up and become revolutionaries, you Americans will say they are Communists." The violence last August in Los Angeles provided other illustrations of Fanon's theories. A companion who toured Watts with Martin Luther King was astonished by the frequency with which the "natives" referred to the arson and looting as their "manifesto." And Harold Jones, a Negro psychiatrist in the Los Angeles County Department of Mental Health, considered the gaiety among the young rioters evidence that "the active measures of rioting have given them some measures of dignity and self-respect, which more passive demonstrations have not." But Fanon's advocation of violence brings up a question: How can liberated nations create "a new history of Man" in which everyone will have a direct, democratic say in a fully humanized society when the foundations of that new history are a violence that transmogrifies both victims and executioners? ("We are forever pursued by our actions.")

With justification, Fanon urges the new nations and those peoples still planning for liberation to "leave this Europe where they are never done talking of Man, yet murder men everywhere they find them, at the corner of every one of their own streets, in all the corners of the globe. For centuries they have stifled almost the whole of humanity in the name of a so-called spiritual experience. Look at them today swaying between atomic and spiritual disintegration." But where has the "new history of Man" begun among the new nations? On the one hand, the Fanon who believes that violence is sometimes essential writes, "When the people have taken violent part in the national liberation they will allow no one to set themselves up as 'liberators.' They show themselves to be jealous of the results of their action and take good care not to place their future, their destiny, or the fate of their country in the hands of a living god." On the other hand, in a chapter called "The Pitfalls of National Consciousness," he describes what has been happening in some decolonized nations. Nationalism turns into racism, and non-national minorities are persecuted or driven out. Regionalism is reasserted. The party (only one allowed) immobilizes the people and sustains an authoritarian leader who "acts as a braking-power on the awakening consciousness of the people."

Fanon has a number of cogent ideas about how to avoid this rigidifying of revolution, but he does not say how his measures are to be instituted in new nations in which authoritarianism is entrenched. By more violence? Then how and when will the cycles of blood-letting end? His recommendations are based on the fact that revolution calcifies into authoritarianism because the people are not sufficiently educated politically during the revolution and because a rebelling country is so weak economically that it is easy for a small number to "organize the loot of whatever national resources exist." They then proclaim "the pressing necessity of nationalizing the robbery of the nation." Accordingly, he urges a continual political education of the people, not to manipulate them but to give them a feeling of participation in decision-making. To best accomplish this, the party—or parties—should be decentralized. ("It is the only way to bring life to regions which are dead, those regions which are not yet awakened to life. . . . Everything can be explained to the people, on the single condition that you really want them to understand.") Nor is the new sharing of responsibility to be exclusively male. Fanon wishes to destroy "the feudal tradition which holds sacred the superiority of the masculine element over the feminine. Women will have exactly the same place as men, not in the clauses of the constitution but in the life of every day: in the factory, at school, and in the parliament."

Fanon recognizes that national political independence—on a completely democratic base—is only part of being liberated. Even if there is complete participating democracy, poverty must be ended if egalitarianism is to mean more than common suffering. And since the new nations are underdeveloped, it is not yet possible for them to break away entirely from Europe or from America—"a monster, in which the taints, the sickness, and the inhumanity of Europe have grown to appalling dimensions." Although what Fanon calls the Third World should not accept the values of Europe and America, it must get economic help from them. "The plans for nuclearising the world must stop, and large-scale investments and technical aid must be given to the underdeveloped regions." Robert Kennedy, in a commencement address at the State University College, in Plattsburgh, observed that the rising swell of revolutions—and revolutions about to begin—is directed "against the one-third of the world that diets while others starve; against a nation that buys eight million new cars a year while most of the world goes without shoes; against developed nations which spend over a hundred billion dollars on armaments while the poor countries cannot obtain the ten to fifteen billion dollars of investment capital they need just to keep pace with their expanding populations." And he added, "We are not now meeting our responsibilities. Our economic aid to the rest of the world amounts in total to less than two billion dollars—perhaps one-third of one per cent of our national income."

What the Third World expects, Fanon says, "from those who for centuries have kept it in slavery is that they will help it to rehabilitate mankind, and make man victorious everywhere, once and for all." But the power blocs have more urgent preoccupations. The Third World will have to wait. And as it waits, more of it, as in the colonial days, may well return to internal violence in order to gain temporary release from the frustrations of a liberation that brought a different flag yet the same hunger. But then, once again, violence will not be enough to create more than the appearance of change and an increase in "reactionary psychoses" among those who survive.

—NAT HENTOFF

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GENERAL

THE SOVIET WORLD, by Luca Pietromarchi, translated from the Italian by Lovett F. Edwards (Barnes). A rare, unemotional discussion of the U.S.S.R.—and, by extension, of the Communist system—and an assessment of its strengths and weaknesses. The author, a former Italian Ambassador to Moscow—a liberal and a man of some learning in economics

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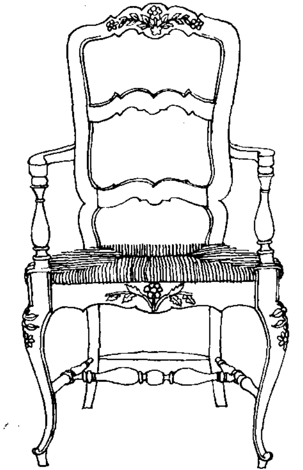

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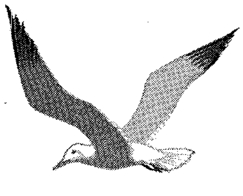
and political science—first examines the elements of strength in Soviet Russia, which he finds are considerable, including vast and largely untapped natural resources, a dynamic technology, and a vigorous, unified, and talented people. He then goes on to examine, most rigorously yet dispassionately, the Soviet apparatus for administering all these riches. Here he finds that Marxism-Leninism, which claims to stimulate production, really slows it down, and that doctrinaire adherence to an out-of-date formula is crippling. The book considers other things, too—Soviet housing, propaganda, Khrushchev and his successors, religion, schools, and so on—and consistently maintains its calm tone of intelligent inquiry.

EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE COMEDY, by Elliott Nugent (Trident). A fine autobiography. The author began his theatrical career in vaudeville at the age of four and went on to become a successful actor, playwright, and director. (Anyone who hasn't seen "The Male Animal," which he wrote with the late James Thurber, or "The Voice of the Turtle," in which he played the romantic lead, probably knows one of the countless films that Mr. Nugent has directed.) He describes his life and his career with charm—without false modesty or any other sort of pretentiousness—and anybody looking for practical lessons about acting and writing for the stage will find some. His book, however, is more than a narrative of how things went from good to better at the Nugents'; he tells of how his career was interrupted by a series of manic-depressive cycles, and his account of these troubled years is exact and enlightening.

THE DAYS OF HENRY THOREAU, by Walter Harding (Knopf). This is an absorbing biography, and a somewhat unusual one. The title precisely describes its nature. Mr. Harding, chairman of the Humanities Division of the State University of New York in Geneseo and perhaps the leading contemporary authority on Thoreau, has here provided us with an inventory, practically day-by-day, of the events of all shapes and sizes that composed Thoreau's short, circumscribed, and yet anything but narrow life. It shows him at play as a child and at school and at Harvard; it shows him at work as a teacher, as a handyman for Emerson, and on the job in the family graphite and pencil factory; it shows



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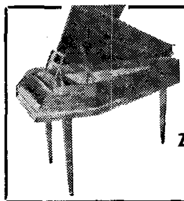

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him working and dreaming and receiving his friends at Walden Pond; it shows him in conversation with Emerson and Hawthorne and Bronson Alcott and Lowell, and rambling through the countryside with Ellery Channing; it shows him on his excursions to Maine and Plymouth and New York and Minnesota and Canada; it shows him writing his books and struggling to get them published and reading the reviews—and at the end we have come to know him so well in all his quirks and complexities that we read of his death with a genuine pang. Nevertheless, the book is not quite first-rate. While it is a triumph of scholarship and dedication over literary incompetence, the writing is at best functional, generally perfunctory, and sometimes downright illiterate, with "infer" confused with "imply," and "who" doing service for "whom." Illustrated with photographs and a map of Concord Village.

THE PARANOID STYLE IN AMERICAN POLITICS AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Richard Hofstadter (Knopf). The first four of these essays discuss contemporary examples of what Professor Hofstadter calls "the paranoid style"—an approach to politics that sees conspiracies and plots as the effective agents in history. Members of paranoid political movements prefer battle—and think of every battle as Armageddon—to adjustment and reconciliation; they are too busy arousing each other's anxieties and girding their loins to have much concern for practical matters of any kind. Mr. Hofstadter's modern examples are from the irrational right. The other chapters deal with earlier movements in American history, including at least one old-time paranoid crusade—for free silver—that was, in its time, decidedly left.

THE EDWARDIANS, by Sir Charles Petrie (Norton). Life in Great Britain during the reign of Edward VII (1901-10)—that curious and (from the standpoint of middle-class comfort) halcyon interval between the pruderies of the Victorian era and the rigors of the twentieth century. Sir Charles is a firm and pleasantly old-fashioned writer, his coverage of the period is reasonably comprehensive (he discusses politics, London club life, the universities, Ireland and Scotland, the growth of towns and the decay of agriculture), and he is generous with entertaining and instructive anecdotes, but it must be said that the subject is a little remote

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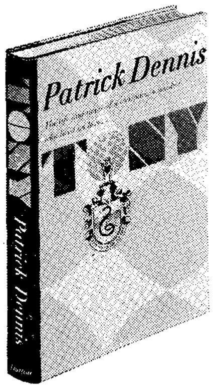

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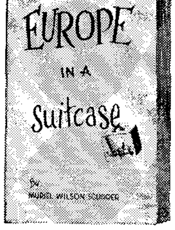

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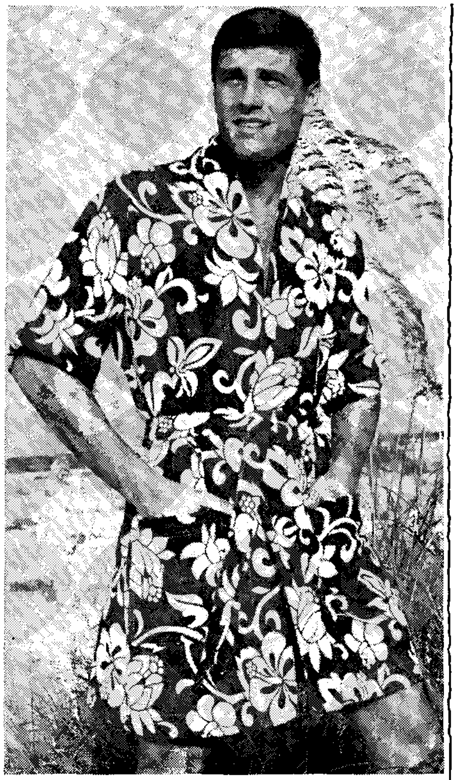

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR: A BIOGRAPHY OF CHIEF JUSTICE ROGER BROOKE TANEY, by Walker Lewis (Houghton Mifflin). A first-rate study, full of interesting information imparted with a liveliness that conveys the author's absorption in his subject. Taney, who was Chief Justice from 1836 until his death in 1864, is usually remembered for his decision in the Dred Scott case—an unhelpful contribution to Constitutional theory that was reversed by the Civil War—but Mr. Lewis, in describing the man's whole life and career, succeeds in showing Taney's areas of greatness and describes his several valuable contributions to the nation.

RE JOYCE, by Anthony Burgess (Norton). The most language-intoxicated of contemporary novelists is just the man to write a plain reader's guide to James Joyce. There are some things that Mr. Burgess does not know, and some things that he gets wrong, but he knows the big thing—that "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" are moving stories about people, not puzzles. Mr. Burgess is particularly good on "Finnegans Wake"—in fact, his exegesis may be the best yet—but he should have been prevented from rewriting Joyce for further complexity.

NOTE: "The Evening of the Holiday," a novel by Shirley Hazzard about a love affair that begins during a summer festival in Italy, has been published by Knopf. It first appeared, in its entirety, in this magazine.

◆

"I asked what she [Gypsy Rose Lee] thought of the kids doing those weird dances on TV: "Bumps and grinds are less offensive with kids than with the older ones." "Wasn't that the kind of stuff that killed burlesque?" I asked. "No," said Gyp, "it was real estate that did that. The burlesque theaters were in the slums and there aren't any slums any more."—*Hedda Hopper in the News.*

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